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Vol. 63

1947-1948

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

Cambridge, Massachusetts

NOVEMBER 1947

VOLUME 63

NUMBER 1

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Editorials

ON AN OLD SUBJECT

IT IS often said that the most obvious truths are passed by entirely by the unwary, just because of their simplicity, and are avoided to a like degree by the overcautious because of the ease with which they come platitudes. Thus, it is with some misgivings that I approach a brief discussion of that oft invoked quality, school spirit.

In its best form, school spirit is not a matter of "giving all for the school," as one of my more cynical friends has announced, but one of getting all from the school. New friends with common interests, fun in sports or in watching them, new and absorbing interests, and (most important from the Review's point of view) the warm pleasure of seeing one's name in print, all these and many more await the attention of the student if he chooses; but he must make the first move; they will not come to him until he does. Here in C. H. L. S., we have a really fine selection of sports and clubs, open to any who wish to join (except for the few which cater solely to a given year or to certain standards), and there is very little excuse for not enrolling in some branch of Cambridge High's broad extra-curricular program.

Without further ado, I think that it is obvious enough that no one should go through school like a stern-purposed zombie, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but plowing determinedly straight ahead and missing all the fun that can be found on the sidelines.

Come on, now, friends — we'll be waiting for you!

T. O.

PRESIDENT Truman recently called upon all Americans to help implement our foreign aid program by saving food — meatless Tuesdays, poultry-less and egg-less Thursdays, one less slice of bread a day. In addition the government has put restrictions on bakers in the hope of conserving an estimated 3,000,000 bushels of grain and has requested the brewing industry to suspend operations for sixty days. United States taxpayers are told they must lend a vast sum of money to western Europe (\$19,000,000 is one figure proposed) under the Marshall Plan.

Europe has not yet recovered from the devastation and chaos of the war and is quite obviously unable to produce enough food to feed its people. One reason for this is the shortage of agricultural machinery. The manufacture of this machinery depends in turn upon the production of iron and steel and the amount of coal mined. All of these industries are still striving to get back to their pre-war production. Unfortunately the workers are

unable to meet their pre-war standards because they aren't getting enough to eat. This vicious circle can only be broken by sending both food and equipment from America. Another factor in the food shortage is the lack of farm animals, many of which were lost in the war. On top of all this, Europe has suffered one of the worst droughts in its history this past summer.

There are two excellent reasons why we must shoulder this burden: first the purely humanitarian standpoint that the food we send overseas may save hundreds of thousands of lives and secondly, the practical point of view, that lack of food, unemployment, and a chaotic economy are fertile breeding ground for Communism. In order to save western Europe from falling prey to Communism, we must support its democratic governments and stabilize their economies with money, food, and supplies. A Europe bogged down economically and a prosperous United States cannot exist on the same planet; if Europe fails to get back on its feet, we shall probably find ourselves in the midst of a depression. By making slight "sacrifices" at the present time, we shall reap great benefit in the future.

N. G.

CENTENNIAL GRADUATION

IN the long slanting light of a late June afternoon, outdoors on the ivy-clad campus of our country's oldest college, in the shadow of a chapel erected as a memorial to the University's patriot dead, the class of '47 completed its four-year march to graduation ceremonies.

The editorial quoted below, from the Chronicle-Sun of June 12, 1947, is a fitting accompaniment to the pictorial story of the exercises presented elsewhere in the Review.

"Even hardened newspapermen have confessed to us that they were touched by the beauty of the ceremony Friday night when the seniors of the CHLS Centennial class held their graduation exercises amid the late afternoon sunlight and the burgeoning spring foliage in the Harvard Yard.

"From the time the seniors, the girls in their white caps and gowns and the boys in their maroon ones, entered the Yard in solemn procession until the time the last diploma was awarded and the program came to a close, the exercises and the setting were such as to linger long in the memory of those who attended.

"Congratulations are due to Headmaster Timothy F. Downey for the skillful planning of the graduation exercises, and to President Herbert H. McSorley, of the Alumni Association, and the Alumni co-chairmen of the event: Daniel J. Crowley and Richard D. Gerould for the smoothness with which the Alumni's portion of the program was run off.

An assist should also be given to Harvard University, the school committee, the mayor, and all the Centennial committees for planning a notable day-long program.

"The sight of so many people from all walks of Cambridge life gathered together so happily for such a unique occasion in so spectacular a setting is one which we are sure many of those attending will describe again and again to their children and grandchildren in the years to come."

A TRUE PICTURE

THE duty of a newspaper is to present news to its readers, and to interpret that news in the light of the political and economic background of that paper. Unfortunately, in some of our modern newspapers, the second, and less important function has overpowered the first, making the actualities bend to meet the interpretation, rather than the other, justifiable sequence. In this statement, I am not going to indict any particular paper or any definite bias. None of them, incidentally, are either "black" or "white." There is something undesirable in the best, something good in the worst.

In general, one cannot actually omit important news, although rumors may be fed with newsculp; besides, it is extremely easy to convey an impression to the public by means which are not as censurable. Emphasis of one side of the question may be allotted heavy print on page one while the other side may be found tucked in a brief corner on page forty-three. A strong editorial comment may consider the question on half of its merits and then toss it aside in a masterful manner which does not encourage the unwary reader to look into the case further.

To conclude, it is highly recommended that one read full quotations of speeches wherever possible, and on important subjects, remember that it is just as well to read the reports of two newspapers of dissimilar points of view.

T. O.

SPECTATOR FOOTBALL

GRANDSTAND quarterbacking is the favorite autumn pastime of millions of Americans. Every Saturday ardent followers of the pigskin sport descend in masse upon every gridiron in the country. Exuberant students throng the stands, dressed in typical youthful style, the boys in bright plaid jackets, baggy slacks, and battered loafers, the girls in sweaters and skirts, gayly patterned kerchiefs, and equally battered loafers. They faithfully support their school team with their best vocal efforts. At college games enthusiastic alumni, conducting themselves no more decorously than the

undergraduates, relive their own carefree student days, as they vie with the younger generation in producing the most raucous applause. Before the opening kickoff the fans argue about the relative merits of the two teams.

"The experts pick State by two touchdowns, but you never can tell."

"If we can stop their passes, we've got a chance."

Once the game starts the spectators lean forward in keen anticipation of sixty minutes of rugged, thrilling football. Whenever a back breaks through the line for a long gain, they leap to their feet in unison, wildly swinging clenched fists, facial muscles tense, as if the ball carrier's success depended on their own mental and physical exertions. When the home team's ace passer goes back to throw a long pass, there is a moment of silence in the stands, broken by a loud shout if it is successful, a sigh of despair if it falls incomplete. The audible groans at every fumble, the admiring cheer at a high, graceful spiral punt, the roar of protest that greets a penalty are all familiar sounds to anyone who has ever witnessed a school or college game. If the home team has its back to its goal, desperately trying to stop a long drive of its opponents, its supporters shout the old, familiar chant, "Hold that line!" No game would be complete without a brightly uniformed band and the pretty, hard-working cheer leaders, all of whom are greeted with lusty applause.

After the pistol goes off, signaling the end of another rousing game, the huge crowd slowly trudges through the exits, the supporters of the winning team deliriously happy, the losing team's fans cast in gloom. All these things go to make an autumn football game as typically American as the hotdog, the juke box, and the Model T Ford.

Norman Goldberg, '48

The Review is deeply indebted to Mrs. C. M. Casselberry (Mabel Hopewell, '99) for five bound volumes of the *Review* covering the years 1894-1899.

THE HIGH SCHOOL EDITORS' CLUB MEETS

ON Wednesday, October fifteenth, the first of the 1947-48 meetings of the Boston Globe sponsored High School Editors' club was held at "Number Eighty Four Beacon Street," a Boston hotel directly across Beacon Street from the Public Gardens. There, the Globe, as represented by Mr. John Taylor and Miss Elizabeth Watts, welcomed almost a hundred teen age guests from high schools all around Boston to the green and gold dining room of "Number eighty four."

For a while after the appointed hour of four o'clock, the boys and girls, editors and various members of the supporting staffs became acquainted with the visitors from other towns; they discussed their publications with great interest, although they occasionally wandered off into the sports column or even ventured into the realms of small talk. Mr. Taylor spoke briefly about the reasons for the gathering, saying that the *Globe* had a great interest in young people, especially in up and coming potential newspaper men and women, and also that it was quite possible that the meetings might stimulate *Globe* circulation. Then, he invited them to a brief lunch composed of sandwiches, various simple hors d'oeuvres, potato chips, ice cream, and cupcakes.

When they were finished, the first speaker, Mr. Harry Haenigsen, was introduced. He is the writer-artist of *Penny*, a cartoon character found regularly in the *Globe*; he spoke, naturally, upon the comics in general and *Penny* in particular. He started out by drawing pictures of the girl and her father with an ease which was extremely deceiving, and, after the ahs and ohs had subsided and one girl had proved her courage and common sense by requesting the portrait of *Penny* (she got it, too!), he continued with an engrossing sketch of the history and scope of "comics." Wide circulation of "funny pictures" et al was not achieved until the advent of photo-engraving in fairly recent times. Then, they began to appear locally, in blocks, strips, and columns of all shapes and sizes; the subject matter was fairly easy for the humorously minded author, since, as a local man, he was obviously well acquainted with regional jokes and preferences. However, when the syndicate was introduced, (and a syndicate is merely a sales firm which distributes a number of comics to many papers) complications arose and subject matter was somewhat limited because of the wider audience. *Penny* is about as badly off as any strip in that circumstance, as it is circulated throughout the United States, and appears in papers in Canada, Australia, Shanghai, China, and Stockholm, Sweden!

A discussion and question period followed, and Mr. Haenigsen told his audience that, among other things, he lives in Pennsylvania, has a daughter who served as the major impetus for *Penny* while she was in the teen age period, and now finds his inspiration in various neighborhood projects, in which he takes a large part, entertaining teen age boys and girls and watching them closely. He pointed out that there are very few of the "crazy" teens one hears about most often, the extremes in zoot suits and slang; at least, he has not seen any in his long experience with the group. He left his audience delighted with a fine presentation of his favorite subject.

Next was Mr. Melville Cooper, a stage and screen actor (he was playing at the Plymouth in *The Inspector Calls*) who spoke briefly in behalf of the Community Fund. His wife, charming and vivacious, accompanied him and started off the "Cooper section" of the program by displaying some posters which Mr. Haenigsen had made for the Community Fund. Replicas of these should appear on the walls of C. H. L. S. long before the time that the *Review* arrives, if all goes well. Mr. Cooper told the collective editors and assistants about the simple and dependable manner in which Hollywood studios procure the 70,000 dollars odd which each regularly pledges; apparently, each actor receives a note which says briefly that so many hundred (or thousand) dollars have been subtracted from his pay check, to be given to the Fund!

During the question period, Mr. Cooper admitted that he preferred America to his native England, and the East to the West, in general. Also, he said that Boston is one of the best cities in the country for theatrical efforts; apparently, there are few other cities in the country which can keep two or three theaters full almost every night in the week, as Boston does. At a little before six, the question period was brought to a close, Mr. Taylor made a few announcements, and dismissed the meeting.

* * * * *

This year, as usual, the Boston *Globe* is offering a prize of one hundred dollars to the best high school publication around Boston. There is some discussion as to the distribution of the money; in former years, it has been given to the Editor-in-chief, but there is talk that it may instead be divided among the staff. In any case, the school will get the glory. We are rooting for the *Review*, of course, but we can hope for very little unless you help us out. This is your magazine, and it is up to you to make it worthy of the award. The deadline for the Christmas issue is the second of December. Need I say more?

Timothy Orrok, '48.

NEW ENGLAND HOUSES

OUR New England houses are as typical of New England as the rambling modern houses are typical of California. Yet we think nothing of trying to transport California's modern house to New England, although we would think it very odd to see an old salt-box house on the side of one of California's busy highways. The historical tradition of New England will not be forgotten as long as the famous old houses, true memorials of our famed past, remain standing. There has been much discussion in regard to building modern houses in New England as soon as priorities on building are lifted. Large pane-glass windows,

stretching from ceiling to floor, new heating units, and stream-lined furniture are only a few of the advantages offered by the modern house designers. But can you imagine cuddling up in a so-called "body-fitting" chair of plastic on a cold, snowy evening with the north wind howling under the doors and windows? I think you would welcome the warmth of a blazing fire and coziness of a soft, roomy chair. In the hills of California where sun shines the year round, (so they say), such a home is ideal — it seems to suit the people there, carefree and light-hearted. In the same way the houses of New England reflect its people with their simplicity, steadfastness, and hardiness. The storms which New England homes and people have weathered have left an indelible mark on both, which cannot be erased by the ideas of modern architects.

Mary Herlihy, '48.

FAIR HARVARD SQUARE

WHAT is there about Harvard Square which gives it an atmosphere unlike that found in similar public places? There certainly is some distinguishing quality about this favorite square of mine, I thought; and after giving the matter careful consideration, I believe I've found the answer.

Did you ever notice the difference between Harvard Square in September and the same busy thoroughfare in October and November? To be sure, at first glance there isn't much disparity. In September, the throngs of pedestrians would feel warm, even hot; while the latter months usher in an autumn briskness; but the same familiar landmarks are always there — the subway kiosk, the "Coop," pensive Sumner, and the Harvard buildings surveying the whole from behind their stronghold of brick wall. Harvard — ay, there's the rub! Until late September, there are not any students from the venerable but vital institution which gives the Square its name.

The Students bustling about the Square present a most interesting sight. Tall, broad-shouldered young men, the passing and tackling hopes of the Crimson eleven; good-looking, energetic young men: the class president and committee organizers; thin, serious young men, whose green bags contain heavy and learned tomes on philosophy or physics, are everywhere to be seen. One can easily recognize them by their crew cuts and sports jackets, their bow ties and tortoise-shell spectacles. Then there are the fair denizens of Radcliffe, Harvard's educational sister, who this year appear to be attired in the most fetching of elongated skirts. Lastly, a new, international element has appeared on the scene, so that a native Cantabrigian is apt to find himself dodging traffic with a bearded man in a

pink turban, of window shopping beside a charming, dark-eyed lady in a flowing *sari*.

During the summer months, however, the Square is much like a thousand other business and shopping centers. In the opinion of one humble high-schooler, then, it is the presence of this group of busy young people as they enthusiastically pursue the daily round of collegiate life that makes Harvard Square such a unique and interesting place.

Anne Dyer Murphy, '50

LOCKERS

AFTER more than three years of experience I feel qualified for the degree of L. E. j.g. (Locker Expert, junior grade) and capable of advising the many underclassmen who are now struggling with uncooperative lockers. The first thing to be learned is that these mass-produced and physically-alike lockers are each possessed of an entirely different and novel personality. Like human beings most of them may be placed in one of several categories.

A common type is The Temperamental. This locker swings open at a single touch on the rare occasions when one accidentally arrives at school on time. Of course, when one breathlessly gains the head of the stairs at 8:29 and rushes to the locker, at least ten minutes of careful maneuvering and coaxing is necessary before it will grudgingly open. A naively pretended indifference is the only solution to this problem, though even this has been known to fail.

The Stubborn is another ordinary type. Lockers of this sort *never* open without minutes of muttering and delicate dial-twisting. The student, burdened with this variety may easily be distinguished by the huge pile of books which he always carries; the practice of continually carrying all one's supplies may be tiring but several trips a day to a locker of this obstinate type are absolutely unbearable. A swift, well-aimed kick (at the locker, that is) often helps immensely.

An extremely rare and therefore valuable type is The Angelic, which always opens smoothly and easily. Locker experts cannot explain this phenomenon; they are generally considered nature's reward to deserving students.

It is claimed that some lockers have even changed types, thus leading to belief in The Changeable. It must added that variety has never been scientifically established.

Besides these types, there are many lockers with odd, individual characteristics. To gain success with these, each must be carefully approached in the manner found by experience to produce the best results.

Constance Gerasim, '48

REMINISCENCES

SINCE I hold the old Cambridge Latin School in affectionate remembrance for all that it did for me during the years 1884-1889, I gladly respond to an invitation to reminisce as one of its elderly graduates. When one is nearing his second childhood, he is only too prone to chatter about his first and the years immediately thereafter.

The school occupied a separate second-hand building of its own on Lee Street. It prepared pupils rather specifically for college, and that meant, of course, as a rule, for Harvard College. Cambridge youth were not supposed to have heard of Yale except as it produced ball teams that had to be beaten periodically in order to make its students "know their place."

Our school set and lived up to high standards of discipline and scholarship. Students took the largely prescribed work with little thought to question the wisdom of their elders. Secondary schools were not yet expected to offer courses in almost everything teachable in human knowledge, nor had President Eliot's elective-rejective system been sufficiently imitated in them to permit youngsters to take the path of least resistance, or to pick such courses as would least interfere with their major interests, whether social or athletic, or even with the normal joys of loafing. The school was, however, sufficiently ejective of anybody who did not decently conform to its rules. The principal, William F. Bradbury, was headmaster in the fullest sense of both parts of the title. This meant much to the superior corps of teachers under him, since they were always conscious that at the top there was understanding, moral courage and firmness to back them up in the control of their classes. Having been a teacher of teachers all my professional life in the Graduate Schools of universities, I know from their experiences how much they value that support. While there was plenty of mischief-making to enliven our school, there was no sign of that spirit of defiant anarchy which makes schooling such a farce under a weak-kneed principal.

We boys did not have to be abnormally timid to find "Old Brad" an awesome man. His smile was not the sort that softened sternness but of the one that accompanied the sarcasm and irony which can make a verbal rebuke sting more than the stroke of a ferrule. Corporal punishment was, of course, not permitted in the school. Our teachers were assumed to possess enough brains to make resort to it unnecessary. At the same time I must admit that they had to deal with a less heterogeneous and troublesome group of youngsters than can now almost overwhelm the high school of a great city and on occasion make a teacher's temptation to murder almost irresistibly strong.

Our school had a full faculty of men and women of the sort that no mere salary can ever

adequately reward. It is only my realization that readers of today can have but little interest in the personalities of teachers of two generations ago that makes me refrain from characterizing them individually by names, each with a due need of praise. Of one, however, I must speak *honoris causa*. Although I have reason to believe that every other teacher I ever had in this country or abroad is long since dead, Theodore P. Adams still survives as Harvard's oldest living graduate. When we lads were supposedly shortening his life in the late eighties of the last century by our indolence or misbehavior, "Teddy" appeared from our youthful point of view to be a man who was already well along in years, and yet here I am now, nearly sixty years later, able to greet him with my gratitude as a famous centenarian. In the language that he helped to pound into me: *reverenter eum saluto*.

If the Cambridge Latin School deserved the praise reported from President Charles William Eliot that it was "the best fitting-school in the country for Harvard College," there were reasons to account for it. Its standards were, indeed, high, its esprit de corps notable. Our headmaster who set the pace was himself no mean mathematician, and was perhaps in consequence of that, an exacting precisionist in his teaching. A mistake in an examination paper that took off two points from our mark the first time that we made it could take off ten the next, and thirty the next. There was no fourth time. Most of our teachers were women. They seem to have effeminized none of us males to a deleterious degree, and I feel sure that they reduced the barbarism of some who needed a maximum exposure to gentility. They were, indeed, women of superior education and refinement. What is more, they were well acquainted with the subjects that they taught and were not merely one day ahead of the next lesson and so in terror of a questioning pupil. They looked upon teaching as the difficult art that it certainly is, a consecrated calling which was to be treated as something more, for example, than a way station on the road to matrimony. I suppose that today some of them would be reproached with being "drill-masters" rather than inspirational teachers. But their set purpose was to make us accurate and thorough, able to think with a disciplined mind and to face a hard task as stayers and not as quitters.

There was as yet in our secondary schools no attempt at "painless education," no "doctrine of interest" to affect traditional pedagogy. There were no "progressive schools" for retrogressive children. Our teachers had hardly even begun to talk "pedagogy," much less to spend an inordinate amount of time preparing statistical reports and answering questionnaires. If we entered Harvard or the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with

a firm foundation of elementary learning and with a well-trained intellect, we should then have the time, they thought, for the niceties of the imagination that students whose preparation for college had been easy-going and shoddy never had. As a matter of fact, the Cambridge Latin School was content to be a rather specialized fitting-school. It was not the "people's college" type of institution which now accomplishes so much for the general culture of the many who do not go to college.

But our school was thoroughly democratic. Its members came from widely different social, religious, and financial backgrounds and represented many racial stocks. At an impressionable but often snobbish age we got some realization that prejudices based on race, color or religion were ignoble and un-American, and that it was rather commonly persons of insecure social or intellectual position who felt that they had to be exclusive and wary of various "untouchables."

Our school life provided an abundance of fun as well as the inevitable stints of work, some of which had to be done at home. We had co-education that was not "coo-education" but a wholesome comradeship of the sexes for five years. This was excellent preparation for collegiate life, not to say for the psychological problems of future matrimony. When I contrived to get a seat behind "the prettiest girl in all Cambridge," you may be sure that I had as many flutterings of the heart per diem as any "teen-age" youth of today. I hate to think of what time has done to her loveliness in these last sixty years. But then our mighty football heroes of that era who almost gave me heart failure from excitement in hard-fought matches, played on Cambridge Common with Roxbury Latin or Boston High, may now be favoring a weak heart of their own, and nursing arthritic limbs; aye too timid even to buck the line of traffic at a street crossing without clinging to the arm of a "cop," a man whom in the period of our mischievous youth we looked upon as public enemy number one.

Schoolboy conversation was, of course, largely concerned with sports, as it still is in America, to the reproachful surprise of critical Europeans. Naturally girls figured too, in the talk of the male adolescent. With some you danced, with some you went canoeing on the upper Charles, with some you simply flirted; some you fled. A few students were interested in a debating society and that meant a little attention to public affairs, but there was no war on to make the interest painful and at times paramount to all others as one neared graduation day. Thoughtful lads might discuss ethics or religion. This leads me to remark that there was a brief morning reading from the Bible in which our teacher allowed the passage to speak for itself.

We lads were passionate partisans of Harvard,

and knew the name and fame of all the distinguished players on her teams. If victory came, there were many of us at the wild nocturnal celebration to help feed the bonfire on Jarvis Field with gates that would never see a hinge again, ashbarrels that had held their last trash, and wheelbarrows and pushcarts that would never return home. In school the ceiling of a classroom might display spit-balls that had carried aloft dangling images of paper which would require a long-handled broom for their removal. The season when locust pods were ripe provided "squeak beans." One under the foot needed little surreptitious friction to give forth a demoralizing noise that the ordinary Gamaliel would have difficulty in locating. But "Brad" would make his slippered way straight for the suspected culprit, ask him to lift his feet, and so change his look of innocence into one of apprehension. A fall of snow led to lively battles. But what took place outside the precincts of the school concerned no teacher unless he received a chance hit. It is needless to say that we took no chances when insecurity of scholastic status called for a maximum of caution in our aim.

Were we young people of the eighties ethically better or worse than the high school youth of today? Here or abroad I have taught in all thousands of students, and high school and college teachers of students, who have had much to tell me of their own pupils, and all I can say in reply is: "I do not really know." I simply like them and believe in them, and I am sure that our higher schools of my native city of Cambridge still produce some of the very best.

Walton Brooks McDaniel

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

PEOPLE who long for the good old days are as plentiful as those days were faultless—in the minds of those who now bemoan the troubles of modern life. The advocates of the good old days have worked on the fatiguing twelve-hour shifts, have trudged home to rooms lighted by candles, and have seen their contemporaries die for lack of proper medical care, and yet many of them have forgotten the imperfections of the past, and are thinking only of the complications of this atomic age. This age may or may not be called an age of progress, but surely it is better to consider our scientific achievements as progress, than to wish for good old days which will never return.

I find it hard to believe that past generations were entirely without care. The greater danger to all sick people must in itself have been enough to give the members of that bygone age a little worry. Such items as hard work for small pay, the unawareness of the fact that all men deserve equal opportunity, and the narrow-minded provincialism tend to make past ages seem just a little unattractive.

It also seems that the good old days are more old than good, for they are always just out of reach. To each generation, the one just past represents the good old days. The "old oaken bucket" complex is a part of human nature, but one which it is well to develop as infrequently as possible. Of all forms of rationalizing, the best is hope for the future rather than longing after the past. If you must think of the good old days, think that you are living in them yourself right now. At least future generations will think that yours was the golden age. Of course this is of little consolation to those who do not believe that there will be any future generations, but it is the best I can offer. Despite the formality of the good old days, the people who lived then had their troubles, just as we have ours, and, all in all, I think that I prefer the bad new days.

Roland Perkins, '48

ON CITIES

IN the earliest times, people gathered themselves together in tribes for mutual defense, and when the tribes settled down, cities began. From this simple beginning, a group of huts on the banks of the Nile or the Euphrates, developed the early cities of Egypt, Sumer, and, eventually, Greece and the Roman Empire. Here, vast populations gathered about the centers of government, commerce, and religion. It certainly wasn't feasible or desirable for the second assistant rug weaver to commute to business from some place outside the city; a country home took a full day's work in the fields to run, the rug weaving itself required dawn to dusk effort for a few cents, and it would have taken him hours to walk back and forth in any case, so that when time came to return to his "country house," he would be too tired to enjoy it. Thus, it was impossible on several counts for a city worker to live anywhere else than in the city. This was even more true in the city of the middle ages, which had as one of its primary purposes protection from hostile raiding parties. Of course, the real work in all the civilizations up to the 1500's or so was done by slaves or serfs who had not the slightest chance of rebelling against city life under any conditions. As commercial and manufacturing life increased in intensity, cities grew and became more specialized; the people who lived in them became further and further alienated from the soil, so that traders, artisans, capitalists and accountants dominated the scene. Today, we see the fruition of the age of the cities, and, I think the first portions of the declining action as regards the city as a residential district.

In the long term view, an institution which has no motivation outside of custom will not survive.

The crux of the residential-industrial city was the fact that transportation of speed and low cost was unavailable to the average man. Now, the average man is getting a salary which is higher than at any previous time; the transportation promised to him within fifty odd years is marvelous in its opportunity. At present, the automobile and commuting trains have made it possible for people employed in Boston to live as much as thirty miles outside of the city and yet to commute to their jobs each day; now, suppose that these had been supplied with helicopters, a group of landing fields just outside Boston Proper and some really good, fast, rapid transit to anywhere in the city from those fields. Do you suppose that these commuters would take full advantage of a hundred mile an hour cruising speed, or not? You can easily imagine that in a few years, population density would drop rather violently in the districts which flanked the factories themselves!

The big cities will still remain, of course, as working centers; in many cases, there are good reasons why it is convenient to have factories close together. The common man, however, will live out in the sub-suburbs, commuting for his six hours' work a day, reading his magazines and books, weeding his garden, and having a fine time talking with the neighbors from an eighth of a mile down the road . . . Or at least, that's the way I see it.

Timothy Orrok, '48

THE PERSON IN FRONT OF ME

THE other night there sat in front of me a tired old man who appeared to be about sixty years old. His head rested on one of his arms while his other arm sagged disconsolately toward the floor. The time was approximately one thirty in the morning and the scene was the last train running from Boston to Harvard Square via the underground. As my gaze focused on this weary individual, I noticed to my surprise that, although he appeared to be asleep, he was, in reality, wide awake and closely watching all the activity around him. His sharp blue eyes quickly ferreted out the smallest sign of activity and he watched all that went on with the interest of a spectator at a baseball game.

As the train pulled out of Charles Street, his whole body seemed to relax and throw off the cares of the world. His brow, so brown and wrinkled, unfolded into a flat even surface, and his breathing at once became more regular.

As I scrutinized him more closely, I observed that his hands were a sight to behold, black and filthy with little gnarled places all over them. Then as I looked at his clothes I received a mild shock; instead of the dirty old clothes of the laborer that

I had expected, he was dressed in a spotlessly new suit with his white shirt gleaming brightly and a new cravat set at just the right angle. I tried vainly in my mind to figure out what his occupation might be, but to no avail. Every profession I could think of was repudiated by the new clothes or the dirty hands. By this time I was burning with the desire to ask him; but just as I summoned up enough courage to approach him, the train neared Central Square and I could see that my unknown friend was preparing to leave. As the train pulled into the station he stood up and as soon as the doors opened he disappeared into the station darkness. When the train had pulled out, I silently thanked him for the diversion he had given me on my lonely way home, but to this day I still cannot figure out what his occupation was. Can you, the reader, help me out?

Murray G. Shocket, '48

WHILE I TELEPHONE

IN these days, wise psychiatrists seek to find the personality of an individual through his "doodles" and the interpretation he makes of blots. Such learned men would find a great deal of material if they should pick me for analysis. While I telephone I am amazed to see my rare and rather strange artistic ability come to light.

My art ranges from Dali to Dahl styles. First of all, there is the somewhat abstract drawing which develops during the informative conversation. The central form grows from the figures of an address or a telephone, which has been given me. If there should be no O's, the heads are slightly distorted but that, of course, is no difficulty. The remarkable shapes one can make! Why, a seven, with but a few touches becomes a man bent low with age; a nine, the neck and head of a giraffe.

Then, during one of those lengthy, boring one-sided talks, between "yes" and "no," my art gives release to my irritation. It is at that time I attempt a Dahl-like sketch of my talkative friend. Unconsciously, something that resembles a chattering squirrel or a parrot is formed under my hand. Perhaps it is not too flattering, but it gives me much satisfaction.

The blots, of course, appear when the nearest writing instrument is a leaky pen. Oh, many are the times I have pondered over a fascinating blot while listening half-heartedly to the person on the other end of the line. I've interpreted them as a swimming turtle, a "hippo" with its mouth open, or even an ostrich with its head hidden in the sand. I wonder what a psychiatrist *would* say about me.

There is nothing quite like the telephone conversation to reveal buried artistic talents. As I sit listening so attentively, inspiration guides my fingers to draw as I'm never able to at any other time. Maybe it is only then that I am lifted out of myself and show my true personality.

Alice Cosman, '48

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

UP GOES the curtain on a new year of Dramatic Club doings. First of all we would like to welcome our new members. This year we have planned a full year of activity. The Valentine formal will be held at the Commander. There will be a Christmas party, a theatre party and many other interesting events.

At our first meeting we enjoyed greatly a visit from Miss June Hamlin and some of her Thespians from Revere High School. They told us about the National Drama Festival and their trip to Indiana. This year we are hoping to join the Massachusetts Festival. Refreshments were served at the meeting.

Betty Anne Galvin, '48

Secretary.

FRENCH CLUB

(une societe d'amateurs de francais)

THE main object of the French Club is the increase of each member's knowledge of and interest in the French Language and customs by means of lectures, films, plays and games. The club offers both the means and motive for perfecting one's conversational ease.

For our next meeting on November 14th a conducted tour of French paintings at the Fogg Art Museum is planned. A varied program of many interesting activities is anticipated for the remainder of the school year. The club's special project is the adoption of a French war orphan.

This year's group of officers chosen at the first meeting are:

President: Roger Carwile

Vice-president: Gordon de Voto

Secretary: Mary Lowry

Treasurer: Betty-Ann Galvin

Artist: Phyliss Torpe

Meetings are held once a month on Friday afternoons; dues, 25 cents a year.

Constance Gerasim, '48

Publicity Agent

THE JOYS OF AUTUMN

TO the poet, autumn is a subject about which sad poetry is written; to me, autumn is one of the happiest and most thrilling seasons of the year. Of course, I appreciate the feeling that the turning and falling leaves bring to a poet, but autumn holds many joys for me that are very seldom touched upon by the world at large. Strangely enough, one of these pleasures is returning to school. I wouldn't be human if the thought pleased me at first, but once the idea has been forced into my mind, an air of excitement seizes me. I know that I shall see all my old friends again, and through their experiences I can relive my summer again. To me, friendship is keenest in the fall.

Another of my pleasures, probably much more understandable to most, is my love of football. Yes, I love the school games, but nothing is more fun than to join in a game played in the neighborhood. Mother and I hold vastly different views on a girl's participating in such a game, so to obtain permission to play involves a long and drawn-out plan. Before approaching the subject, I must make certain that she is in a good mood, that I have a large supply of arguments to back up my views, and that I have done absolutely everything in my power to please her. Sometimes all my preparations go to waste, and I must be content to sit on the sidelines and watch the game. However, I do not consider this time wasted because I, a lover of arguments, had the pleasure of debating my point, even though I lost the argument.

Perhaps the greatest source of joy to me is the last trip of the year to my summer home in New Hampshire. This pleasure is partly due to seeing all of my old friends again, and partly to seeing the beautiful grounds again. Of course, we young people rush around trying hard to relive every minute of the past summer, but we also find time to enjoy the less tangible things in autumn. Part of one day is taken up by a walk around the "River Road." This is an old Indian trail which travels over some of the most beautiful scenery in New Hampshire. After the finish of this trip, even the most vehement nature hater breathes a sigh over the extreme beauty of the place. This is also one of the pleasures in growing up, because one appreciates beauty more and more the older one gets.

I have never been able to decide why all these things that happen in autumn should mean more to me than anything that happens in the other seasons; perhaps the keen air makes my senses more acute. The only thing that I am really certain is that things that I have mentioned truly go to make autumn a source of continual joy.

Lorraine Fulkerson, '48

THIS CHANGING WORLD

NOT since Clara Bow staged her revolt against feminine apparel in 1925, has a mere change in fashions so upset the serenity and peace of mind of American Women. What is happening? The "New Look" is being created. What is the "New Look"? No one knows precisely.

When America's designers began, with a will, to create a "New Look" in style, they were ably abetted by the Parisian "brass-hats" of fashion, who were striving to regain some of the prestige they had lost during the war. Before anyone was aware of it, a great to-do was being made over wasp-like waistlines, hoop skirts, and skirts-that-flap-at-the-heels. Thus the Revolution was declared. To state it differently, fashions were up to the same old tricks. These side-bustles, back-bustles, and bustles at the knee were merely the fashions of long ago brought together in a lump.

Sophie, of Saks Fifth Avenue, one of America's leading dress designers, announced, "Styles run in amazingly regular cycles," i. e., there have been only three major styles in women's dresses in the last two hundred years. Tubular skirts were "the thing" in 1905, and before the Civil War, the bell-skirt reigned. The much discussed sway-back or "domino" coat of this fall, which makes its wearer appear like an unoccupied tent, is merely the "pyramid coat" of 1806.

A group of out-raged males in Georgia staged open rebellion, and formed "The League of Penniless Husbands." "Hold that hem-line," is the battle-cry of many lost souls. A timely reminder of hidden danger in the "New Look" was given by a stylish matron in California. While alighting from a bus in her long, full skirt, her hem caught in the closing door and she was obliged to run a block before the bus stopped and her dignity could be recovered.

Who wants this "New Look?" Indeed, the style Revolution had been so carefully planned that small demonstrations and protests like these were mole hills against a mountain. The designers themselves, did not know whether or not they really liked the constricting waistbands and fantastic hemlines that gave the "New Look" its painful expression. A drastic change was essential to these stylists, for sales were dropping as much as sixty percent in some cities. Many a desperate designer is striving so piteously to put everything French in one dress, that some creations are an anthology of style.

Of course, there are those who do not wish to experience the feelings of an Egyptian mummy while encased in one of Hattie Carnegie's fabulous new coats, but they are waging a losing battle. Nevertheless, the intelligent woman always strives to dress in a refined and simple manner, and it is

my hope that when this first wave of drastic styles has waned, the well-dressed females of America will still be lady-like and unaffected without an overdose of this "New Look."

Georgianna B. Nyman, '48

THERE are many signs of unrest in the world today. One needs only to pick up any current newspaper or magazine and read of the terrorists in Palestine, who think it is their duty to bomb, ruin, and kill. In India, where the people are struggling to maintain the freedom which they have gained after so many years, there is complete chaos. Greece is at war with herself, as well as with her neighbors. Poverty and hunger have taken the lives of thousands of her citizens who miraculously survived throughout the lean war years. Great Britain faces economic disaster unless we step in and give her the financial aid which she needs desperately. There is an armed front at Trieste; each side is waiting for just one false move from the other. There are countless other examples that could be given; these illustrate only a part of the chaotic conditions present on the earth today.

ARLINE RICH, '49

THE JOYS OF AUTUMN

THE white, silent beauty of winter with its frozen lakes and deep purple shadows, the lovely harmony of spring with its soft caressing winds and fragile leaves, and the brilliant green of colorful summer blend with each other to form a beautiful symphony which rises in crescendo until it reaches the highest pitch, the most beautiful chord in the whole masterpiece of nature, gorgeous autumn. Clad in its brilliant scarlet and deep crimson robes and crowned with the deep clear blue of the autumn sky, the fall is truly the most melodic, the most royal, and the most joyous of all the seasons. One can hardly describe the sheer ecstasy which one feels while walking through the golden halls of autumn, hearing the note of the barn swallow resound through the crisp October air and smelling the sweet fragrance of stacks of golden hay which dot the mountain side.

There is also a charm of autumn which is far different from that of the scenic beauty of the season. It is the joy of seeing dull gray grandstands blaze with color as they fill with happy, smiling boys and girls, waving colorful pennants and cheering loudly for their favorite team. It is

interesting to see the different people from the aged gentlemen supported on canes down to the little tots clinging to the hems of their mothers' coats, all gathered around the edge of a field where a group of local boys, their cheeks ruddy and their eyes clear and sparkling, are playing the same thrilling game which aways comes to mind when autumn is mentioned. That this game is indispensable to the fall season, that it is thrilling in itself, and that it adds to the color and gaiety of autumn, nature's carnival, can hardly be denied.

Unlike these two charms of autumn, there is in the fall of the year an intangible joy which cannot be seen and yet is sensed everywhere; it permeates the autumn air. It is that feeling of abundance and of plenty which always accompanies the autumn months. The closest one can come to seeing this intangible joy is to sit on a high hill and look at the vast land stretched out below him. Upon seeing the rich, full harvest of the farmer and the orchards with their trees bent down under the weight of luscious fruit, one realizes the richness and abundance of the earth. One also realizes more than ever that these riches belong to men in general, that they cannot peacefully be controlled by the greed and avarice of a select few, or by the rule of a government, and that to control these lands and riches in this way would only lead to war and vast destruction. In the autumn it is impossible to think of the poverty and famine that go with war. One can only think of the bountiful and beautiful gifts of God, and that is why, in the frosty, crisp month of November, a day is set aside to thank God for all these gifts and especially for joyous, beautiful autumn.

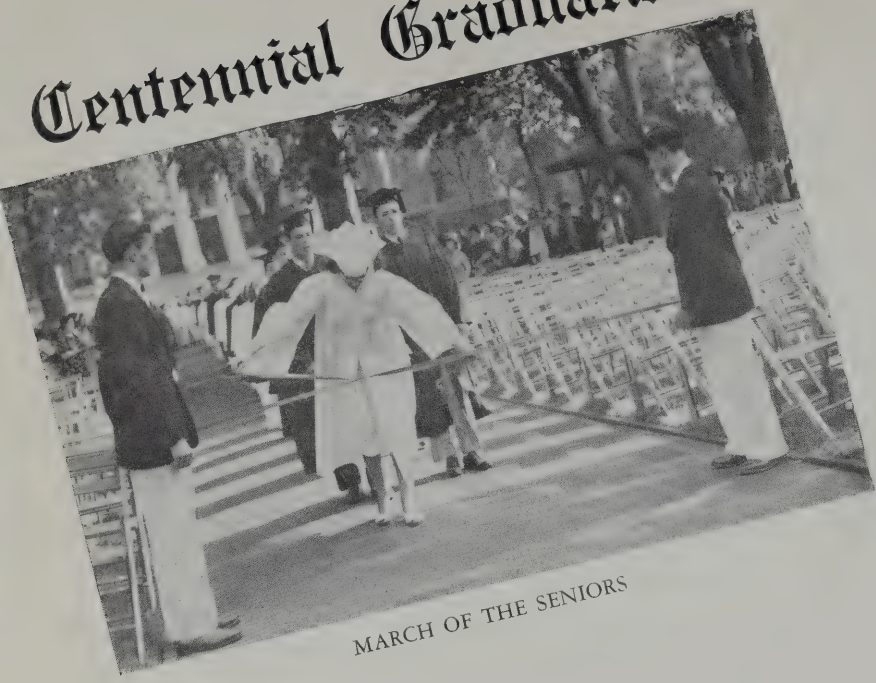
Jessie DuBay, '48

The Parents Association of the Cambridge High and Latin School whose membership comprises the Parents and Guardians of pupils attending the high school is organized primarily to promote a better understanding between pupil and teacher and to secure the best available equipment and quarters for the convenience of both the pupil and the teacher.

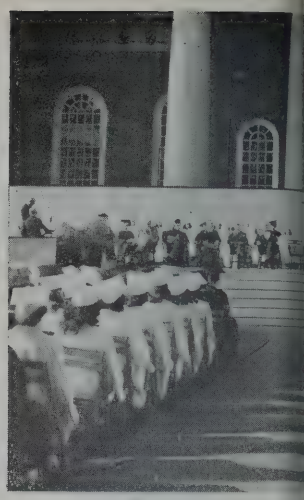
Membership fee is \$1.00 per family group for the school year. Your interest is requested.

- PresidentMr. Timothy J. Cronin
Vice PresidentMr. Thomas Mooney
TreasurerMr. Alan Korb
SecretaryMrs. Francis Cook

Centennial Graduation



MARCH OF THE SENIORS



ASSEMBLY



VALEDICTORY — HELEN BEQUAERT

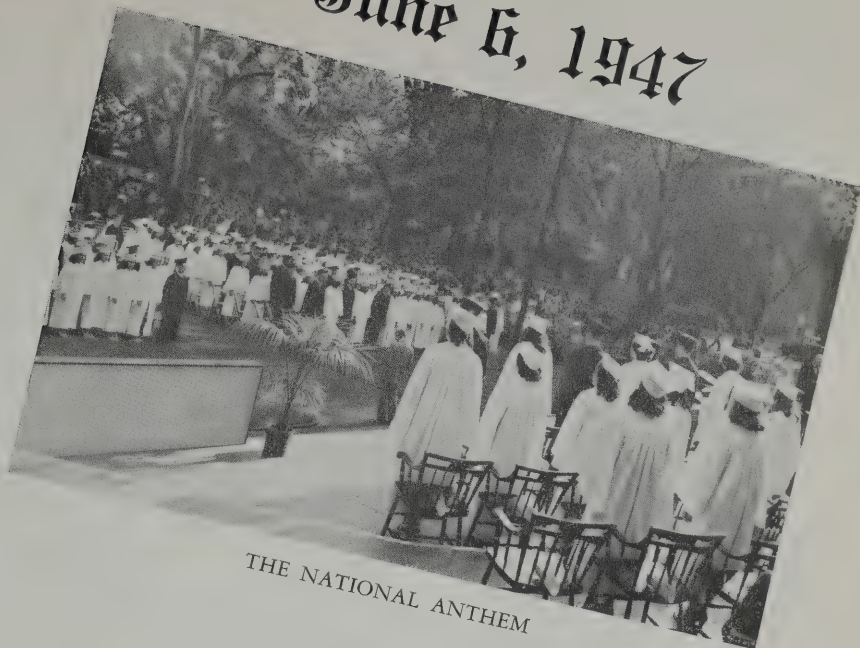
Speakers of the Day—MR. BRADLEY
HON. JOSEPH C. O'MAHONEY, Senator
Boston Chamber of Commerce, HEADMASTER



ard



June 6, 1947



ORMAN B. NASH, MAYOR LYNCH,
MICHAEL T. KELLEHER, President



AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS



DUE to circumstances beyond our control, namely no brainstorm, there is no introductory paragraph. Sounds impossible? Oh! But we're doing it! Maybe we should have asked Marjorie Duggan, a professional news hound, how to start . . . she reports for the Currier . . . Contest Announcement!!! . . . Who can slam his locker door the loudest in the third locker room? . . . Are YOU eligible? . . . Nancy Burgess seems to be trying sooo hard to further good neighbor relations with Canada . . . If you want to know how it feels not to be all there, just ask Ann Boyle or Ann Rowe . . . each had her appendix out recently . . . Welcome back, Robert Boyajian, after breaking your ankle while playing football . . . If you go to the Gateway Billy Monteith will give you an extra scoop of ice-cream . . . anything for a fellow student . . . Melvin Miller spent part of the summer touring in Freddy Bartholemew's and Jimmy Dunn's stock company . . . some people have all the luck . . . Jane Aldenberg is the C. H. L. S. representative on Filene's Fashion Board . . . We hear that Fred Good's singing is a threat to Frankie . . . another Vic Damone, huh . . . Jerry Zyfers' only comment about money is "I like it" . . . he's so different from the rest of us, hmmm? . . . June Peters, Joan Allen, and Sally Flowers certainly keep the gum manufacturers busy . . . chomp, chomp, all the time . . . we wonder how their teachers like it . . . We'd like to welcome Barbara Jones, skating champ, to C. H. L. S. . . . Glad to see that Vivian Weinberg was not hurt seriously in her automobile accident . . . was it a woman driver? Francis Cook's car is running on its rims . . . maybe the number of passengers has something to do with it . . . Plea to Eileen Joyce . . . Eileen, please keep a tighter grip on all those books you carry . . . We are told that Joe Rose has a marvelous voice . . . You may have heard of a deal blowing up in one's face, but have you ever heard of a car blowing up in one's face? . . . ask Larry Corcoran and Donny Sullivan how it feels . . . Gladys Hill now wears glasses and they are very becoming . . . James Kyser just can't keep his feet under the desk . . . It's nice to see Dave Boyer back after

his long illness . . . Barbara Carrier complains that she can't read Peggy Fraser's writing . . . You'll have to do something about this, Peggy . . . Eugenia Felipe wears the cutest earrings . . . There is a fatal attraction in the Review office for Sheldon Saltman and Stanley Alperin . . . Speaking of the Review office Jane Aldenberg and Ann Coughlin help out quite a bit . . . Every once in awhile Murray Shocket gets homicidal urgings . . . Jeri Jaxon is keeping us in suspense with her mystery man . . . Seen cheering noisily at the Rindge-Latin game were Janet Irwin, Midge Bush, Nancy Rose, Basil Bourke, Barbara Casey, Joan Conway, Alice Foley, Joan Howard, Marilyn Barber, and Rickie Doyle . . . Everyone agrees that Mary Herlihy's new hair style, bangs—are becoming . . . Joyce Kelly's party was enjoyed by all . . . among those present were Joan Williams, Janie Butler, Joyce, herself, of course, Nancy Watson, George Lakis, Jimmy Haley, Don Twomey, Paul Williams, and Richie Gallant . . . Barbara Carlson is doing a fine job of directing the Riding Club . . . Charmaine Gardener has a handsome escort to the Harvard football games . . . Joseph LoPresti was tearing his hair out over the lack of interest in the newly formed harmony class . . . What sends Teddy Goolst out to Roxbury every week-end? . . . Barbara Bowers has our admiration for keeping up her school work in spite of long working hours . . .

Morrill Ordesky and Donald Murphy have a pipe-lighting routine that would have even the professionals in stitches . . . Phyllis Gosselin is always missing trains . . . When one of the algebra teachers forgot to give homework, Charles Tibo asked what the assignment was. Oh well, he'll learn by the time he is a senior . . . Welcome to Louis Ferranti . . . Eva Silverman had a gay party. Among those attending were Bea Korenthal, Evelyn Andelman, Selma Grossman, Irving Medoff, Stanley Alperin, and Alvin Brezinsky . . . What young sophomore lass is always late to fourth period? . . . Jeri Jaxon and Charmaine Gardiner were among the girls presented at the Debutante Cotillion of the Junior Resthaven League at the Statler . . . We hope June James

likes this school as well as Austin-Cate Academy . . . Ernie Anastos is no longer known as Kiki . . . Betty Goldberg's pin-up pictures caused quite a sensation . . . they were very striking . . . Paul De Guglielmo is a constant source of amusement to his classes . . . Billy "Dink" Miller is among the football players who have been injured in battle . . . While we're on the subject of football, here are some more loyal supporters of the team, Pauline Smith, Louise Moreau, Ann Sullivan, Nancy Powers, Jackie Balfe, Tom Colleari, Charlie Andrews, and Roland Dansereau . . . Joan Ward was also hurt playing football . . . Can't you leave it to the boys, Joan? . . . Have you seen Gloria Nelson's pretty red sweater? . . . There are distractions in English seventh period, aren't there, George McLaughlin? . . . Betty Stanley objects to having Biology just before lunch . . . we know just how you feel . . . Pat Haley's new bangs are very becoming . . . Ann Sousa is a good Entertainment Committee Chairman . . . Alyce Callegandis is a very promising chemist-to-be . . . Faithful attendants at the C.A.A. dances are, Jackie Wallace, Sheila Monteith, Joan Kelley, Barbara Schaub, Barbara Sugrue, Joan Worman, Bunny Rabbit, Paul Shay, "Red" Coleman, Buddy McCarthy, Paul McAdoo, and Mac McParland . . . Just as faithful in going to the games are Pat Cunnun, Elaine Murphy, Louise Smith, Carole Conley, Anne Kief, Bobby Cronin, Dickie Cooper, Larry Brennan, Burton Swartz, and Buddie Higgins . . . We wonder why Margie Shallow turns such a lovely shade of red whenever she hears *I Wish I Didn't Love You So* . . . Attention, talent scouts! All the talent that you need can be found in homeroom 234 . . . Robert Robertson ought to join the Debating Club . . . He always has such interesting things to say . . . James Dwyer is always wandering at recess time . . . It must be the Gypsy in him . . . Barbara Tevlin's amazement at seeing that her seed had germinated right through the envelope was something to see . . . Didn't your biology teacher tell you it would happen, Barbara? . . . Why do Paul Williams, Jimmie Prior, and Dick Gallant go to the "Y" every day? . . . Are you boys taking the Charles Atlas course? . . . Goffer Fennell has a mad passion for basketball . . . The recent initiation was a great source of amusement to the Latinites . . . Some of the poor victims were Millie Rosenburg, Edith Renard, Selma Seerman, Ruth Green, Adele Aronson, Elaine Ring, Paula Nissen, Susan Levy, and Barbara Modest . . . A certain red-headed senior is a living advertisement for the Junior Red Cross . . . What IS that skeleton doing in one of the third floor locker rooms? . . . Jackie Cotter, Gail Lynch, Jackie Payne, Ginny Doyle, Louise Jones, Tommy Egan, Dink Miller, Jackie Donahue, and Richie Doyle

were seen tripping the light fantastic at one of the G.A.A. dances . . . At the *Sunday Night* gatherings, C.H.L.S is represented by Gail Fitzpatrick, Basil Bourque, Marilyn Miller, Paul Crowley, and Jackie Towers . . . Joan Williams has a very nice singing voice . . . Cecilia Fletcher has the cutest red glasses . . . Pat Grogan reaches a state of complete unconsciousness whenever she hears *Don't Tell Me* . . . Valerie Broussard is an excellent baby-sitter . . . Anne Rowe was seen at a Tufts dance . . . How we envy her! . . . Isn't Betty Anne Galvin's new hair-do becoming! . . . Peggy Donahue is an expert at writing up Chemistry experiments . . . Ann Foley certainly is a busy girl . . . Seen at the C.A.A. dances were Jeanette White, Jimmy Curry, Marion Murray, Hank Sullivan, Virginia Brickly, Don Nodstrum, Earl Quinn, and Alyce White . . . All were having a marvelous time . . . Completely exhausted after all the cheering they did at the football game were Susy Nilson, Frances Tierney, Jeanne Hurley, Frances Donagher, Jo Holloway, Barbara Carlson, Mary Christopher, Barbara Donnelly, and Veronica Murphy . . . Also viewed doing their bit were Ty Cleary, Joan Hayes, Joan Elms, Evelyn Wong, Mary Walters, and Skippy D'Agostino . . . Alice Foley has returned after a long illness . . . welcome back . . . The time has come for us to drop our exciting roles as columnists, until issue after next. Don't get excited! There will be a column next issue, but it will be written by Jessie Dubay and Betty Tenore . . . We'll be looking for you in February.

Lorraine Fulkerson, '48

Mary A. Lowry, '48

MR. AUSTIN

TO find Mr. Austin, one must follow the newly tarred road down into the heart of the valley to a fork, where the right hand member continues within a few fields of the slow and deep Naugus River towards the distant town of Walton, and the left twists up into the Hills, towards the village of Kent. Here, beneath the branches of a tall oak, spared by the hurricane of 'thirty eight, stands an old farmhouse, blunt and square, yet possessed of the handsome lines so much the mark of quiet age and so often absent from the houses of today. Between it and the swift-running gurgle of Tillen's brook, perhaps three hundred yards away, is a pleasant frame of second growth timber which conceals a motley group of chicken houses from which issues the intermittent clucking of laying hens. Along the left fork stretches the old farmyard with its ramshackle, grey sheds and the pon-

derous bulk of the old barn, filled with sweet smelling hay in which the geese love to stay, punctuating the silence with raucous honking when they are disturbed. Beyond the yard lies a pasture, rocky, and filled with thistles and close cropped grass which the three gentle-eyed cows keep neat. Across the road are other fields, full of grains that whisper in the summer breeze and glimmer green in the sunlight.

And who, then, is the patriarch who presides over this domain? On many warm summer days, you will find him out under the oak, seated in one of several wooden lawn chairs, enjoying his surroundings and his well earned repose. He is a short, stooped old man as you first see him, a little short of breath, and not as energetic as he used to be, although he is still ready for what many of my readers would consider a full day's work when the occasion demands. His hair is a rather scraggly grey, and it fringes his brown and speckled pate with a sort of impish dignity which steals down into his wrinkled face.

However, if you speak to him, the weight of the last sixty years seems to slough off his body, and he straightens up with the alert and sparkling eyes of a young man looking out of the deep set sockets; quite suddenly and unexpectedly he is your equal in any conversational venture you may attempt. If you are bored, he has four score and ten years of life from which to draw reminiscence and anecdote; his perspective is more inclusive than the average man's lifetime. When he was born, the slaves were not yet free, and "Honest Abe" was only a successful politician and not an American demi-god. In his experience, he has seen the arrival of all the modern conveniences which we choose to regard as necessities. He can tell you of the first electric lights which were used in nearby Thomasville, then a prominent manufacturing town and railway junction, and also about the first horseless carriage which old Judge Hinckley drove down Main Street at a reckless five miles per hour, scaring all the horses. He has precedents galore against which to stack the performance of today, having lived through half a dozen cataclysms destined to "end civilization as we know it." There are very few adults in the neighborhood whom he has not dandled upon his knee in some long gone day. All that you and I know of the time beyond our birth, we learn from books and older friends; we cannot know the shadows of dim yesterday which are people he once knew and events which he has experienced. Such are the blessings of age, the compensations for the loss of the youth we hold dear. But if this is not wealth, what is it?

Timothy Orrok, '48

THE GERMAN CLUB

PLANS are being made to re-organize the German Club this year, under the direction of Miss McCarthy and Miss Wait. Members will include German I and II students. As yet, the officers have not been elected.

It is the aim of the club to provide an opportunity to hear German, to see German films, to acquire greater facility in conversation, and to learn more about the country.

At the meetings, they will sing many songs, and have occasion to hear German lecturers. In a previous year, a talk in German was given by a native of Salzburg, Austria. This year, we also hope to give a play, and perhaps learn new songs to contribute to the programs of the other language clubs.

With the cooperation of the members, we feel sure that the club will have a successful year.

OUTING CLUB

THE Outing Club is an organization of boys and girls of the Latin School who have a love for the out of doors. The members join the Junior Audubon Society, receiving illustrated leaflets telling of the characteristics of many birds. An example would be the white outer tail feathers of the junco. These pamphlets along with the colored pictures are invaluable in identifying birds on our many field trips.

The club meets twice a month on Fridays. Indoor meetings consist of lectures, with movies, at the Audubon House in Boston or at the Children's Museum here at Cambridge. To make the meetings more interesting, we have talks on various phases of nature by some of the members.

Our field trips take in a large area from the Fenway to Nahant, and our first field trip to Fresh Pond gleaned besides many ducks, a group of eight kildeer, a small bird resembling a sandpiper, which appears only when the Pond is low.

We have decided to go on bowling parties, a weiner roast, and for the first time in many a year to Sudbury, to the Wayside Inn immortalized by Longfellow.

At the first meeting Kenneth Korb was elected President and Kenneth Carwile was reelected as Treasurer. The other officers will be chosen later.

Our club has been organized by and for the pupils of the school, and we are looking forward to seeing many of you at our next meeting.

Kenneth Korb, President.

SPORTS

THE '47 grid team is a success, since for the first time in four years they have beaten Rindge, one of the toughest opponents this year. The game was won on a sixty-yard run by Jimmy Cotter, while a light hard-charging line held a heavier Tech aggregation scoreless.

The team features a scrappy, aggressive line, and a fast well-drilled backfield. The starting lineup varies slightly from game to game, but generally looks something like this: Bill Murphy and Jack Donahue or Lenny Frisoli at the ends, Jim Dwyer and Nick Culolias as tackles. George Lakis and Tommy Egan as guards, Bill Monteith at center, Henry Chester or Tom Cusick at quarter-back, Jim Cotter and Co-captain Jakie Boudreau at right and left half respectively and Jack Igo or John Tragellis at fullback. Sal Sabatino and Walter Staniewicz also see a great deal of action in the back field. Dink Miller, an up and coming end, was sidelined early in the season with a fractured collar bone. Coach Reardon and his assistants, Buckley and Whelan, have done a fine job in fielding a good team with a light and inexperienced line, and no exceptional passer or pass receiver.

The Cantabs made their first appearance in the Greater Boston Football Jamborie, the first to be held here in Cambridge. Latin, playing in the first of four two-period scrimmages, was completely outclassed by defending Class B champs Brookline. The home team threatened only once, while the rich city boys were scoring a touchdown in each period to win 13-0. In the other scrimmages, Somerville was edged by Watertown 7-6, Malden Catholic and Waltham played to a 6-6 tie, and Rindge topped Norwood 6-0.

An extra point would have saved Latin from defeat in both the Amesbury and St. Sebastian contests. With C. H. L. S. behind 7-0 in the opener against the heavy North Shore eleven, a touchdown pass from Jim Cotter to Jake Boudreau almost put our team back in the game, but the attempt at the point after touchdown failed. The team held Amesbury for the rest of the game and almost had victory in their grasp when Boudreau, who had been eluding the visitors all day, broke loose for a score which was called back because of an offside penalty.

Co-captain Boudreau's injury in the St. Sebastian game hurt the team's chances of winning this one. Cotter had scored twice, and little Jack Igo had intercepted a pass to set up a third T. D., but it was not enough. St. Sebastian pushed over two late touchdowns to pull this one out 19-18.

The next game was with little Agawam. Every-

one was asking "Where's Agawam?" "Who's Agawam?" "What's Agawam?" Agawam turned out to be a powerhouse from the western part of the state, undefeated in two years. The visitors' pass-snatchers not only completed many aerials of this own, but also intercepted most of the Cambridge passes. The final result of the air-raid was a 28-13 victory for the visitors. Latin never gave up, however, and scored twice on long runs. Sal Sabatino got away for a seventy-yard touchdown jaunt in the first period and Walter Staniewicz ran sixty yards for the second score.

Rindge came out on the field a three touchdown favorite in the Columbus Day classic, but the Cambridge line surprised the heavier Rindge boys by holding them when the pressure was on. The Technicians, hit and hit hard by the underdog Latin line from the opening touchdown, were stopped once on the Cantab eleven yard-line.

The half ended with the Latinites driving for the Rindge goal line. Midway through the third period, Cotter circled left end, dodged the Rindge secondary and sprinted to paydirt to put our team ahead 6-0. This proved to be the winning margin as Latin, though unable to score again, dominated the remaining play. The game ended with the ball in the Technicians' possession trying to get inside our thirty-yard line. The team looked better in this game than any other Latin team we have ever seen. The excellent play of the line was a tremendous factor in the victory. They foiled all the Rindge attempts to advance up through the middle and rushed their passes, forcing them to hurry the tosses. Every back without exception ran hard, and that's all you can ask of anyone. Deserving of particular mention are Jim Cotter, whose brilliant run won the game, and Walter Staniewicz, thought by many to be the best back on the field.

Belmont was the next opponent on the schedule but Latin school could not pull this one out of the fire. Why not? Wynott, the visitor's tricky captain, was having one of his good days and helped out by a heavy line and other fast backs, he led his team to a 26-13 victory. But Cambridge did not give in without scaring the Belmonters. Jakey Boudreau dashed forty-five yards to put C. H. L. S. ahead in the first quarter. Belmont then began to dominate and punched across three touchdowns before our boys could threaten. Trying hard to get back into the game, Latin penetrated into Belmont territory in the fourth frame, and Sal Sabatino sprinted around end to score. Belmont, however, scored the clinching T. D. later in the quarter.

Sabatino was hard for the Belmont linemen to hit, and "Boop" Murphy played a good game at end, but the Cantabs found that Belmont's backfield was the toughest they had yet faced.

One of the most important persons in the Cambridge sports set up for the past three decades has been Jack Nelligan, grounds keeper at Russell Field since its opening in 1913. It has been chiefly through his care that the field has been kept in such fine shape. There have been complaints about different features of the stadium in recent years, but never once has the playing field itself received anything but praise. Between the halves of the Rindge game, Jack, who retired this year, was presented with a sweater and jacket by the citizens of Cambridge in gratitude for his fine work. We hear also that a collection of five hundred dollars is being taken up as a gift to him. No one ever deserved it more.

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL

UNDER the tutelage of Mr. Koslowski, the frosh have a record of a win and a loss at this writing. They topped Brookline 13-0 in the opener, then dropped the next 28-14 to Somerville. Outstanding in the backfield are Charlie Gaudet, a powerful fullback, and Jordan at quarter. Igo at enter and Grisopolis a bruising two hundred pound tackle are stalwarts in the line. The other starters are Spencer and Flaherty as halfbacks, Frisoli and Palmer on the ends, Morrison, tackle, and Bolger and Scully as guards.

JIM WHITE, '48

ROLAND PERKINS, '48

C. A. A.

THE C. A. A. was formed last May in order to arouse the interest of students in extra-curricula activities. It has progressed immeasurably, and has sponsored to date six football dances.

Following the Rindge-Latin game on October 13, jackets were awarded to Jimmy Cotter and Al O'Sullivan, the outstanding players for the day's game. Bob Boudreau, captain of the Latin Team, received a football.

This organization has elected as its officers:

President—Alyce White

Vice President—Jack Rice

Secretary—Pat Kokinakis

Treasurer—Earl Quinn

K. B. NOTES

AFTER three recess meetings to get started, the K. B. has decided on many wonderful plans for the season. The first was an evening meeting at the home of Jessie Dubay on October seventeenth. The meeting was a great success, and all the members wore their new pins proudly. Plans for the formal and for our charity work were discussed, and after excellent refreshments, the meeting was adjourned. The second event and one to which we are really looking forward will be a trip to see the play *Oklahoma!* on November 7th. The next time that you hear from K. B., the new members will have been received into the club. We hope that they will enjoy the good times that we will experience under the able leadership of Miss McElroy and Miss Young.

Lorraine Fulkerson,

THE SPANISH CLUB

THE Spanish Club held its first meeting on Friday, October 10, in room 103. Officers elected for this year are:

President—Eugenia Filipe

Secretary—Fred Savina

Treasurer—Rosemary Phaneuf

Chairman of Program Committee—

Peter Manos

A large and very enthusiastic group attended the first meeting, and we are looking forward to a very successful and enjoyable year.

We have a wonderful time at the Spanish Club meetings—thoroughly enjoying ourselves as we learn more about Spain and our Latin-American neighbors—their music, their art, their dancing, their literature.

As the four hundredth anniversary of the famous author of *Don Quixote* is being celebrated this year—our next meeting will be a Cervantes meeting.

All Spanish pupils are invited to become members of the Club—and if you would like to take part in the programs, see Peter Manos in room 315.



TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1951:

SUCCESS in the true meaning of the word depends upon ideals. Now is the time for you boys and girls to formulate ideals. The achievement may prove difficult, the road hard, and clouds and storms at times seem ominous, but

" 'Twere little praise

Did full resource wait on our good will

At every turn."

The strength of any venture is in its foundation. The very fact that you are here today is evidence that you have a preparation or foundation upon which to build well. This is the year that will in a very great measure make or break your chances for success. The opportunity is here; please make the most of it.

T. F. Downey

TO THE CLASS OF 1951

THERE has probably never been a time in the history of the school when we were so glad to welcome a young, vital group of students as we are today. In many countries young people of your generation are being denied the privilege of high school training. In the years to come, you will be the citizens of the world upon whose shoulders will fall serious responsibility. The faculty and administrative staff are here to serve and guide you during these important formative years of your education.

Already you have displayed evidence of unusual school spirit by your enrollment in the Junior Red Cross, your support of athletics, your enthusiastic participation in the G. A. A., your interest in the various clubs, and your courteous co-operation with school authorities, who hope soon to offer you a more active part in school administration.

Your scholastic success depends primarily upon yourselves: no one can teach you unless you are willing to learn. Constant, well-directed study, regular attendance, and self-discipline are essential factors for success. If you need guidance of any sort, your master and dean are always ready to help you.

HILDA F. RUSSELL,

Dean of Freshman Girls

JOHN J. SHEEHAN,

Assistant Headmaster.

FRESHMAN NOTES

THE Freshman are just getting over their vacation and are back in the routine of the school just like the rest of us. It is reported that Nancy Alperin is one of the prettiest freshman students . . . Two inseparables of the class of '51

are Nancy Sylvester and Frances Leighton . . . Likewise Shelia Sullivan and Patricia Supple . . . Nancy Boop is forever losing her pocket book . . . Helen Largenton has a wonderful sense of humor . . . George Corr is the promising freshman football start . . . The review agent of Room 120, Elaine Delorey, is always on the job . . . Seen dancing at the first C. & R. Dance were Marilyn Armand and Anna Klemas . . . Also in attendance were Joan Delancy and Mary M. O'Brien . . . Last Sunday, Frances Cassella was seen marching in the parade that was dedicated to the two departed heroes of Cambridge . . . The children from room 119 are planning a Christmas Play already . . . May Leonardos has a phobia for borrowing paper; Marilyn Schaub for pencils . . . Barbara Collins was elected Chairman of Room 120 . . . Red Cross Agent, Emily DeVito, is always in a rush . . . Ann Conway is out of school with an infected arm. Barbara Kimisky broke her arm the next day . . . We wish both of them a speedy recovery . . . Ruthie Kilfoyle, the most popular girl of Room 124, has a nephew residing there, also. Joyce Landrigan is always making a mad dash for the lunch room. What's the matter, Joyce hungry? . . . Dorothy Green's hairdo is very becoming . . . Pauline Nugent's new nickname is Terry . . . Shirley O'Connor makes fashionable lapel pins . . . Many of the freshman are wearing them . . . Heard around the corridors . . . Humbert Oliviera is destined to become another Bob Hope with all his jokes and quips . . . John Warnas walked into a locker the other day . . . What's the matter, John, locker daze? . . . John Peragoma found a strange animal in his locker the other day. He was looking for Ralph Costello all that day . . . Shirley Hamilton is an ardent fan of the gum chewers club . . . Rabid Football Fans: Johanne Rosignol, Adele Iriberry, Ruthie Kilfoyle, and Eileen McNamara . . . Why does Dorothy Burgess always sing, "Open the door, Richard,"? Mona Hickey is setting the styles for the freshman class . . . Helen Du Hame of 122 has great artistic ability . . . Gloria Grossi always has a cheery smile for all of her friends . . . Ida Johnson has a large appetite for such a tiny freshman girl . . . Ann Naro pops into school daily two minutes before the bell rings . . . Electra Kokaro has just arrived from Greece and gave a very interesting talk about Greece in her English Class . . . John Larcus is writing a novel . . . Do you want to learn how to rumba? See Ruth Hilton and she will teach you in two easy lessons . . . Who is this Belinski we hear so much about? . . . Claire Pedrini and Isabel MacMann are lost without their ever present gum . . . Ruth Belleveau has a passion for peanuts . . . Margery Peck livens her homeroom every recess period . . . Frances Casello, Phyllis

Ciccarelli and Ellen Burgess have all joined the Riding Club . . . Muriel Clancy is noted for all the books she carries around school . . . Fred Antralla has a large collection of neck ties . . . The C.H.L.S. Drum Majorette is petite Margaret Chase . . . Donald Fraser has talent for piano playing . . . Shirley Forgeron has the reputation of being the speediest talker of the Freshmen . . . Geraldine Fleet is an accomplished ice-skater . . . Rita Pernarelli and Eleanor Gerasim are never seen apart . . . Eddie Mersereau is seen everywhere at once . . . Maureen Zanfari, May Synfranski, Ann Rudy, and Theresa Koehane have a coke daily, after school . . . Margaret Wheelock takes active interest in Spanish . . . Ida Wintzel has strawberry blonde hair . . . Hilda Wick's sister designs her lovely clothes . . . Phyllis Di Maggio is a second cousin to the famous Di Maggio brothers of baseball fame . . . Margaret Johnson is never seen without a mirror . . . Ralph Kilfoyle is already spreading Christmas joy in his homeroom . . . Seen cheering at the C.H.L.S. games were Nancy Martin and Betty Linehan . . . Doris La Porte lacks reinforcements. Any one that has any excess, please see Doris . . . Muriel MacMillan, Shirley Scott, Theresa Robinson, and Audrey are a foursome in school and out . . . May McLaughlin has a wonderful personality . . . Muriel MacMillan appeared on a radio program and won a record album. Well, we all can't be as lucky as Muriel but we all can send in freshman notes; so don't forget! Send in a great many notes for the next *Review*.

Peggy Donoghue, '48

G. A. A.

THE 1947-1948 season began with a bang when on October 10, the freshman initiation was held in the gym. After the candle-light ceremony, in which the girls took their G.A.A. vows, the freshmen underwent the various tortures which come with being a freshman. All survived.

All eyes have been focused on our cheer leaders Captain Pat. Kokinakis, Joan Mitchell, Janie Butler, Nancy Nugent, Janet Morrison, Mary Kennedy, Claire Russell and Pauline Barbera, and rightly so. The girls have done a very fine job of supporting the team and have helped greatly in boosting our school spirit.

A Gay Nineties Revue was held in the gym October 24. Eleanor Moriaty, Helen Hickey, Janet Morrison, Pat Kokinakis and Nancy Nugent helped to take us back through the pages of time to the good old days. Janie Butler made a very fetching Mistress of Ceremonies in her old-fashioned gown.

The G.A.A. Formal, which has been eagerly awaited by all, will be held at the Hotel Commander November 21. Ken Edwards' orchestra will give out with the smooth music. The demand for tickets is great, so better hustle! A very gay evening is in store for all who attend.

Marion Murray, '48

Secretary.

JUNIOR RED CROSS NOTES

ONCE again another school year has rolled around with its hustle and bustle of activity. The Junior Red Cross is very busy planning a promising program for the coming year. With the many fine home-room representatives, Miss Ward, our school director and Miss Marion L. Ralph, the city-wide director of Junior Red Cross, we ought to have a highly successful year.

The officers, Jeanne Eddy, chairman, and Sylvia MacKay, co-chairman, have been active in Junior Red Cross for several years. They are both serving on the executive committee of the city-wide Junior Red Cross Council and both also attended the National Junior Red Cross Convention at Cleveland in June.

Junior Red Cross has much to offer each student. One of the most interesting projects is that of publishing a monthly newspaper which is read by all Cambridge school children. This paper reports Junior Red Cross activities. Many people are needed to work on it. For further information see Miss Ward, room 219.

The one-hundred per cent enrollment of the Cambridge High and Latin School in the Junior Red Cross seems to be a very promising beginning for the school year. Through the efforts of pupils and teachers over seventy gift boxes have been filled. These cartons of cheer will bring joy to many children all over the world.

To make this coming year a profitable one, the cooperation of every student is needed. The Junior Red Cross is what you make it.

Jeanne Eddy,

Chairman.



ALUMNI NEWS

A NUMBER of the class of '47 have returned for the Post-Graduate course . . . Among these privileged students are Larry Brennan, Maureen "Mo" O'Leary, Don Nordstrom, Jimmy Di Vito, Beverly Latham-Brown, Abby Wise, Carolyn Caruth, Naomi Atwood, Lillian Marshall, Fred Smith, Anthony Cardillo, Jane Fleming, "Pat" Delery, who plans to enter the Newton Hospital come February, Alex Wilson, Ida Andella, Maralyn Conley, and "vets" Phillip Colby, Dot Parker and Hubert "Ray" Raymond . . . From Rindge we are honored with P. G. students such as Paul DiGuglielmo, Irving Medoff, Walter Piasecki, Dick Madieras and Joe Breen.

Dick Gurner, '47, who started a P. G. course at Rindge, will have left for California, to live, by the end of October. He plans to look up an old friend, Johnny Varella, who would have been in the class of '47 had he not been in China with the Marines at the time. Johnny, by the way, is now happily married to a California girl, and has, as yet, two more years of the Marines . . . Elliott Knight, also in the Marines has been home recently. He is stationed in North Carolina . . . Dallas Burrows, '46, in the Army, is now in China and still performing before an attentive audience . . . Bob McCarthy, '48, we hear, is living in Rhode Island now and, by skipping a year of high school, he is a freshman at Brown University . . . Dave Sheehan, '46, in the Marines is often seen home on week-ends attending the C. A. A. dances . . . In San Antonio, Texas, in the Army Air Corps, is Bob Suprenard, class of '49. Also, with him is Larry Piorier, '49 . . . Working at The Harvard Trust Co. are Irene "Sis" Lewis, Ann Delaney, Mary Keane, and Barbara "Bibbie" Gorman all class of '47 . . . Peggy Kief, '47 is working for the DuPont Co. . . . Barbara Casey '47 and Joan Sullivan '47 are now attending the Boston School of Dental Nursing . . . Eileen Dinan, '47 has entered Emmanuel College, where Joan Howard '46 is now in her sophomore year . . . Nearby at Simmons College are freshmen Lois Moran and Persis Wilkshire. Also at Simmons is sophomore Lorraine Palmissano '46 . . . Dot Donovan '47 is attending Chandler Secretarial School . . . Jim Haley '47 will be entering Burdett College come February . . . Jackie Cawley and John "Yaka" Kelley who are in the Army now, are due home on furlough near the beginning of November . . . Jean Kennedy '47 is now working at the American Mutual Life Insurance Co. . . . Lois Hanlon and Barbara Goepper, both of class of '46 are in their sophomore year at Sargent College while Mary Messinger '45 is in her Junior year . . . At Boston University, we find Al Nugent '47 enveloped in the Journalism

course. Also at B. U. are Vickie Gabriel, Mary Ellen Priester, Emma Thomas and Tommy Tobin all '47 grads . . . Franny Macnamara, Jimmie Curry, Franny Bane and Donald Twomey are our contribution to Boston College from the class of '47 while Lensey Chao and Joanne Larson are students at Radcliffe College . . . Evelyn Donohue '47 and Lucille Grenier '47 are in training at Mt. Auburn Hospital.

Claire Kilfoyle '47 is attending the Fay School of Boston . . . Barbara Fitzgerald '44, who is working in the New England Telephone Company, recently was Maid of Honor at the wedding of her sister Joyce Fitzgerald . . . Jimmy Atkins, '42 out of the Navy is attending Massachusetts Art School . . . Fred Sateriale '45 is now with his own orchestra playing at the Knights of Columbus hall in Somerville, Mass. Freddy played at the Fieldston Dance hall at the Cape this past summer . . . Katherine Connolly is a freshman at Regis College . . . As is "Babe" Kelley '46 . . . Jim Downey '45 and Bill Supple '45 were seen strolling down Massachusetts Avenue for relief from serious study while attending Harvard and Boston College, respectively.

Joyce Kelley '47

MUSIC to suit every taste may be found on the radio. For the jazz lover, recorded programs feature the best of Count Basie, Woody Herman, Harry James, and other popular instrumentalists. Bing Crosby, Andy Russell, and James Melton, to name only three of many, appeal to the enormous number of people who dislike jive and yet cannot enjoy the classics. The real music worshiper knows that several programs during the week present great artists, for instance, Lauritz Melchior, Lily Pons, Marian Anderson and José Iturbi. Late Sunday afternoons and Monday evenings have the best of such music, Monday evening always brings with it my own favorite program, the Four Piano Quartet, whose lovely arrangements linger with me all week.

Margaret Dearden, '49



RECORD NEWS

EVEN Petrillo's attempt to bring ruin to the record industry has not prevented the following platters from becoming the most exciting tunes of the day.

Francis Craig's dreamy version of "Near You" is certain to score first place on any disc-jockey's list. On turning this valuable platter (Bullet) over, we discover another must, "Red Rose."

The movie "Mother Wore Tights" brought two lovely numbers that are being hummed and danced to all over the land, "You Do" and "Kokomo, Indiana," on a Columbia record by Dinah Shore. Vaughn Monroe and Margaret Whiting do equally well with these two tunes.

"Civilization" by Louis Prima is a Novelty record that will complete any collection. This Victor record brings us back to our geography days and has us wondering if we shouldn't turn savage. "Forsaking All Others" on the reverse side proves very pleasant for dancing.

Your loyal record reporters have had trouble trying to decide between "I Wonder, I Wonder" and "Ask Anyone Who Knows." They're so good you'd better get the Majestic record and decide for yourself.

"Peg O' My Heart" is here to stay and who could make it more welcome than the Harmonicats? Chopin's Fantasia Impromptu completes this Vitacoustic, and extremely popular, platter.

Vaughn Monroe's "Ballerina" has everyone in complete oblivion. It's sensational!! "The Stars Will Remember" helps make this recording a definite necessity in any manner of speaking. It won't surprise us if both these tunes turn in to Hit Parade material.

Cowboy Tex Williams has worked together with Capitol and has come out with "Smoke! Smoke! Smoke!" (that cigarette). It's quite the novelty record and has "Roundup Polka," another western tune (as the title suggests), for the other side.

"I Wish I Didn't Love You So" from "The Perils of Pauline" is one of the top songs of the nation. Dick Haymes does a smooth job on this and on "Naughty Angelina" (Decca). Very good!

Frankie's new platter, "I Have But One Heart," has a melody on the back that's becoming increasingly popular, "Ain'tcha Ever Comin' Back?" However, Vic Damone, a new crooning sensation, has also recorded the first ("Ivy" on the other side) that's giving Mr. S. very strong competition.

M. G. M., a new platter-making company, has made an Art Lund disc of "And Mimi" and "Jealous." "And Mimi" is another one slated for top honors in the music world.

The patriotic tune "Freedom Train" by the Andrews Sisters and Der Bingle plus our National Anthem, Ella Fitzgerald's "That's My Desire" and "A Sunday Kind of Love," Sammy Kaye's "That's My Desire" with "Red Silk Stockings and Green Perfume," "When You Were Sweet Sixteen" and "Chibaba, Chibaba" by Perry Como, and the "Whiffenpoof Song" and "Kentucky Babe" by Bing Crosby are a few more of the discs that are the best sellers in the music department.

See you next issue with more platter chatter. 'Till then, that's all the songs for awhile.

MARY A. LOWRY, '48

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*Timothy F. Downey
Headmaster*

Yes, every student of Cambridge High and Latin can do his part to stamp out tuberculosis in his community simply by buying Christmas Seals to decorate his letters, cards and Christmas packages. The help you thus give others will be appreciated by them—far more than your donation will be missed by you. What's giving up a movie or two, or candy or coke, when it will contribute so much to the health of others? **GIVE UNTIL IT HELPS!**

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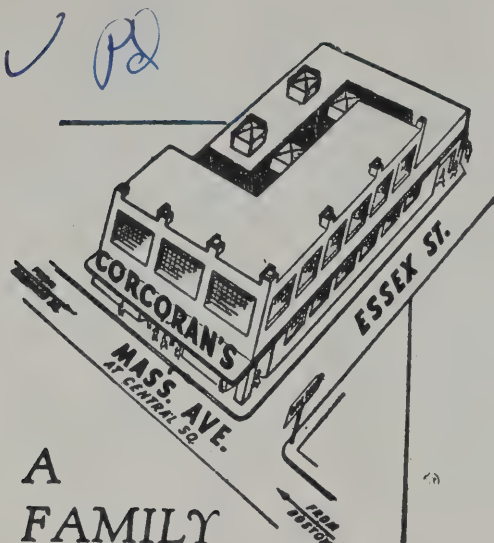
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MISS GERTRUDE DUFFY— TEACHER, COLLEAGUE, FRIEND

MISS Gertrude Duffy died November 30 after a week's illness. Her death brought to a close a brilliant career and a lifework whose foundation was a regard for, and a devotion to, the interests of others. Her long tenure of service in the Cambridge schools encompassed every phase of school organization and administration. From the kindergarten to the closing days of high school, her advice and assistance were of inestimable benefit to pupils and staff personnel. The breadth of her knowledge was amazing. She was a pioneer in the field of tests and measurements and was prominent in solving the problems of the physically handicapped or maladjusted child. Social agencies, psychologists, psychiatrists, leaders in education, the clergy and the courts all sought her counsel. Hundreds of men and women are today leading happy and useful lives because of Miss Duffy's depth of understanding and tireless interest in them in the confused days of their youth.

Her character was written in her work. She was always herself; she did not pretend. Her modesty and lack of love of limelight denied her the broader public acclaim that was justly hers. Ironically, she died on the eve of more fitting recognition of her service to the Cambridge schools.

The finality of Death is less than we think. Miss Duffy's spirit will live, and . . .

"Through such souls alone, God, stooping, shows
Sufficient of His light for us in the dark to rise
by."

T. F. D.

THE GOAL OF EDUCATION

WHAT should be the ultimate purpose of modern education? The form of education, developed under any civilization, clearly reflects the philosophy of life predominant in that particular civilization. For instance Sparta, the great militaristic state of ancient Greece, trained its young men for the army life only. The Athenians, on the other hand, educated their youth to become good citizens of a democracy. Athens had the first democratic form of government in the world; the city fathers wisely foresaw that to maintain a successful democracy required an educated, alert citizenry which would use the power of the ballot intelligently. Since the Romans believed duty to the state the most important thing in life, they instructed their children to reverence the State as the Supreme Being. Their opinion closely parallels the brand of education found under the totalitarian

governments of modern times. During the Middle Ages the monasteries were the only refuge for learning. Naturally enough they emphasized theological studies. So we see that each people made use of education to further what it considered the most beneficial goal of society.

Now we come back to our original question, "What should be the ultimate purpose of modern education?" Certainly not the mere committing to memory of a great mass of facts. Nor is the duty of our secondary schools and institutions of higher learning complete when they equip the individual with specialized vocational training in some profession or trade. No, the real proof of our educational system is its ability, or lack of it as the case may be, to instill good character, a sense of responsibility, and the ability to cooperate with others in our youth. It is equally important to produce mature individuals, able to reason for themselves, who will constitute a generation well equipped to assume the leadership of our nation in these turbulent times.

This is the reason why the extra-curricular activities of our school are of such great value. The sense of teamwork and fair play learned on the athletic field will remain with an individual throughout his life. Our school clubs give their members experience in the difficult art of cooperating with one's neighbors. Students gain a sense of responsibility when they undertake club projects on their own. Certainly these extra-curricular activities teach lessons just as invaluable as those learned in the classroom.

N. G.

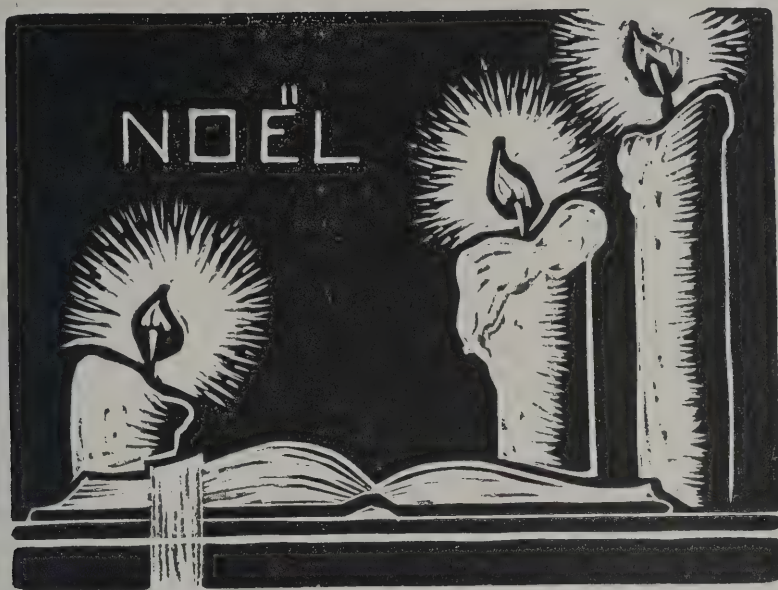
CHRISTMAS HOPE

On this year's beautiful Christmas day;
We cannot help kneeling to pray,
That this new year will bring to all,
Happiness and peace that will forestall
The sordid thoughts in each evil mind,
And save the world for all mankind.

In this present world of bloodshed and strife,
We must still endeavor to impart life
To those who have a cross to bear,
And prove to them that we do care.
The spirit of Christmas will prevail,
And our good deeds all men will hail.

And so we thank you, O Dear Lord,
For You will let us strike that chord
Of contentment, peace, and good will
Which in our happiness will fulfill
Your every wish of Christmas cheer
And rid the world of despair and fear.

Eva Silverman, '48.



THE WORLD AT CHRISTMAS

LET'S go to the heart of any busy city when the Christmas rush has just begun. We'll station ourselves at a corner near an important department store and watch the rest of the world go by. There's a Santa Claus on the opposite corner smiling and wishing a "Merry Christmas" to all who pass. Look at that woman trying to cross the street and keep all her bundles! She's still beaming cheerfully at all her fellow-shoppers. Oh! Watch that little girl going up to St. Nick! Her eyes are bright with the wonder of all the noise and display around her. The carolers, the store windows, the happy, jostling crowds are all a part of the big city at Christmas.

Let's travel on now into the country. Here there are no big, large stores but we can peek in someone's window. There's a group of people singing and laughing, in the parlor. They're making ornaments for the tree and making with loving hands, presents for Mom, Pop, Sis, and little Brother. Isn't that little boy who's cutting circles out of red paper cute? He's so earnest that his tongue is grasped between his teeth. Here come some boys carrying the huge evergreen that will be gloriously bedecked and put in a place of honor. Seated at the table a pretty young girl is touching up the figurines that will be grouped around a tiny image of the Christ Child in a replica of the stable where the Baby Jesus was born.

From this happy scene we now will journey across the ocean to see others less fortunate than we. These people are cold from the severe winter frost. Not to be hungry would be a novelty for them. It's hard to feed a family when food is scarce. It's hard to be merry and full of Christmas cheer, when you're cold, hungry, and miserable. Let us, you and me, find some way to put a smile on the father's lean, careworn countenance; some way to make the thin starving children laugh and romp about as children should; some way to put a desire to live into their hearts. Oh please! Please try to bring peace to them through men of good will.

Mary Lowry, '48

WHO FOLLOW THE GLEAM

IN LONDON, November is usually cold. The fog and dampness perennially associated with the city combine with a seasonal frost to produce an atmosphere that is bleak and chill. This November of 1947 is more bleak and chill than usual. The great British Empire is slowly falling away, and there is poverty in England; the people have not enough fuel or food, and are ill-clothed, so the cold is drearier and more intense. These brave Britons! they have endured nearly a decade of austerity; is there not something to give them a momentary lift,

a day or two of gladness and light-heartedness, that they may go about their mundane business this long winter with renewed hope?

Listen! On this twentieth day of November, 1947, there is a brave sound, a gay sound, on the London air. Down the Mall, through Whitehall, to Westminster Abbey, one hears the sound of the trotting hoofs of horses, of the click of heels as a famed precision regiment snaps to rigid attention, of cheering throngs of joyous Londoners as they watch a brilliant procession flash past—a parade of splendidly uniformed officers on sleek and gallant mounts, of beautiful old coaches with stiff and serious foot-men, of old limousines newly shined, of a great and colorful past mingling briefly with a mad and hectic present.

In the Abbey itself, there is a sound of expectation, rising from a crowd of men and women, most of them garbed in faded finery, as they observe the long red carpet on the nave, and the burnished sacred vessels gleaming on the high altar. As the hour of half-past eleven approaches, they turn more and more often toward the west door of the great edifice. A sudden hush falls over them as the gray dusk in the old church is penetrated by the clarion, golden notes of trumpets, blowing in jubilant fanfare. Slowly and solemnly, in time to the reverberating tones of Westminster's great organ, King George VI of England, wearing the blue and gold of an Admiral of the Fleet, moves up the aisle. On his arm leans his beloved daughter Elizabeth, this day arrayed in the white and silver glory of a bride.

The wedding of their future Queen! How all loyal Britons have waited for this joyous morning! Princess Elizabeth is to be married amid the splendor and pageantry of a thousand years of British might; and, it is said, she truly loves this handsome sailor, Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, who has so romantically renounced his title of Prince of Greece and Denmark to win her hand.

Now they stand together before the altar and before God, and a waiting world, English and alien alike, listens in thrilled silence to every familiar word of the ceremony. The mellowed wisdom of age blends with the unspoiled freshness of youth as the resonant old voices of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York are answered by the calm young voice of the groom, and the sweet, tremulous young tones of the bride:

"I, Philip, take thee, Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, to my wedded wife . . ."

"I, Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, take thee, Philip, . . . to love, cherish, and to obey . . ."

They are the age-old vows taken from time immemorial by lovers, royal in station or humble, in cathedrals or chapels the world over.

Those who are here will never forget the thousand beautiful details of the ceremony. They will re-

member Queen Elizabeth, gracious and regal, radiant with motherly pride; King George, watching the heiress to his throne tenderly and solicitously; Princess Andrew of Greece, keenly regarding her tall son's face; Mary, Queen Mother, majestic, symbol of an older British glory; the widowed Duchess of Kent, thinking sadly of her own wedding here not many years ago, and glancing proudly at the boy at her side, who now bears his father's title; the little kilted pages, forsaking protocol in the deadly serious business of managing fifteen feet of train; the "other" princess, Margaret Rose, lovely and still in the contrasting gray and gold of the sacarium, as she watches her sister embark on a new phase of life; and finally, the ethereal voices of the choirboys lifting heavenward a hymn in praise of the Divine Source of all love.

We Americans can probably never fully appreciate the feelings of English subjects on this memorable day. In a world of instability and change, of crumbling empires and wavering governments, they have an ideal to cling to, and that ideal is the Crown. The Crown symbolizes permanence, continuance, a sense of the abiding fitness of things; and the British would not give up their royal family for all the arguments in behalf of greater democracy the world can offer. Through the dark clouds of a chaotic era, the Crown shines gloriously and hopefully, like a bright Gleam; and the people of the United Kingdom are as 50,000 Merlins who worshipfully follow it.

Anne Dyer Murphy, '50

CHRISTMAS DISILLUSIONMENTS

"TWAS the night before Christmas when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a - - - -"

Wait! Isn't that the tiny form of a girl crouched near the window with her nose pressed flat against the frosty pane and her wide eyes reflecting the silvery beams of the stars? Of course it is a little girl, and closer investigation shows it is a very familiar little girl. In fact it is I. How well I remember that Christmas Eve. It was the eve that I stayed up long past midnight waiting for the plump, jolly gentleman known as Santa Claus. I imagined so hard that he would be appearing any moment that I actually thought I saw silhouetted against the moon six tiny reindeer pulling a sleigh filled with all sorts of gifts and Saint Nicholas. Upon thinking I heard a small tinkle of bells in the distance I jumped into bed, pulled the covers up over my head and pretended as hard as I could to be asleep, lest Santa Claus on arriving should pull my toe and find me to be awake. It seems I always fell asleep before Santa came, for I never heard the soft bells grow louder and I never actually saw Santa come down the chimney. The reason why I remember this Christmas so well is that it brought

about a very momentous change in my life. The fact that I had never seen Santa Claus caused me to doubt whether or not he really existed; and when the next Christmas rolled around, I began to wonder how Santa Claus could be in so many places at one time. Into whatever store mother led me Santa Claus was there, and whatever corner we turned, there he was, ringing a bell and stamping his feet up and down in the snow. The fact that Santa was able to get around so swiftly did not puzzle me too much, because I realized he was quite a miraculous old gentleman, but what completely destroyed my belief in him was that the color of his eyes and his weight differed in every store, and when I saw, much to my dismay, two Santa Clauses standing on the same corner talking to each other, my faith was completely demolished. I went home and regarded with pity the belief which my brothers had in Santa Claus. I felt quite grown up because I did not believe in such a silly thing, although deep down inside me there was a gnawing disappointment in knowing I could not believe any more.

Another disillusionment about Christmas came to me not many years after when I discovered that I was entirely wrong in believing that one always gets what he wants for Christmas. It is not selfish to expect to get a certain special gift, but if it is selfish, it is a natural reaction and what can anyone do to change human nature? I am sure that as I stood on the top of the steps on that Christmas long ago I remembered the words the minister said Sunday after Sunday. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and I am sure that I felt very warm and happy inside when I thought of the gifts which I had placed under the tree for mother and my two brothers. In spite of this feeling, there was still a feeling of wishing to see some beautifully wrapped gifts with my name on them and especially one in the form of a doll carriage. These feelings, which I am sure everyone experiences, I am unwilling to call selfishness, although I am not able to offer a better name, unless it may be called a feeling of self importance and of wanting to be thought of and remembered. However, returning to the point, you probably have guessed that I did not get the doll carriage. This disillusionment about always receiving what one wants, although unwelcome at the time, certainly diminished the disappointments in later years.

My third disillusionment about Christmas accompanied my disbelief in Santa Claus and unlike the other two was a very beautiful one. On that same Christmas, I realized that there was a deeper meaning to Christmas than presents, turkey with all the fixings, and Santa Claus. I learned that Christmas was the birthday of Christ, the Son of God and that on this day, long ago the lives of everyone that would ever live on the earth were

affected. I appreciated more the significance of gifts, that they were given out of love and not to receive something in return. I loved more the beautiful strains of that lovely carol as they floated through the crisp, clear air:

"O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth."

Jessie Dubay, '48

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS CARDS

FOR the last four weeks, the tempo of the Christmas season has been slowly but surely appearing from the tangled rhythms of ordinary days. It is a rather frenzied beat, and its first effect on me is a sort of phobia that I will not get my Christmas shopping done with satisfactory ease and success. By a great effort of will, I seldom do anything serious about it till the middle of December.

This year I was driven to the card counters at an unseasonably early date, the very beginning of December. While bright lights and tinsel flickered about me, and old gentlemen with Santa Claus suits and tripods smiled and rang their bells at me from every possible vantage point, I leaned on the edges of the display cases and carefully scrutinised the cards beneath the glass. They were varied, to say the least. They were large or small in physical size, from the bantam "just a thought about you" to the monster that unfolds forever to spread all over a table or floor. There were serious cards, great glossy blue things with crusty glass stars and snowfalls, which generally enclosed some tepid and oversentimental gem of verse, and there were farcial cards, full of roly poly Santa Clauses with real beards or red plush suits. There were simply millions of cards, garish and timid, expensive and less expensive (but seldom inexpensive), all capitalising on humanity's great desire to say "Merry Christmas" in a more unusual or more expensive manner than anyone else.

I went home that evening with a feeling of dazedness. I had bought nothing. The next day, I came to a sensible and I am sure, most successful decision. I wrote letters to my distant friends this Christmas.

Timothy Orrok, '48

A CHRISTMAS SYMBOL

MOST of us look forward eagerly to the general good spirits found in December, as we near Christmas. Along with deep religious feeling, it seems to me that this season is characterized by a springier step, yuletide music, and the pleasant

worry about presents. An air of expectancy clouds our house the day before Christmas; it is on Christmas Eve that we put up and trim our tree.

Perhaps it seems strange that such a small task can cause such tension, but let me explain. It all starts with the slamming of a car door, footsteps on concrete, a key in the lock. The younger of my two brothers sighs dejectedly. The other, being the older, merely sets his jaw sternly. He is hardened to it. My mother, brothers, and I sit there in silence, waiting for my father. Then in the doorway, a huge green mass appears. Between the branches, we see my father's smiling countenance. As usual, he has bought the largest tree he could find.

After the tree has been brought to the cellar and cut down—unfailingly too small—we stand about in the living room, awaiting the official orders. Now if father's cheerfulness remained throughout the whole task, we might not suffer quite so much. However, father is a very impatient man. What a time we put in! Tempers become very short. Father yells at his three children. His three children shout at each other, and all the while, my mother never says a word, but goes easily about the work, correcting our mistakes—and Dad's. For this reason, every year at this time, I'm convinced that my mother is a genius, for when the trimming is completed, she has managed to soothe our ruffled feelings, and has convinced Dad that the dazzling piece of work is his creation.

This yearly happening is now a part of our Christmas. It has become a family joke, and because it concerns the family as a unit, we consider this Christmas symbol precious.

Elizabeth Tenore, '48

CHRISTMAS—1946—CHINA

LAST December 25th, I spent in Tsingtao, China, a small town about three hundred miles north of Shanghai; now as I look back, it seems years ago, and then again as if it were last week. However, last Christmas gave me an opportunity to observe a Chinese Christmas Holiday, in contrast with one of our own.

I was stationed aboard ship, and to alleviate a small part of the starvation that is an ever-present factor in China today, all ships in port have a number of Chinese orphans aboard for Christmas dinner. The arrangements were made through Chinese officials and high ranking officers of the Navy who were present in Tsingtao at the time.

Shortly before dinner, Navy trucks went to appointed orphanages and under the leadership of matrons, the children were brought aboard. Then in groups of ten they were escorted throughout the ship on sightseeing tours, then brought down into

the mess hall where each was given his dinner, with a small package of candy, etc., to take along home.

After dinner, again they were divided into groups and as they filed off the gangway, they were given blankets, or other forms of clothing, and a small toy; finally they were put aboard the trucks to return to their respective schools—the packages, incidentally, were sent by the American Red Cross.

The contrast between last Christmas and the one to follow, I imagine, will be great. It makes one feel secure to spend the holiday seasons at home—again the message of the carols brings Christmas joy and blessing to countless homes where thoughts once again are turned toward peace.

Russell Green

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

GLORY to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will" These words express the true spirit of Christmas. On the night that Christ was born in a stable in the town of Bethlehem, a great multitude of angels suddenly appeared out of the heavens, and sang those glorious words. A short distance away, a few shepherds who had first seen and heard the angels proceeded to the town to adore the Child. Through the ages, these words and this story have been passed down by word of mouth and writings to tell future generations the true spirit of Christmas.

Today, in this world of unhappiness and unrest, few people stop to meditate on the true spirit of Christmas. For some people, the receiving of gifts is the spirit of Christmas, not the glorifying of God for what he has given them. Others, it seems, overlook what is good in men and nations, and seek only what is evil. There is not very much good will expressed between men. With this situation, how can we expect to have peace? Each individual should strive to bring into the world the true spirit of Christmas, not only during the Christmas season, but during every day of his life.

Helen Hickey, '48

THE CHRISTMAS CRIB

AN IMPORTANT feature of the Christmas festivities in almost every Christian country of the world is the crib, or reproduction of the Nativity scene. Despite its universal acceptance, however, the custom of erecting a representation of the manger at Bethlehem has taken on widely differing forms in the various lands. Let us observe a few of the interesting versions of the crib that have developed since its origination in Italy in 1223.

Although it was customary to have a crib in the home or church since the fourth century, it was in

1223 that Saint Francis of Assisi presented a dramatization of the birth of Christ to the people of the tiny Italian town of Greccio. The great monk wished to give the peasants, who could not read, a vivid idea of the coming of their Saviour. In the little church, he constructed a stable and manger, lining the manger with straw and fragrant herbs. The herbs were like those which tradition says Saint Joseph gathered in the fields near Bethlehem to line the bed of the Virgin Mary. The various figures of the tableau were impersonated by monks, with a real baby for the Christ Child. The animals necessary to complete the picture were recruited from nearby farms. One of the monks, Jacopone da Todi, had written some descriptive songs for the occasion. This Franciscan, then, is generally considered the first writer of Christmas carols.

From Italy, the idea of a Christmas grotto spread through Europe. However, the mangers were not always made under the humble auspices just described. Of course the peasants continued to construct crude scenes, sometimes carving the figure themselves, but magnificent structures were built by the rich, the figures often being modeled by renowned artists. In Renaissance Italy, people vied with each other to produce gorgeous mangers. In fact, one Italian is said to have spent 30,000 ducats to make his particularly splendid!

In Italy today, Christmas is called *Il Natale*. During Advent *pifferari*, or shepherds, come from the country and play their bagpipes in the streets. On the day before Christmas, the crib itself (called *praesepe* from the Italian word for stable) is set up. The people gather about it to sing and pray. In neighboring Sicily, nearly every building has some type of Christmas shrine. Sicilian children always place a pot of pennyroyal in the crib, in the hope that the Christ Child will visit the home and cause the pennyroyal to blossom, as it is supposed to have done in the stable at Bethlehem on the first Christmas.

Natividad is the Spanish word for Christmas. The people of Spain (and also of Portugal) call their crib *Nacimiento*, which means "being born." In Mexico, everyone has a *Nacimiento*, whether it be simple or elaborate. The Mexican crib celebration is called *La Posadas* (*posada* means "inn") and lasts for nine days, beginning December 16. Families dressed as the Holy Family go about singing and looking for an inn. However, gifts are not given in Mexico until Epiphany.

Noel is Christmas to the French, and *La Creche de l'Enfant* is the cradle of the Child Jesus. Traditions and designs for the *creche* differ in each French province, but one feature is the same: the manger is always lined with the "Holy Hay" like that which lined the humble bed of the Christ Child. *Creche*-making has become a large industry in France.

Coming nearer home, we find varied American Yuletide customs. The Moravians, members of a religious sect who came to this country in 1741, brought with them many old World traditions. One of the most notable of these is connected with the crib, and is called the *Putz A Putz*. (named from the German word for "decorate") is a crib that includes every detail of the Nativity story—the manger, landscape, animals, and even a Christmas tree—faithfully reproduced in miniature. The *Putz* is also popular among the Pennsylvania Dutch.

The charming custom which had its beginning in an obscure Italian hamlet has indeed become a treasured part of the world's Christmas. People in different places may give it different forms, but its underlying meaning is always the same. As families everywhere gather about their cribs this Christmas Eve, they all must surely feel in their hearts the lesson taught by the first carol sung by a heavenly choir above the first crib so many centuries ago: "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

Anne Dyer Murphy, '50

MY CHRISTMAS

WHEN our clan gathers together, it takes a pretty big house to hold us all. Collected together under one roof are fifteen grandchildren, eight aunts and uncles and one grandfather. My aunt and uncle in New Jersey, with their nine children having the largest house, it is there we usually have our Christmas reunion.

Hardly have we crossed the threshold on Christmas Eve than we are overcome by a bevy of children, dashing to greet their relations, whom they do not see very often. We are rushed into the living room to see the huge Christmas tree whose beauty is the product of many hours' work by willing hands. Towering to the ceiling of the room, the lovely evergreen is decorated from top to bottom with tinsel, candy canes, lights, multi-colored balls and on top a shining silver star.

After everyone is settled comfortably in easy chairs, my Uncle Ray plays Santa, and with much ceremony places mysterious bundles in eager hands. Time drags slowly by while waiting for your first gift. Sometimes Santa rushes his duties and not everyone there has a chance to see Helen's lovely sweater or Paul's new hockey stick; then comes a loud protest from the aunts who want to see each and every present. As the packages are eagerly ripped apart and a dress or a tie is brought forth, the house echoes with cries of delight and the young ones run back and forth showing off a new outfit or thanking the giver with hugs and kisses. By the time the bottom of the tree can be seen, the children are beginning to nod sleepy heads and despite their vigorous protests they are quickly marched off to bed.

On Christmas Day we go to church in groups so that some one will be home with the younger children. After church the small fry are chased out of the kitchen and told to play with their toys or to try on their new togs, and then the preparation for our Christmas dinner begins. Every aunt has a job to do and the three oldest girls help too. The feast is the high point of the day and by putting to use all the available tables, we can sit down together. A huge turkey, cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, vegetables, pies and ice cream are all polished off with great celerity by a ravenously hungry family. After the dishes are washed and put away, we all repair to the living room where the young children entertain. My cousins being very talented, we have a great show, with dancing, singing and the reciting of poetry.

Christmas seems to me to be a time for family reunions, and these gatherings are as much a part of Christmas as the Christmas tree, the turkey, the gifts, and the beautiful pageantry of the services in church.

Betty Anne Galvin, '48

SUNRISE

IT WAS still quite dark that morning, but the stars to the East were fading under a pale patch of light that outlined the great poplar trees in the farmyard with the delicate touch of a master's etching, tall, stately, and lasting. The first birds were just beginning to chirp sleepily on the coming dawn and the faint probability that it might be better to get up now and get the worm than to stay abed high in the old poplars, where one could occasionally see the dark silhouette of a sparrow or a blackbird flitting listlessly from bough to bough. There was a deep, rich smell of verdant earth and growing life in the air, moist with dew, and holding in its content some strange quality which is inherently loved by man and beast alike. From far off on a distant hillside came the lowing of cattle and the tinkling of cowbells. The world was waking up.

Slowly the night sky paled, till of all the stars, only bright Venus held her place in the East; dim ghosts of blue clouds and purple hills, shrouded in mists, gave way to stable, well defined outlines that could be assigned without difficulty to their respective spheres of sky and earth. Down towards the river hovered the early river mist, a low white cloud that shimmered white in the still darkened valley. The pulse of life quickened, and the sleepy chirps of the birds became the rudiments of song, the first organised thoughts of the creatures as they tuned up for the day's work; now, you might see them in flight, headed for newly seeded fields or ripe berry patches. Two white horses stood together at the end of the big shed, slowly and unhurriedly

munching away on the grass plot there; they cast fantastic shadows of black into the grey.

And still the sky brightened; the first real color appeared, as the clouds became tinged with the faintest and bluest of pinks and lavenders. Even as the birds increased their song to a musical tumult, the pinks lightened into reds with flecks of gold, and the blues and lavenders metamorphosed into richer shades. The darkened landscape took on tints of green, and, as the hills around the farm slowly took on dimension, the group of cows on the far hillside became visible, seven creamy brown and white forms lying peacefully on the sward.

Suddenly, almost as if it had jumped from around some secret corner to surprise the valley, a strong, bright beam of light leapt across the intervening space to lodge, brilliant, in the topmost branch of the oldest and most dignified of the poplars. At this signal, the birds, one and all, started up a tremendous din, shouting the business of the day back and forth as the sun-shaft dipped in slow and stately fashion from branch to branch until, at last, the edge of the disc itself became visible from the valley floor, large and round, sending its ruddy beams along the fields until the myriad dew drops shone like ten thousand minor suns, welcoming the appearance of their superior. The shadows were long and dark, cast by the nearly horizontal light, and they changed, distorted themselves and shortened, as old Sol climbed further into the heavens.

A pealing bell punctuated the cries of the birds, calling the farmer and his crew out of bed and to work. The cows on the hillside ceased their chewing for a moment, to peer across the valley to the suddenly lively farmhouse, teeming with people walking out to the pump or bringing in firewood; smoke was already rising high and straight from one of the old chimneys, and, as they watched, it became thicker and more business-like. Then, like the sensible, phlegmatic animals they are, the cows looked at each other unhurriedly and began once more to chew their cuds

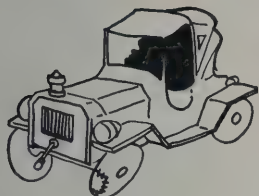
Timothy Orrok, '48

TEEN-AGE HIT PARADE

1. How Soon Is Christmas?
2. Near You The Latin trot
3. Ain'tch Ever Coming Back? Those 90's
4. The Stars Will Remember. The G.G.A. Formal
5. Harmony With the Deans
6. So Far I'm passing
7. Body and Soul In term tests
8. That's Where I Came In Seventh period
9. Ask Anyone Who Knows About Algebra
10. That's My Desire Elevators in school

Lorraine Fulkerson, '48

G.A.A. FORMAL



EVERYONE ARRIVED IN
STYLE AT THE
HOTEL COMMANDER
TO ENJOY THE
G.A.A. PROM



AN' SO ENDED A
PERFECT NIGHT



FROM THE LOOKS OF
THINGS, EVERYONE
HAD A SWELL TIME.

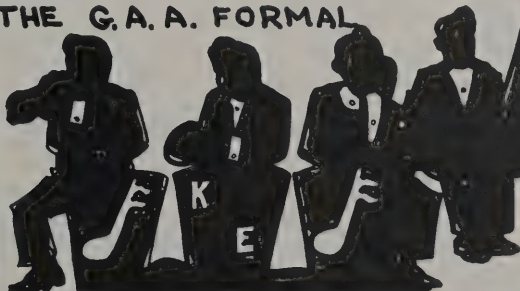


BETTY BOUDREAU
AND RICHIE DOYLE
WERE CHOSEN AS
CINDERELLA AND
PRINCE CHARMING.



SEEN AT CAINS WERE
JANICE MARTIN, JAMES PRIOR,
JOYCE KELLY, RICHIE GALLANT,
AND OTHERS

A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT, A
SWEET ORCHESTRA, YOUR
FAVORITE SONG, WHAT
MORE COULD YOU ASK FOR
AT THE G.A.A. FORMAL



THE EVENING WAS PERFECT WITH
SWEET MUSIC FROM "KEN EDWARDS",
AN' HIS ORCHESTRA.



DON O'HARA

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING ON A RATIONED BUDGET

WHEN the time for Christmas shopping comes around, I invariably possess two articles, an overly long list of people who deserve or expect gifts, and a woefully flat wallet. For some obscure reason, the end of November when the stores display enticing gifts with not-so enticing prices marks a new low in the state of my finances. This lack of money and caution in buying which goes with it brings about a certain unfortunate meekness and this in turn causes me to be humiliatingly ignored by salesgirls. Then there are taxes. These successfully thwart my fine intentions of buying something special for some deserving person. It is very demoralizing to see the perfect gift costing just the amount to leave me carfare home and then find that even by walking home I am still defeated by the tax. As the last few gifts are being bought, the last few quarters, dimes, and pennies find their way from my wallet to the cold, heartless cash register and I become a true scavenger struggling through hordes of similarly unfortunate fellow-beings, each of whom thinks only of her own pressing need. Then when all are finally bought some bright and rage-provoking person says, "What do you want for Christmas?" in a tone which shows she fully intends to give me a present and so to save a moment's acute embarrassment, I borrow my allowance for March.

Phyllis Torp, '48

OBSERVATIONS OF SKATING

WHEN the wintry winds begin to blow, and the lacy snow-flakes begin to fall, it follows that there will soon be a covering of ice on everything from the smallest puddle to the largest lake. Now the man who sharpens ice skates goes around with a happy smile, confident at last that he can buy his small daughter the carriage that she wants for Christmas; and the poor postman groans over his weight of letters, all going towards the Cambridge Skating Club. Immediately patient mothers all over the city are bothered by excited children asking, "Why isn't there ice? Well, why isn't it cold enough? Call up the club to see if there is any, will you, Mom?" After a few days of this, poor mother decides that she would rather burn the coal than answer this barrage of questions, so she waits almost as eagerly as the children. Finally the great day comes; there is ice!

It does not matter which day one goes to the club because the different people are there, doing the same things all the time. However, it is not the least bit boring by any means. As one goes into the club, his first impression is that of

utter confusion. This impression soon fades for the old members, but I'm quite sure it startles many parents quite badly. Sitting nearest to the fire, one on each bench, the two coldest and largest people in the club warm themselves, while a handful of smaller children sit nearby with red hands and blue lips, waiting for the day when they'll be old enough to secure this warm seat. When one of the honored two get up, such a mad dash by the little ones follows that one wonders how some of them possibly escape falling into the fireplace. Over in the corner a little boy, who doesn't want to go home at all, is going half-heartedly through a pile of shoes, hoping that he can stay longer if he can't find his own pair. His rather divided attention is distracted by the shout of laughter coming from the balcony. Following his gaze, one sees the group of teen-agers, who bring their lunches, happily talking about the unsuspecting people on the ice, and munching on their sandwiches. Over there is the "friend" of all in the club, trying to throw some poor individual's hat onto the antlers of one of the deer. Once he succeeds in this, no one short of Superman will be able to get it down. Laughing over his attempts—it isn't their hat—is a group of girls who come to the club for social life. They sit somewhere near the fire with their knitting, talking about everything from last night's date to Monday's assignment in chemistry. They add to the general hub-bub in the room full of happy people.

Outside the picture is quite different. Inside the club the only differences between the people were ages, sexes, and appearances; outside the most striking difference is in skating ability. The first skater to catch my eye is a young tot who looks as if she ought to be at home in a play pen. She is struggling valiantly along, getting up smiling after several falls which would have permanently disabled someone a bit older. She stops and rests for a few minutes, and wonders perhaps why her ankles have such rubber-like tendencies, whereas that girl over there in the blue skating outfit can go sailing by on one foot without any difficulty. "The girl over there" is one of the stars of the club. To find her, just look for a circle of awe-stricken children, and she will be in the center, perhaps doing an Arabesque. A little to the left of this group is another watching the star and trying to do the things she does. The ice is usually free from ice dust near this group, but one needs only to look at these skaters to find where it went. In the center a few couples are practicing the fourteen-step for the contest later in the season, but their patient counting is drowned out by the noisy shouts coming from the far end of the ice. On careful examination, one finds it is the almost perpetual game of "Hill Dill", which is a type of tag. Being very careful not to get too close, for to get into the middle of

that racing crowd is surely certain death, I watch for awhile. All the fast skaters of all ages are here, probably practicing for their respective hockey teams. After watching the speed, spills, and skaters, I decide that any of them could live through the wildest hockey games, and take my leave. On the way back to the club, I see the "second cousin" to the social group inside. They like to skate, but they haven't the speed for "Hill Dill", nor the skill to become one of the stars, or the lack of inhibitions to be one of group that tries everything. Feeling rather sorry for them, but proud that they at least got onto the ice, I go into the club house.

Being one of the lucky ones just old enough to get a seat by the fire, I gently but firmly move aside a boy of almost seven and settle down in place by the fire. Now I shall sit and wonder about all the world until I grow warm enough to join the steel-winged throngs on the ice.

Lorraine Fulkerson '48

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS THE WORLD OVER

ON THE evening of December twenty-fourth, each year nations throughout the world celebrate the eve of the greatest feast day of all, Christmas. From the snow-bound wastes of Iceland to the lush tropics of Brazil, every land is showing in its own way its love and joy at the birthday of the Christ child, Jesus.

The most familiar traditions in America, and the ones we know the most about, are the hanging of stockings before the fire-place on the night before Christmas, for Santa Claus to fill when he slides down the chimney, and the decorating of the Christmas tree with candles, tinsel, and glittering ornaments. Our idea of Santa Claus came from Holland, where old St. Nicholas comes each year to fill the children's wooden shoes with goodies. Mexican children scramble for their gifts after they break an earthenware jug filled with gifts suspended from the ceiling.

The lilting carol, "Here We Come A'Wassailing", originated when the English villagers sprinkled trees with cider from the "Wassail Bowl" as they marched through the village lanes. Another English custom which was instituted in Germany before the birth of Christ, but which has spread throughout the Christian world, was that of burning the Yule log.

The verdant countryside of Ireland is never lonely or dark for a traveler on Christmas eve, for a light burns in the window of every home and the door is open, symbolizing that the people would not close the door against the Christ child and that He is welcome in their home.

A lovely custom of many years ago in Provence

was the procession of shepherds bearing a lamb and other gifts to the altar of the church at midnight mass as offerings to the Christ child.

During Christmas eve on Beacon Hill in Boston, multitudes of carolers with their voices echoing on the frosty air, go from house to house singing, "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem" and "Silent Night". Far off in some foreign land other voices mingle with theirs, singing: "Peace On Earth, To Men of Good Will", and although their words and customs may be different from ours, the spirit is the same, one of love, hope, and happiness, for, "Joy to the World, The Lord Has Come!"

Mary Herlihy, '48

FRENCH CLUB

THE last meeting of the French Club was held at the Fogg Art Museum where the members, accompanied by Miss Ford and Miss McCarthy, viewed the many French originals which the museum had on display. Our guide explained the paintings chronologically and told us something of the men who had painted them. After the tour, we were given an opportunity to ask questions and to go back through the galleries to study the pictures we had most enjoyed. The aim of this tour, as is the aim of most French Club activities, was to supplement the class-room study of the language with outside study of French history and culture.

For our Christmas meeting, the Program Committee, the members of which are Timothy Orrok, Barbara Modest, Ann Murphy, Kenneth Carwile, Kenneth Korb, Morrill Odesky, have planned to present a play. Members of the cast are: Timothy Cronin, Lorraine Fulkerson, Timothy Orrok, Gordon DeVoto, Philomena Durso, Laurice Eddy, Jeanette Blank and Ann Murphy. Miss McCarthy, our faculty advisor, is directing this production.

A year-round activity of the club is the making-up and sending of packages to the French war orphan which the club has "adopted". Miss McCabe directs the packing of these parcels; she is ably assisted by the committee headed by Charmaine Gardiner. Other committee members are: Lorraine Fulkerson, Ann Wadden, Nadja Ehrlich, Lois Mark and Timothy Cronin.

Adieu, jusqu'à notre prochaine rencontre!

Constance Gerasim, '48

Corresponding Secretary



CHANGING FASHIONS

WE usually associate fashions with lady's garment, but the locomotive, now one hundred years old, has undergone some radical changes in appearance since the early days. Although most changes in the outward design are made for reasons such as greater speed, less wind resistance, or better location of the vital parts, the railroads, upon occasion, do things to the "girl's" looks to attract attention from the public.

At first, by putting together the necessary workings for steam traction, and by placing a set of wheels beneath a platform on which the machinery sat, a unit of motive power was assembled. Because every builder used entirely different ideas, locomotives became as varied as the New England weather. By trial and error, the first motive power geniuses learned that a horizontal boiler placed directly over the driving wheels with the cylinders in the position where we see them, made for the best type of engine. Thus was born the steam locomotive as we know it.

At first locomotives were fairly ordinary, but due to the practice of assigning an engine to an engineer, "the girls" were pampered. Therefore, we see by the Civil War era, a great deal of frill and paraphernalia added, such as gilded sand and steam domes, ornate brass trim and portraits of a national hero or more likely the engineer's wife silhouetted on the side of the oil lamp. Speaking of the lamp, it was the greatest showpiece of the entire engine. The old oil lamps were detachable and many engineers used to take them home every night so that no one would steal them.

However, such "teakettles," as engines are sometimes called, required much cleaning and polishing; also, as the management began the more economical practice of letting a crew take the locomotive which was ready rather than a special one, a railroad man's pride in his iron horse disappeared so that by the late nineties the new models were simple in design, without trim, and we find that an electric headlight had replaced the old oil lamp. It was then that some of the most graceful engines were built. They had a long slender boiler, which to my eye is a pleasing figure for a locomotive to have.

By World War days, locomotives were suddenly becoming bigger and more imposing in order to pull the trains of increasing weight and speed. Then locomotives with eight and ten driving wheels began to appear; the articulated type with two sets of cylinders was put into use. But still the basic appearance in steam traction did not change until the thirties when the streamlined styles were out to revolutionize. Jackets were put onto engines concealing all their lines, and some of the com-

panies even went so far as to paint their equipment colors which had not been seen since the nineties.

Today very few steam locomotives are being made. Already on our New England lines very few through trains are still being hauled over the high iron by steam power. Except for very high power requirements where the steam turbine type of motive power will be used, it would look as though a new and revolutionizing form of engine were here to conquer steam; that form of engine is the modern diesel electric locomotive. It has not been here long enough for us to note its changes in outward design except to say that it is taking up where the steam left off in that the diesel is streamlined and painted in gaudy colors. The history of the fashions of diesel locomotives will have to be recorded at some later date.

David Aslenden, '48

BABY SITTING

MOST people think baby sitting is an easy job, and they believe that "sitters" get paid for doing nothing. I know better. When I mind babies I seldom get a chance to sit down. I usually mind two boys and a girl, and if I didn't have a system, everything would be in chaos. Children rarely like their liver and vegetables and always want a black-bird pie, or something else from a nursery rhyme. When I give a small baby a bath, I never worry about his drowning; I worry about the danger to myself, because I get more water on me than he does. When it is time for the children's naps, they are like crying dolls; when I lay them down they scream and when I pick them up, they give a victorious grin.

When I mind babies while the mother goes out, I can usually manage quite well. The ones that cry when I put them down for a nap I usually give in to and rock them to sleep. The job is harder when their mothers are home. They know they can get away with much more when their mothers are around. They cry for nothing while I work hard to entertain. When I finally have quieted them down, their mother walks by and they let out a loud bellow. My entertaining gymnastics begin again while I have my fingers crossed, hoping they will suddenly fall asleep. On the whole, while I try to feed or bathe the babies, I find that the mothers are more hindrance than the babies.

The parents of babies are sometimes of the opinion, that I mind their children because I find it an enjoyable pastime. They call up, giving me no advance notice, and expect me to come right over. They think that on school nights I am not bothered a bit by staying up until midnight or later. Sometimes I even meet new parents for whom I "sit"

and they expect me to go home by myself at one o'clock in the morning. Of course, I don't "sit" for these people any more. I work hard all day, trying to keep my charges happy, washing the dishes after feeding the children, and trying not to get the house too dirty. My reward for all this is a mumbled "thank you for coming," a begrudged payment, and a silent glare when they have to drive me home. All in all, I think there must be more desirable ways of earning a little cash than baby sitting.

Helen Carr, '48

RECORD NEWS

IF you have enough money to give your music-loving friends some records for Christmas, here are some of the best-selling popular and classical albums.

The ever-popular Al Jolson has made an album for Decca containing many of the songs that only Al Jolson can sing well. "April Showers," "My Mammy," "California, Here I Come," and "Swanee" are just a few of the melodies we love to hear him sing.

From the Rogers and Hammerstein musical, "Allegro," come several currently popular tunes. Among them are "So Far," "A Fellow Needs A Girl," "Money Isn't Everything," "You Are Never Away," and the title tune, "Allegro." They are sung by the original cast of the Broadway production. The music stores get many demands for this album.

Although the football season is over, Tex Beneke's recordings of college songs are on the top of the album musts. Such favorites as "Alma Mater," "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," "Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech," and "On Wisconsin" are in the group.

If you're a Vaughn Monroe fan, or know someone who is, you'll surely want his collection, "On The Moonbeam." His theme song, "Racing With the Moon," "Paper Moon," "Moonlight and Roses," and "Moonglow" are excellent for dancing.

If you or your friends are more classically inclined, why not try Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto? There are several artists who have recorded it. There is Sergei Rachmaninoff himself with the Philharmonic Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski, Artur Rubenstein with Vladimir Golshmann and the N.B.C. Orchestra, or Gyorgy Sandor with the New York Philharmonic-symphony Orchestra conducted by Artur Rodzinski.

The "Gaité Parisienne Suite" by Offenbach is one of the most popular of all the classical albums. Efren Kurtz, conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra, has a lively version of this saucy ballet score.

Last, but by no means least, is Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony." Toscanini conducts the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra to bring us his version of this truly great opus. There are other artists who have recorded this work, but Toscanini has, in my opinion, made the best album.

That winds things up for this issue. Until next year, so long, and Merry Christmas!

Mary A. Lowry, '48.

DOWN BY THE RIVER

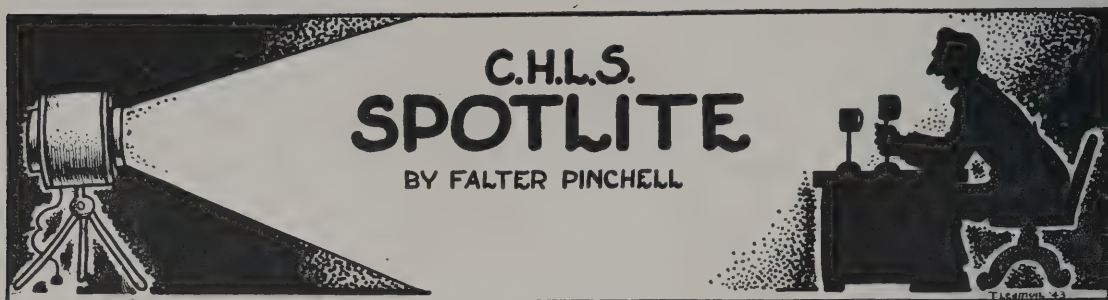
IT seems to me that apparent logic should not be enough to make anyone kill the thoughts aroused by the question "I wonder . . ." On seeing the swirling flow of a river, however, who would care to determine whether the small whirlpools went around clockwise or counterclockwise? No one, I suppose. At least, I shouldn't. On the other hand, if someone did press for an answer, as one might, according to my above assertion, the response would probably be that they can go around either way.

I'm sure they very likely do; I don't see why not. In fact, come to think of it, I remember hearing my father—or was it my sister—comment, while we were canoeing, that every whirlpool spinning in one direction must be accompanied by another in the other. If it's a scientific matter, furthermore, it would appear to me that the twain should be equal in some other respect too—speed, or weight, or momentum—though not necessarily in the depth or width of aperture. But let's not become involved over only a whirlpool, which doesn't last even seven seconds.

I ought to know, because when Dad had ventured his mind, I immediately tried to repudiate the assertion by all sorts of paddle strokes, sliding lengthwise and crosswise, twisting diagonally upwards and downwards. I finally—whoops! That swing was so deep that my single hand was not enough to control it. Now, while Dad was quietly back-paddling to retrieve the slowly floating paddle, there was a two-minute pause till we were again on our way . . . At last—by the way, how did we get to this point? Oh, yes, someone was talking about whirlpools. Many a thrust of the paddle did I perform.

Finally, on a great swing, I produced a unitary, deep ebb to the wondrous witness of my sister, who sat in the middle of the craft. My father's attention was likewise directed toward the center of attraction as it passed him, seated in the stern; but, without even looking back, he smiled and designated in our trail the other half of the show—the whirlpool's twin!

Roger Carwile, '48.



AFTER recuperating from the effects of report cards, Thanksgiving dinners, and a formal, we pull out the battered Remington, a wad of paper, a big eraser, and sit down to find the way that goes with the proverbial will in our attempt to write this column. Speaking of formals, we hear that Helene Drolet was so nervous on the afternoon of the G.A.A. formal that she tried to take a bite out of her wallet and look through her sandwich for a nickle. Jimmy Cotter was in the same state. He was afraid that his jalopy, "Bessie" might be temperamental that night... Jane Aldenburg, too, was heartbroken when she heard that Jimmy Rabbit had taken ill at six... However, Chuck Connolly subed and got himself a Totem Pole date besides. The formal was a huge success. Seen dancing dreamily around the floor were Virginia Brickley, wearing a beautiful ballerina length gown, with Leo (sigh) Flanagan... Carol Dias and Senior class President, Ernie Anastos... Nancy Becker and Joe Breen... Pauline Dooly and Paul Williams... Roberta Wilkie and Billy Montieth... Joan Kelly and Donald Doyle... Pat Kokinakas and Dick O'Brien... Nancy Nugent and Ozzie Lyons... The Juniors were well represented by Barbara Lewis and Paul Guigan... Jeanette Richards and Jimmy Carter... Joanne Barnes... Pat Lardner... and Florence Wagner with their escorts... and of course THE couple of the evening, pretty Betty Boudreau and Richard Doyle, Cinderella and Prince Charming of the dance. At Cain's for a midnight snack were Helen Drolet and Donald Nordstrum... Janet Irwin and Jack Tamasello... Nancy Rose and Charlie Durakis... Betty Mueller and Billy O'Brien... Joyce Kelly and Richard Gallant... and Peg Sullivan and Arthur Monahan. Paul Williams, Billy Doyle, and Richie Gallant did a fine job of entertaining after the orchestra left, by giving out with a few bars of "Margie" and "Wiffenpoof" song. They even had people pitching pennies at them... (could it be for lack of eggs, fellows?)

We hear that Martha Fleet writes a steady stream of mail to member of Uncle Sam's Fleet... Poor Peg Donahue is always worrying about her Freshman Notes (We know how you feel Peg... Want to share our aspirins?)... We certainly have missed Nancy McPartland and Suzanne Gilman's cheerful

smiles around old Latin's halls... Having a wonderful time on a recent hayride were Peggy Fraser, Marilyn Roach, Shirley Poingdester, Barbara Carrier, Fred Hiscock, Joe and Charles Dubay, Winifred Burgess, Lillian Marshall, Graham French, and Gordon Johnson... Some fun "hay wot"... Seen running around Harvard Square Halloween night looking for an empty Bromo-Seltzer bottle and a horseshoe were Priscilla Wharton and Barbara Peck... (that's all right girls, we know how it is.) Who has not seen, or should we say heard Arnold Levine's loud tie flashing around the corridors?... Our heartiest congratulations to Barbara Jones who played Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" beautifully at the music recital held in Rindge Auditorium... Barbara Jones is only one of the many pianists Latin boasts of... among the others are Patricia Ladner, Mary Lowry, Georgianna Nyman, Gloria Nelson, and Marvin Etoff... (We sigh as we falteringly play our simple scales!)... also at the recital doing a fine job of ushering were Vivien Weinburg, Shirley Green, Charmaine Gardner, Mary Greenstein, Lorraine Fulkerson, and Betty Ann Galvin.

If you ever have an hour or two free, without any homework, (we're kidding of course!)... look up Sally Sperakis and ask her to describe a cell... Dancing at the Totem Pole recently were Shirley Adams, Rita Corkery, Louise Crocetta, and Francis Cupil... with their escorts of course!... also having a swell time at the T.P. were George McLaughlin and his girl from Medford, Mary Kennedy and Dick Rigazzio, Sussy Shea and Nancy Becker, Maureen Coleman and Ray Shea, and Bobby Bromberger and Pauline Dooly. We hear that Jeanne Eddy, Sylvia MacKay, and Anna Andella devote an afternoon a week to instructing the little children at the Margaret Fuller House... Keep up the good work kids... We thought it funny when we heard that Ferdinand the Bull was quite overcome by the fragrance of flowers, but when we saw trackman and all round good athlete Charlie Durakis sighing as he inhaled the fragrance of a rose the other day, it was almost too much for us... John Darcy will get indigestion if he doesn't stop trying to digest his algebra along with his lunch... Marilyn "Giggles" Roach has finally met Marilyn "H.M." Landry... Satisfied?... Just call

Eleanor Moriarty "John L"...Jane Butler certainly was upset about that "Fearless" column...Marion Murray and Jeanette White are always together after sixth...Who is he, girls? Barbara Tevlin is always ready with a smile...Vivian Silver and Shirley Cohen make a gay twosome...Rita Ferolita, Theresa Gandic'sse, Marie Villerilli, and Louise Crocetta have formed a pretty nice bowling team...that's one way to get to be pin up girls, huh!...Representing C.H.L.S. along with various sundry and other organizations on the Cambridge Youth Council are Beverly Brown, Dick Mederos, Jeri Jaxon, Joe Dubay, and Arlene Rich...We wonder who Virginia Swyers, Marjorie Taylor, Marilyn Barbera, and Troula Cupas wait for in Harvard Square every day...Could it be for Arlington High to get cut?...The three "Musky Tears" Leonard Traveis, Fred and Al Savina can be found every morning in room 307...Edith Rosa and Thalia Scantalides are inseparable...Irene Molesky is worried about that book she lost on the subway...Eleanor Conroy has a terrific staring contest in the lunchroom...Rosemarie Tomaino has quite an appetite...Report card day was a beautiful day for Anne Murphy and Ann Wadden who sported very good marks...Wish we could say the same!...Among the K.B. members who are making plans for their coming formal are Margaret Goffriedo, Connie Bolduc, Shirley Green, Gloria Nelson, and Mildred Shaw...Ask Margaret Herman whom she is going to the formal with...Helen Hickey tells us that Phyllis Torp's nickname is "Twerpie."...Belated congratulations to Alyce White who was elected President of the C.A.A...Steady football dance goers are Joanne Barnes, Ronnie Murphy, June Douglas, Gael Lynch, R. Kelly, Leo Flanagan, Jack Rice, and Earl Quinn...Ask Marilyn Landry why she got that box of candy at work...it's an interesting story...While we're still on questions, where does Kathyne Sikalis disappear to every first recess,—and what about Carolyn "Stretch" Turowsky's little black book?...any good telephone numbers, Stretch?...Billy Montieth and Peggy Sullivan certainly enjoy that Mrs. Marvel joke...We'd like to know the story behind the feud between Fran Sylvestre and Tex Murphy over the Riding Club...Ruth Gallup got her hands tied behind her back in fifth period the other day...you'd better stick to supplying the Glee Club with cookies, Ruth...Has everyone met Latin's new senior from Shanghai, Narja Erlich?...Alice Carbonaro is a life saver with that little Latin book...Ernie Anastos is getting to be quite the Casanova these days, so we hear...a different girl every week!...Barbara Polaro certainly looks forward to her sixth period class every day...Susie Nilson is the envy of all the girls with her lovely platinum blonde hair...Sus Shea and Tillie Souza has a terrific battle the other day in their locker

room...Peg Sullivan, an innocent bystander, was roughly treated...We have to look twice to see Pat Koke when she passes us in the corridor...Paul Crowley and Red Landers have a gala time in Chemistry every day...Sophomore homeroom 218 seems to be a pleasant place...Nancy Petropolous tells us that she still hasn't found her "Ideal" man...Let us know when you do Nance...Rose Silver and Jennie Rana are another pair of inseparables...Loyal rooters for C.H.L.S. football team are Joan Conway, Alice Foley, Rita Curry, and June Douglas...Pauline Jacobs and Ginny Doyle are two of the many girls sporting new short hairdo's...Catherine Cullinane makes a good Red Cross Representative so we're told...Chick Kenney and George Wilson certainly deserve credit for their pleasant dispositions...Marta Enebuske, Sallie Parnel, Rosemary Phaneuf, Barbara Rodley, Chickie Mailhoit, Colette Mailholt, and Marjorie Rotchford certainly enjoy football...We are told that Athena Fillios and Claire Fairburn are photo-fiends...Elanor Thiffault is always talking about her "mystery man"...her friends are getting curious!...All Barbara Carlson talks about is horses...you ought to get together with Phyllis Torp, Barbara...Sophomores George Butt and Desmond LaPlace seem to enjoy sixth...Someone would think by the posters around school that John Roop is running for Junior Class V. President!...Harvey Kaufman writes an interesting column for the "Courier"...Doesn't Jack Rice make the cutest "coke" boy?...Marilyn Barber takes a lot of teasing in her homeroom during the recesses...Robert Cabral and Doris Duffy have a lot in common,—or so we're told...Brave girls Evelyn McCabe, Betty Ann Galvin, and Peggy Atkins walk to school every morning...brrrrr!...Seen freezing to death at the Ringde-Somerville game Thanksgiving Day were Gwen Bupp, Mal Roach, Shirley Brown, Lillian Marshall, Joan Kilfoyle, and Peg Sullivan...(why weren't you at the Latin-Ipswich game, girls?) Anne Singer enjoyed that lecture at Harvard...u-huh!...What account do Evelyn Andelman and Phyllis Stern keep in that notebook during lunch period?...Jackie Paine and Peter Pappas deserve an award for their dancing,—their friends tell us that they have Fred and Ginger looking tired!...Abby Wise at the Satire Room of the Hotel Fensgate recently with a very handsome young man...Alice Carbonaro's cute nickname is "Acey"...We hear that George Wilson spent his vacation bear-hunting in Vermont...(Is your secret Wheaties, George...Ours is KORNies). Robert Stewart and John Shannon are two of the best dressed boys at school...Welcome back to George Lakis after a recent illness...Future Chemist...Kathyne Sikalis...She's been attending lectures at M.I.T...Mary Corcoran's nickname is "Frankie"...How do you explain that Mary?...Dotty Mullin's "Gibson-

Girl" outfit is exceptionally cute and very becoming...and, with this last observation, we swallow our last Anacin and take this opportunity to wish everyone a Merry Christmas, and a very Happy New Year.

Jessie Dubay, '48

Betty Tenore, '48

FRESHMAN NOTES

THE freshmen are still in a daze . . . Marjorie Peck is the leading daze contestant. . . . Richard Grabivsky is still out of school with a broken leg . . . Hurry up and get better!! . . . Two girls in 110 enjoy the art of note passing every recess. We won't give you away, girls. . . . Where did Donald Fraser get the nickname of "Donuts"? . . . Mary O'Brien and Charlotte O'Brien (no relation) wait for the lunch bell every recess. They are always hungry. . . . Phyllis N. always take the second school bus. What's the matter with the first bus, Phyllis? . . . Mary Kelly is very smart, all E's. Oh! well, we all can't be brain storms. . . . Marilyn Ormond and Anna Klemas are the inseparables of the month. . . . Marie O'Connell is right in style with her "Gibson Girl" outfit. . . . Beverly Paulis is the only freshman with a whole bottle of ink. . . . The rest always seem to be out of it. . . . Phyllis Nauffts walks so slowly around the corridors that every one takes advantage of her. . . . When Eddie Mersereau comes back to school, he will be minus his appendix. . . . We hope he gets well soon. . . . Barbara Parsons works in a bakery after school. She also loves pastry, Careful, Barbara! Marie O'Connell, Mary O'Brien and Marilyn Ormond are the three tomboys of Room 110. . . . Barbara Deeley of 120 takes active interest in her Civics class . . . Wonder why, Barbara, ??? . . . Where did Andrew Sutherland ever get the nickname of "Giggie"? We're all in suspense!! . . . Shirley Howard had a wonderful Hallowe'en Party. Everyone present had a wonderful time. . . . Margaret O'Connor is always drawing . . . Wonder if she likes it? . . . Clara Theodolou has the cutest new hairdo. . . . Lenore Periera is very proud of her little brothers. She is always showing their pictures around. . . . Nancy Alperin is a bowling fiend. . . . Sheila Sullivan takes tennis for her sport. . . . Muriel McMillan can milk a cow. Congratulations! . . . Ralph Kilfoyle is drawing angels on the board for Christmas. . . . Ralph Marurico is always glad when the lunch bell rings. He says he is always hungry. . . . Aren't we all??? . . . Pauline Glynn, Shirley Colby, Donna Coughlin are always talking together down in the lunchroom. . . . Room 120 is short of pencils . . . any one care to lend a couple to the cause? . . . Helena Baliter is a good

sport. . . . Lee Kief is carrying out his presidential duties expertly in room 124. . . . Seen at the Rindge Dances were Dotty Long and Janice Godartt. . . . Dottie Green, Peggy Johnson, and Rosemary Gouvaria are a well known trio at the Lunchroom. . . . Nancy Gareri has top honors in room 123. . . . Congratulations! . . . Lizzy MacMann keeps the gum factories busy. . . . Dick Powers and Dick Priebe keep things going in Room 111 in recess periods. . . . Ann Farrell was seen at Basketball practice last week. . . . Ditto Dolores Silvester. . . . Joan Cantelli is a tennis hound. . . . Janet Tobin is moving Saturday. . . . All her friends are sorry that she has to go. . . . Thelma Mooney is as proud as a peacocok. . . . Look at the honor roll. . . .

Nancy Marin is planning a busy holiday at Christmas because her big brother is coming home from camp. . . . Rosina Mastrodomenico was embarrassed the other day. . . . She forgot how to spell her last name. . . . Paulin Martin was voted the most talkative pupil. . . . Why is Emily DeVito's mind always off in space? . . . Who are you dreaming of, Emily? . . . The same applies to Nancy Gareri. . . . Let us in on the secret, girls! . . . Therese Barry has acquired a stunning new Scotch hat and mittens. . . . Very sharp! . . . Virginia Beckman has a wonderful personality. . . . Sus Shea is very friendly, too. . . . John MacDougal's friends send him get well wishes and hope he will be back in school soon. . . . Room 120 has an excellent singing group. They strain their vocal chords during the recess periods. The effect is marvelous. . . . Mariam Levenson is constantly borrowing paper from her friends. . . . Bob Curran is one of those mighty midgets. . . . Phyllis Wiacher's clothes are right in style. . . . Welcome to the new pupils in room 115, Margaret Williams and Robert Young. . . . David Williamson broke his arm while playing football . . . We send our deepest sympathy. . . . And we wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!!! . . .

Peggy Donoghue, '48

During the winter months, the pupils of Junior Business Training classes are being given an opportunity to visit the Telephone Exchange on Ware Street. Arrangements for these trips were made with the Telephone Company by Miss Slade, head of the Secretarial Department. Below we have the impressions of one visitor.

MY VISIT TO THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

TWO weeks ago my J. B. T. class went to the Telephone Exchange on Ware Street. It was the most interesting visit to a factory of any kind I have ever made. We went upstairs first and

entered a fairly large room where we met Miss Burns, who explained the contents of the room.

At first we saw a row of operators. There were about twelve operators there. About eight of them had boards in front of them studded with holes. The girls inserted plugs in the holes to connect outgoing calls. The boards had two different colored lights: one signaled for Cambridge and one signaled for Somerville.

Further down the row were six more operators with large books above their heads. If a person has a number and wants the name and address of the number, he calls these girls.

There was one girl a little bit separated from the others. She took care mostly of signaling people if their telephones are off the hook or of similar troubles.

Behind these operators supervisors were walking up and down to check with the operators in case they needed information or were having trouble with a call.

In back of the seats on which the operators sit is a place to insert cards. On these cards the operators write down the timing of calls, mostly long distance calls.

Across from this row of operators we saw six more operators who do no talking, but punch buttons with letters and numbers on them like an adding machine.

Between these operators was a small table with a wire basket on it. In this were charts and time-tables. They had one large chart that told the shifts of the operators. The operators have a fifteen minute rest during their regular shifts to have a cup of coffee, talk, or have something to eat. They have a very nice rest room and kitchen.

Further over in the room were three desks where the superintendents and assistants sit.

When we left this room, we went downstairs where Miss Burns left us and Mr. Bernard showed us around. This room had the frame-work. The frames were in sections, with aisles between them. They were large steel and wooden frames with thousands of wires and rods. The wires were all different colors, in fact they were of every color you have ever seen. These wires represent numbers. The rods are a funny yellowish color. When a number rings, the rod goes up; if the phone is busy, it comes right back down; if not, it stays until both parties hang up.

We then left the exchange satisfied for we had most of the inside information that we had wanted about the telephone.

Pauline Glynn, '51

beloved teachers and friends, Miss Gertrude L. Duffy. She not only pioneered in the field of tests and measurements, but also was an active member of the Junior Red Cross Advisory Board in Cambridge. She also took a great interest in Junior Red Cross work. Her passing is a great loss to all, and she will not be forgotten by the many who knew and worked with her.

During November an intensive drive for toys was held. During this campaign over three hundred toys and games were collected. These toys will be repaired by a Toy Shop set up by the Junior Red Cross Council of Cambridge. The contributions will go at Christmastime not only to unfortunate children in Cambridge, but to many Red Cross posts in the Maine disaster areas. The efforts of the homeroom teachers and pupils will be repaid a thousand fold when some unfortunate child opens his package from the Junior Red Cross.

Jeanne Eddy

K.B. NOTES

THE K.B. was very happy to welcome twenty new members this year. A very beautiful and impressive ceremony took place at the home of Gloria Nelson on November 1st. Afterwards the old members told the new ones the things K.B. has done in the past, and we received some fine suggestions for future plans. The next meeting took place at the home of Constance Bolduc on November 14th. At this meeting we made the final arrangements for our Winter Formal to be held in January. We shall look forward to seeing all of you there. After settling these matters we were pleasantly entertained by Edith Rosa and Patricia Ladner.

We of the K.B. take this opportunity to thank Miss McElroy for being the wonderful friend and advisor she has been to us. We are truly sorry to lose her as a member of the K.B.

Lorraine Fulkerson, '48

Secretary.



JUNIOR RED CROSS NOTES

ON NOVEMBER thirtieth Cambridge High and Latin School lost one of its most dearly



SAY IT AGAIN ~



TH' GAME OPENED WITH
LATIN RECEIVING TH'
KICK AND LATER
SWEEPING UP TH' FIELD
TO WIN BY 6-0

TH' GAME GOT UNDER WAY
WITH SOME HARD PLAYING
ON BOTH SIDES BUT LATER
WE CHANGED IT ALL

VARGE STANIEWIEZ SIMPLY
RAN AMUCK MAKING GAINS
ALMOST EVERY TURN HE HAD
AT TH' BALL

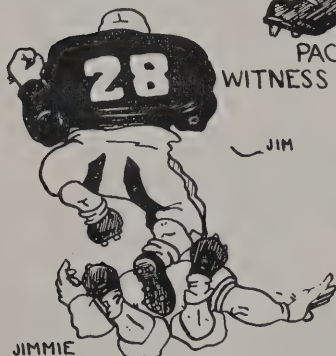


MANY PLAYS IN TH'
GAME WERE STOPPED BY
A LARGE PILEUP AT
TH' LINE OF SCRIMMAGE



TH' RINDGE BAND LED BY
A LATIN FROSH CAME OUT
ON TH' FIELD AT TH' HALF
TO ENTERTAIN TH' STANDS

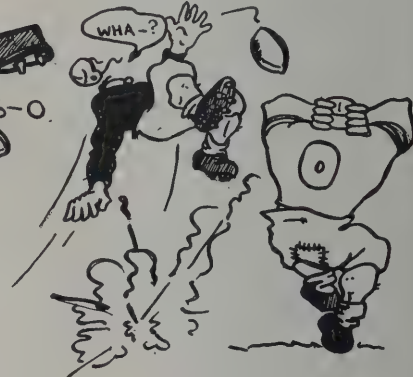
COLOMBUS DAY
VICTORY OVER RINDGE
PACKED RUSSELL FIELD TO
WITNESS LATIN DEFEAT RINDGE BY 6-0.



JIMMIE
COTTER SAVED TH' DAY WITH
A BRILLIANT 60 YD. END
RUN FOR A T.D. MAKING
TH' SCORE 6-0



AFTER TH' T.D. BY COTTER, TH'
EXTRA POINT KICK WAS
BLOCKED - LEAVING TH' SCORE
LATIN 6 - RINDGE 0



THE GAME ENDED IN A
HARD STRIVE FOR A
RINDGE T.D. WITH HARD
PLAYING ON BOTH SIDES

DON O'HARA -

SPORTS

SPORTS

THE football eleven fell into a severe slump the second half of the season, meeting power-houses Weymouth and Dedham, and improved teams from Norwood and Reading.

It was Weymouth all the way in the sixth tilt with the "Arlanson Avalanche" scoring in every period to win 31-0. The south shore title contenders led 6-0 at the quarter after scoring in the opening minutes of play, and dominating the game for the remaining minutes. Weymouth pushed over a score early in the second period before Latin threatened briefly. Just as our passing attack began to look dangerous, a Weymouth back intercepted and from then on the visitors had the situation well in hand; not until late in the final period did C.H.L.S. do any appreciable ground gaining. Walter Staniewicz plowed out continual gains through the Weymouth line, but the Cantabs lost the ball on downs, deep in Weymouth territory.

This game began a streak of four straight shut-outs, and although being held scoreless by Weymouth was no disgrace, the touchdown famine continued against Norwood the following Saturday. The morning contest helped Norwood celebrate its anniversary at the Cantabs' expense, for the home team came through with a 12-0 victory which gave Latin fans little too cheer about, except for the fine all around play of Jimmy Cotter. Galla was a big gun for the victors.

At Reading the home team and Cambridge repeated their 0-0 tie of '46 in an old fashioned grunt-and-groan contest complete with mud. As the two elevens set football back 50 years by hammering away at the line, much of the groaning was done by the Reading fans when they saw their boys continually held around the ten yard line. Reading could not hold the Cantabs on the 10 yard line, because the Latineers never got that far. In the fourth period, Staniewicz passed the slippery pigskin to Jimmy Cotter on the Reading 45, but that was the closest Latin got to the third quarter when they had a first down on the eight yard line. A penalty put them on the three, and it looked like a sure T. D., but Latin recovered the ball on the next play. Our backs held the ball until the quarter was ended, and thus getting the wind with him, Jakey Boudreau kicked out of danger. Jake's good kicking kept Latin out of trouble throughout the game, as did the good play of the line. Charley Hunter, Conrad Racine, Tommy Vasella and Co-Captain Basil Borgue, all

new-comers in the line, held Reading well, although Pete Cook did break through for a gain often enough to keep the home team threatening.

Latin School showed improvement the next week, against a stronger team, but Dedham's power won out eventually. Latin threatened early when Jack Donahue recovered a fumble on Dedham's 38, but Dedham soon got the ball back in the same way. Rolling up four first downs the home team reached the Cambridge 5 yard line. Henry Chester got the next runner back on the 16, and Dedham tried in vain to complete a pass. Aerials, however, later spelled Latin's downfall as a Boudreau pass was intercepted and brought back to the Cantab 32. Dedham then plowed its way to the 16. It looked as if Latin might hold again when Borgue and Chester broke up the two following plays, but Dedham completed a jump-pass on the two, where a guy named Chester made the tackle. It was an easy plunge for O'Neill on fourth down. Sabatino charged all the way from his own 33 to the Dedham 17, but he stepped outside on the Dedham 45. Latin's attack ran out there, and they held Dedham for the rest of the half. C. H. L. S. was in the game up until Dedham scored again on a jump pass late in the fourth period, after our main threat had stalled on the 19. Sabatino had carried five times out of six, and, despite a fumble, gone 32 yards. But after he had been thrown for a five yard loss, Cambridge's scoring chances were ended and they never got beyond the 19.

In place of the traditional turkey, Latin decided to try a feed of Clams for a Thanksgiving Day clash; they found the Clams of the Ipswich High a digestible dish, and ate them up to the time of 20-0. It was not long before Jack Igo broke loose on a long run to set up the first T. D. Co-Captain Boudreau went over from the 14. In the second frame Jim Cotter's end runs put C. H. L. S. down in Ipswich territory, and Walter Staniewicz romped over from the 7 yard line, shortly before the intermission gave the tense Ipswich "crowd" a chance to see how Lynn English was making out. The Clams, however, commanded some attention in the third quarter, when Dick Benoit, who had scared the Cantabs by a fine runback of the opening kickoff, gave a few more demonstrations of running skill, but in the final period it was Latin in high gear again, with Cotter plunging over for the final score. Ipswich lost the ball on downs, and Latin almost scored, holding the ball on the Ipswich one, when time ran out. Ipswich made no serious threat to score; it was the first time this season that the Clams had been held

scoreless. The victory also gave C. H. L. S. its best record since 1939.

It has been a long time since Latin has had as fine a backfield. Jimmy Cotter was the leading scorer with four touchdowns, including that all important one against Rindge. Other offensive standouts were Co-Captain Jake Boudreau, Walter Staniewicz and Sal Sabatino. Co-Captain Basil Bourque, Henry Chester, Jim Dwyer, Bill Monteith, Tommy Vasella and "Boop" Murphy were defensive stars. Murphy's tackle of Coveney, Weymouth's captain was one of the hardest we have seen in years. Before we close we should like to bring to your attention the fine work done by Mr. Sullivan, athletic director, Mr. Fraser, faculty manager, Dave Ashenden, student manager, and Demond LePlace, his assistant.

By the time this reaches you, the G. B. I. hockey league will be well underway and the pre-season dope may look ridiculous, but here's how the nation's number one circuit shapes up: Belmont High is well equipped with Paul Kelly, "Skippy" Vigliorolo, Wally Flewelling and Larry McKenzie returning from last year's squad. Note especially the first two, for they combined to keep C. H. L. S. out of the championship last January; but this is a new year, and, although the Belmonsters go in as favorites, they may, instead of having a good team, have their usual kind. The pressure is on the Belmont boys and they must abandon their tendency to play golf rather than hockey out on the ice, and their liking for the penalty box. The leading challengers to Belmont would seem to be Arlington, Newton and (did you think we forgot?) Cambridge Latin. Latin is without an experienced goalie, but so is every team in the loop, save Belmont. Our line figures to be the best in the league with veterans Jack Donahue and Dick Rigazzio combining with Jake Boudreau who improved every week last year, playing on the second line. The defense is more than adequately taken care of by Captain Jack Lee and George McLaughlin.

They say it's the reserves that count, and in this department Coach Culhane has "Porky" Mix, "Red" Kelly, Don McManus, Ty Cleary and Jim Costa. A combined Rindge-Latin team lost to Mt. St. Charles, the champions of Rhode Island, 3-2. The two Cambridge goals were chalked up by Donahue and Rigazzio. Latin's goalies, Heavern and Heffernan, played the first and third periods respectively. Heavern allowed one goal, and Heffernan blanked the home team.

The basketball team will have to start almost from scratch this year. Coach Koslowski will have only three lettermen returning from last year's Tech tourney team. The team will be built around Captain Charlie Durakis, who should be the league's outstanding player. The other returning

lettermen are forward Sal Sabatino and guard Joe Rogers. Coming up from the J. V. will be Eddie Asaley, Walter Curcio, Leo Flannegan, Sheldon Saltman, Leonard Sugarman, and Clayton Woodward. Despite the lack of veteran players, we know the team will be in there pitching every game.

In track C. H. L. S. has nine lettermen returning. Captain Charlie Durakis who holds the record for the 300, is also a threat in the 35 yard dash and the high jump. This looks like Latin's year to be back on top in the State Meet, which is the one important meet of the year; no competitor is considered really good unless he can place in this meet. George Hughes is our leading contender in the 600 yard run, and in this event, he finished behind Val Muscatto, who knocked about four seconds off the record. George has won his letter at both Rindge and C. H. L. S. Ronny Flink is another 600 runner who was not far behind Hughes last season. Ray Myers and Larry Corcoran will be contenders in the thousand and mile respectively. Both came close in the thousand last year but could not quite win places. In the high jump we will have Jimmy Cotter and Harvey Kaufman. Cotter is another Rindge letterman, but he has yet to win his letter at Latin. He has been showing championship form in practice. Shot putter Basil Bourque and Fred Hiscock, sprinter, round out the team.

The crew has been practicing on the river during the fall. Newly formed last year, it competed only in the New England Regatta and the Rindge race. This year, however, there will be a full schedule. Danny Sullivan, Nick Culolias, Jim White, Tom Dewier, Bobby Doyle, Steve Pecciolo and coxswain Billy Moore are back from last year. Don Fairburn, Bobby Stankewitz and Don O'Hara showed great promise in the fall.

Roland Perkins, '48

Jim White, '48

THE OUTING CLUB

DON'T you remember when you read "Tales of the Wayside Inn" in your sophomore year? Well, it is to that place that the Outing Club will journey in a short time. We are also anticipating many other events; some of those we may choose are a theatre party, skating party, a trip to the spectacular Ice Follies, bowling, or a visit to Mrs. Gardner's Palace. Of course, when the spring comes with all its green foliage and pretty scenic enticements, a weenie roast, bike hike or bird walks, the last being our main interest, will supersede these things.

Ten members took advantage of being inhabitants of a city where a few of the world's greatest museums are located, for they went to see the collection

of birds and glass flowers at the Agassiz Museum. Each member was awed as are most people who travel to this college city, from all corners of the earth to gaze at these rare wonders.

Jeri Jaxon was elected Secretary and Betty Watson, Vice-President at a recent meeting. Officers previously elected were Kenneth Korb, President and Kenneth Carwile, Treasurer. By the way, we are still looking for new members, so why don't you join us in Room 215—for you know they say, "The more the merrier!"

Jeri Jaxon, Secretary

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL

First Marking Period 1947-1948

Abbott, Barbara	Emberly, Gordon
Ablett, Patricia	Erwin, Clifford
Allen, Barbara Ann	Farrell, Ann
Allosso, Patrick	Feloney, Mary
Alperin, Nancy	Flanagan, Marilyn
Andella, Clara	Fraser, Donald
Anderson, Susie	Frisoli, Paul
Atwell, Elsie	Gareri, Nancy
Baird, Colleen	Glynn, Pauline
Barry, Jean	Grigsby, Joyce
Barry, Rose	Grossi, Gloria
Beale, Charlotte	Hackett, Marilyn
Beckman, Virginia	Haley, Eleanor
Bedirian, Anna	Hamilton, Shirley
Benson, Donald	Hanafin, Lorraine
Boyce, Dorothy	Hayes, William
Bragner, Edwin	Head, Doris
Bulcamino, Doris	Hickey, Mona
Burke, Barbara A.	Howard, Shirley
Burnham, Doris	Huang, Nancy
Cabral, Paul	Iriberry, Adele
Centrella, Angelina A.	Jerould, Mary
Centrella, Angelina M.	Johnson, Ida
Chase, Margaret	Gosselin, Lawrence
Clark, Catherine	Kelly, Mary
Cogan, Ann	Keohane, Theresa
Connolly, Elizabeth	Kief, Lee
Corsino, Edward	Kilfoyle, Richard
Crowley, James	Kirkpatrick, Anne
Damouras, Stella	Klemas, Anna
Delorey, Elaine	Kline, Mary
Di Pietro, Doris	Lambert, Elizabeth
Devereaux, Helen	Larson, Vivian
Dooling, Virginia	Laucus, John
Doyle, Mildred	Leighton, Frances
Duehay, Francis	Levenson, Miriam
Dunnam, Lorraine	Li, Lindy
Eatough, Anthea	Linchan, Donald
Edge, Elspeth	Linnehan, Elizabeth
Lombardo, Joseph	Roche, Lorraine
Lorenson, Laura	Roop, Dorothy-Anne
Lynch, Priscilla	Root, Ernest
Mac Kay, Sylvia	Rudy, Ann

Maclachlan, Mary	Sahagian, June
Mahoney, Francis	Sakey, Gloria
Mahoney, Margaret	Salines, Marie T.
Manetas, Peter	Santos, Isabel
Maron, Catherine	Soper, Barbara
Martin, Nancy	Sawicz, Adela
McAdoo, Richard	Schanley, Constance
McLaughlin, Albert	Schaub, Marilyn
McNamara, Eileen	Schofield, Margaret
Medeiros, Geraldine	Shippie, Gertrude
Mello, Theresa	Simeone, Marie
Miceli, Marie	Snell, Barbara
Miele, Rose	Souza, Ermelinda
Miller, Audrey	Spinney, June
Mitrano, Tina	Sugrue, Eleanor
Mondello, Camille	Sullivan, Richard
Mooney, Thelma	Supple, Patricia
Morrison, Richard	Swanson, Ronald
Muse, Elizabeth	Swinamer, Niona
Nangle, Patricia	Theodoulon, Clara
Neves, Charles	Thistle, Elsie
Newsome, Patricia	Thompson, Carole
Norris, Sandra	Totino, Elizabeth
Notos, Mary	Voutrinot, Theodore
Obelsky, Shirley	Warnas, Joseph J.
Ormond, Marilyn	Watson, Peter A. F.
Panton, Harold	Westcott, Deborah
Parise, Idalyn	Wheelock, Margaret J.
Paulis, Beverly	Whitehouse, Joan M.
Peck, Marjorie	Williams, Alvene P.
Perduyn, Lolita	Wilson, Jacqueline
Pereira, Leonor	Zanfani, Maureen J.
Richardson, Howard	

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL

First Marking Period 1947-48

Abbt, Eleanor	Bulkowski, Gloria
Ackerley, Shirley	Burns, Mary
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Connolly, Clare	Landry, Marilyn
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THE GERMAN CLUB

THE first meeting of the German Club was held October 28, in the Latin School Hall. The club is made up of German I and II students. Barbara Hughes and Narja Erlich have also been invited to join. Officers for this year were selected. They are:

President: Anne Singer
Vice President and Treasurer: John Douhan
Secretary: Genevieve Sawicz

Meetings will be held once a month on Monday after school. The members have decided to make up boxes to send to a family in Austria. A Christmas box has already been sent, and members are now collecting articles for another box.

The officers have made plans for a Christmas program. It will consist of the singing of Christmas songs, including "Stille Nacht" and "Tannenbaum," a description of seasonal customs in Germany, and various other acts by members. The only other immediate plan is a visit to a museum on German paintings. However, it has been suggested that the club see the "Student Prince," when it opens in Boston this year.

We are looking forward to a very successful year under the direction of Miss Wait and Miss McCarthy.

Betty Tenore, '48

DRAMATIC CLUB

THIS issue, the Dramatic Club column will be primarily devoted to the graduates and former Dramatic Club members. Helen Bequaert, last year's vice president, is happily settled in Oberlin College where she is carrying on with her brilliant school work and dramatic activities. Bob Guest of the class of 1943 is now the director of the Vermont Repertory Company and has acted in several of their productions. John Stokes is president of the Boston College Dramatic Society. Betty Grove, the president in 1946, is on the way to an

illustrious career. She is now singing with Ruby Newman's orchestra at the Somerset Hotel and she sang at the opening of the Wellesley Summer Theater.

At the November meeting, two plays were presented, "For all Eternity" and "Are We Dressing." They were very successful. At the January meeting, other plays will be given.

See you next month!

Betty Anne Galvin, '48

Secretary.

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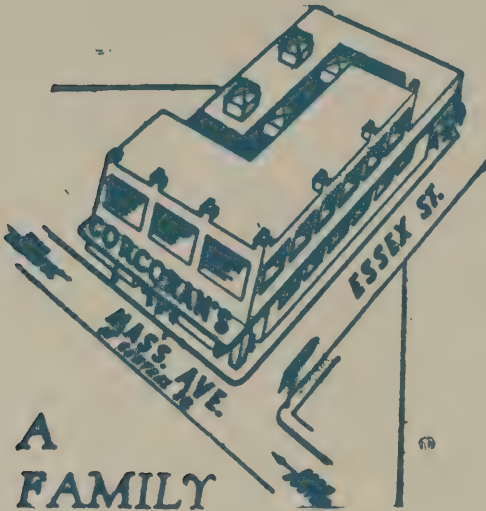
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Cambridge, Massachusetts

• FEBRUARY, 1948

VOLUME 63

NUMBER 3

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Editorials

AS MOST of you know, the column called "May We Present" was a regular feature of last year's *Review*. Its purpose was implied in its name. Five, six, or seven students at Cambridge High and Latin were interviewed by *Review* reporters, and the descriptions of those persons were later published.

When this scholastic year rolled around, the column was at least temporarily suspended. At first, it seemed an unnecessary complication to an already highly confused editor, and afterwards, when things were clearing up, no one made any signs of missing it. That impression lasted until shortly after the publication of the December issue. I know very well that a great many of the *Review's* readers wondered where "May We Present" had gone, but it appears that most of them sighed sadly and turned back to the *Spotlight*. A few of them took the trouble to inform me of their feelings on the matter. After that, it didn't take very long to discover the rest. In summary, you will find the feature in this magazine.

The purpose of this discussion is to emphasize, as I believe I have done before, that the *Review* is your magazine. You read it, you pay for it, and you have the right to contribute and comment. In all probability, your suggestion will produce some change in policy or prescription. It will definitely be considered. Without reader cooperation, no magazine can ever quite reach those peaks of success which we all look for; with it, the *Review* is well prepared for the climb.

T. O.

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS

IT HAS become increasingly evident that the United Nations Organization is unable to cope with the complex problems confronting the world. What the world needs to gain lasting peace is an international government, containing all or nearly all the existing nations.

Critics of world government claim it is impossible to get the nations of the earth with their varied forms of government and diversified racial and cultural backgrounds to yield a portion of their sovereignty to a superior government. But similar arguments were advanced in 1787 when the Constitutional Convention attempted to establish a central government for the thirteen former English colonies. Because of the difficulties in transportation and communication, the chances of a federal government's succeeding in the United States in 1787 were slimmer than the chances for a world government's succeeding today. Technological

advances have brought the world closer together, for it takes less time to travel from New York to Moscow in 1948 than it did to travel from Boston to Philadelphia in 1787. As for those who insist a world federation could never be attained because of differences in language and culture, the people of Switzerland who speak four languages have lived peacefully under the same government for centuries.

The benefits to be gained from a world government are enormous. First, the removal of tariffs will allow a free, increased international trade that will bring prosperity to all nations. A world police force should be established and all national military forces abolished. This move will free millions of able-bodied men for constructive work and reduce national budgets by millions of dollars, previously spent for armaments.

As the most powerful nation in the world, the United States must take the lead in creating an international government. If our country invited the other nations to attend a conference for the establishment of this government, I believe a majority of the nations would gladly participate. It is certainly not necessary for every nation to join at once. The United States Constitution went into effect when nine of the thirteen states ratified it.

A big question, of course, is whether Russia would be willing to join such an organization. Even if she refused, the benefits that would result for the participating nations would make the international government more advantageous than unlimited national sovereignty. The Soviet leaders would hesitate before starting a war against a coalition consisting of nearly every other nation in the world.

Modern war has been perfected to such a degree that no nation, not even the victor, can profit from it. The average mind has difficulty in comprehending the awesome destruction visited on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Twenty years from now atomic destruction will have been perfected to such a degree as to make the bombs dropped on Japan as obsolete as the Wright brothers' first airplane, compared to a modern B-29. Add to this the potentially unlimited killing power of bacteriological warfare, and it is soon obvious that another war may well sound the death knell of the human race. Atomic scientists and bacteriologists assure us that there is no possible defense for these deadly weapons. It is therefore urgent that some method be found for preserving peace. The world must depart from old-fashioned nationalism that has brought nothing but wars and develop a new system of international relations, geared to the complexities of the Atomic Age.

N. G.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON SNOW

EVERYONE living in New England this winter has snow "on the brain," whether literally or not. New England weather, which has always been "firstest with the mostest," has really outdone herself this year. The newspapers are full of headlines proclaiming that this year New England has had more snow than in a generation. This raises the question as to whether they mean collectively or yearly. I am inclined to agree with the former. Already the high school pupils have had a few days off because of snow, and the grammar school children, who play out in any weather, have had too many half-holidays.

My above remarks may have given the impression that I have an intense dislike for snow. That is not true, for although snow can be a liability, most of the time I consider it an asset. When snow falls, hideous old buildings and gaunt trees are turned into things of beauty, which make me wish I had some artistic talent. Sharp angles of curbs and steps are rounded off into lovely curves, which, although beautiful, are misleading enough to be the cause of some spectacular falls. Snow is a big help, so I've heard, if one owns a dog who hates to bathed. Snow is so clean (until a coal truck passes by) that when the dog plays in it, it has more effect than two bottles of shampoo. Maybe that's why big business men don't like snow! I love the quiet stillness that envelopes the world after a snow fall. Even the shrill shriek of a train whistle is mellowed by this cotton-like blanket. People look healthier and happier when they walk in snow, which fact makes life more pleasant for those who have sad-looking friends. Yes, I love snow, except under two conditions: when I have to shovel, and when there is too much to go ice-skating.

Perhaps I am in a class by myself as I have only two reasons for disliking snow. All around me I hear people grumbling about the snow, snow removal, and the probable increased tax-rate to cover the cost of snow removal. How true it is that human beings are never completely satisfied, for these same people were the ones who hoped the loudest and the most often for a "white Christmas"!

Lorraine Fulkerson, '48.

GOING ABROAD

AMONG the myriad marvels of the wonderful world of the future will be (or so the experts tell us) the increased speed and facility, and the decreased expense, of travel that was heretofore considered a long, difficult, and costly undertaking. Not many years hence, it seems, Europe, with all

her natural scenic beauty and the man-made monuments to her age-old and varied history will be but a few hours distance by plane from any city in America. This is indeed good news for anyone like me, who has said (as who hasn't?), "Some day, I shall go abroad." I, for one, am optimistically beginning to plan my itinerary now. It will include places which I will want to visit for one or another of three main reasons: their connection with literature, the aura of the medieval that still hovers about them, or the lure of the fascinating story of ancient Rome.

First I shall go by plane to Ireland. There, I'll see for myself the far-famed beauty of the Lakes of Killarney; browse about the ruins of monasteries, where, in the sixth and seventh centuries, western civilization was kept alive when the rest of northern Europe was plunged into darkness; and listen to the speech of the natives of Dublin, where, it is said, the purest English in the world is spoken.

England will be my next stop, and oh! what a wealth of fascinating places lies within her borders! There's London, first and foremost, the seat of the Mother of Parliaments, of Westminster Abbey, the center of the teeming life on the Thames, the bustling heart, the throbbing pulse of a great empire. Then, there is Runnymede, scene of the signing of the Magna Carta in 1215; Oxford and Cambridge with their historic Universities; York and its famous cathedral and perhaps of all the most hallowed, Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, whose surpassing pastoral beauty inspired Shakespeare to write some of his most lyrical lines.

From England, I'll be "to the Highlands bound." A world of rugged chivalry and romance lies north of the Cheviots in the craggy heights of the mountains of Perthshire — the scene of *The Lady of the Lake* — and in the crumbling towers of the old castles and fortresses — Edinburgh, Holy Rood, Glamis, Stirling, and the rest. Another antiquity of the greatest interest is Hadrian's Wall, built by the Romans as a protection against the marauding Caledonians; it is but one of the Roman relics I hope to see in the British Isles.

Many such remains and a host of medieval castles and cathedrals lie just across the Channel in the fair land of France. In Paris, I want above all to see the Louvre, once a royal palace, and now perhaps the most famous museum in the world. That is not all, however; one must always see the Bois de Boulogne, Montmartre, the gardens of the Tuileries, and Notre Dame. My mecca in southern France will be the Pont du Gard at Nîmes, in Provence, the tremendous Roman Aqueduct whose majestic span and lofty arches have moved many to speechless awe.

My next stop, and the one to which I have looked forward most eagerly, will be "the garden of the world," the land of sun and warmth and music, beautiful golden Italy. Here, I want especially to see two aspects of the country's development: the Italia of the Romans and the Italy where first flowered the Renaissance. Rome, in so many ways the cultural capital of the world, will be my starting point. By judicious planning of the route, I hope to make my Latin book come to life. I want to explore the excavated site of the Forum, where Cicero and Brutus walked in the last days of the Republic; to roam about the Palatine, and visualize the palaces where lived the Caesars in pomp and splendor; to stand amid the ruins of the baths of Caracalla and the Colosseum, symbols of the decadent luxury of the declining Empire; and to browse about the ancient tombs on the Appian Way, once a great thoroughfare in a vast network of fine roads that united and strengthened the Roman power. Then I shall visit the monumental churches and basilicas — St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, St. Mary Major. There are other cities to be seen also: Pisa and the leaning bell-tower, Florence, with her museums, Venice, once mistress of the Mediterranean, with her canals and St. Mark's.

I could go on for pages. However, there should be a limit to everything, especially to my wishful thinking. It may be many years before these war-torn countries are completely normal and as peaceful as tourists like to see them. Then, too, I may never see them. Nevertheless, they are such stuff as dreams are made on!

Anne Dyer Murphy, '50.

WINTER WAKINGS

THE forthcoming essay — and here but for the laws of English punctuation I would put a question mark — is based on my personal experiences of waking up on cold winter mornings. The awakening process is divided, by many authorities on the subject, into two phases: the physical awakening, and the mental awakening. To consider the first of the two, it will be necessary to set the scene. However, in order to spread my scanty material over three paragraphs, I will take up this scene-setting in the second paragraph, where it will serve the dual purpose of furthering my essay and of taking up space.

The scene is a darkened room with the curtains flapping fitfully in front of an open window. Somehow or other a beam of light has stolen through the closed venetian blinds and is now twiddling its thumbs on the floor in the fruitless hope that it is lighting up the room. On the bed, under an immense pile of blankets, is a shaken

mass of something that might very well pass for a human being. While we stand there looking at this pile, something that looks like a human foot stealthily creeps from the pile and slithers its way, like a snake, to the floor. The object, upon contact with the frozen floor, is drawn up much faster than it was let down. Now, a feeling of extreme tenseness comes over the room, and the object on the bed stops its shaking. Suddenly, the blankets explode, as if a bomb had been set off under them, an indescribable blur streaks past us, there is a whistle of a projectile passing through the air, the open window slams shut, and the whole performance is repeated, but in reverse, with the blankets being drawn together, like a movie picture being run backwards! Again the mass on the bed lies shivering, but as the room warms up, this horizontal conga peters out into stillness. Then the pile of covers stands up on the floor. It stretches, there is the sound of a sleepy groan from within it, and one by one the blankets slip off and fall to the floor, until there is revealed to us standing there a — !

Well, here we are in the last paragraph and I fear that some of you will want to know what it is that is standing there. I'm afraid that I'll have to disappoint you, for the thing is nothing more spectacular than a human being. You know what a person looks like when he gets out of bed. He stands there yawning, his hair dishevelled, one eye open and the other picketing it for having the audacity of going against union rules in opening for business. Stupidly, and somewhat mechanically, this member of humanity goes through the process of dressing and washing. Still, this person is asleep mentally, for if you ask him anything, he will give you his stock answer, "Ha." Actually you can't blame him for this, because medical science has given proof positive that no man is really wide awake until he has had his first cup of coffee in the morning. Getting back to the man, we find that he is already sitting at the table greeting his wife with "Ha," ordering "Ha" for breakfast, and reading the "Ha" Daily. Now watch the change that comes over this man as the last drop of coffee rolls back over his tongue. He's wide awake, full of vim, ready to go any place and do anything. Oh yes, one other thing: it is impossible to shut him up. It is now that we all join his wife in wishing that he were back ordering "Ha" for breakfast.

Alvin Brezinsky, '48.

SNOW — AN ASSET OR A LIABILITY

MANY, in New England, look upon snow as an asset, whereas others look upon it as a liability. That snow is not only an asset, but a necessity, to the proper workings of nature next

spring and summer is a fact that no one can deny. That snow always creates extra work as well as hazards is again something which no one can deny.

If all our precipitation were to fall as rain this winter rather than snow, the water would drain into the rivers and flow out to sea literally wasted. When it snows, however, the water is retained and stored until warm weather comes. It is then that the vegetation needs an extra amount of water, and if a snow cover has been on the ground all winter, that water is there. If a snow cover has lain as a mantle of white to beautify the sleeping world through the winter, the ground, when that cover recedes, will be left moist and the frost will already have been "knocked out." If there were no cover, the ground would be left hard and dry. The snow cover acts as much like a blanket to the ground as a blanket does to you on a cold winter night. That blanket keeps the heat in and prevents severe freezing which would harm the roots of trees and plants.

In this day and age we are apt to think of the earth as a world for man. To man snow may be beautiful, before the soot falls on it, but it also means much work and many hazards. Some animals can hibernate all winter, but man being a primate of tropical origin is not blessed with that ability. He must work all winter, and in order to do so, he must travel. Travelling in winter means snow shoveling, putting on chains, teakettle starting, and disastrous skids. In this world, speed is a very important factor, but even speed must give way to a heavy snowfall. As it is often said, the weather, of all the elements, has the greatest single effect upon our lives. We who live in the northern climate know that law only too well.

In conclusion, let it be said, that although snow is an immediate liability, it is in actuality an asset, really a necessity, in climates where any great amount of below freezing temperatures are experienced. Because the whole animate world is built around water, it is necessary to store that water without letting it run off as wasted material. If we were to have no snow this winter, there would be droughts next summer which would lead to a general food shortage and disruption of nature's miraculous functions.

David Ashenden, '48.

POOL OF ENCHANTMENT

DEEP in the woods it lay, lazy and still, a pool of enchantment casting a spell far too strong for youth to resist. Sunlight filtered through the treetops, turning to gold a school of fish that floated just below the surface. Birds flew along the banks, unafraid; bees droned and butterflies danced, their wings flashing like twin Chinese

fans of rich oriental splendor.

At dawn and at nightfall, the pool was wrapped in placid forest silence. Then suddenly, on an afternoon, it would be invaded by half a dozen boys, who tossed off their clothes and stood for a few moments naked and shivery on the banks. Then one, a little braver than the rest, would climb upon the home-made springboard, and after a moment's hesitation dive in. Soon all of them would be splashing and shouting and roughhousing as though the placid silence were an enemy to be frightened away.

Perhaps the country boy of yesterday was poor, as wealth is usually measured, but his life was so full of pleasant things that he did not realize any thing was lacking. And, indeed, he had incalculable riches — freedom, fresh air and sunshine, bubbling health and spirits, miles of ever-changing landscape and, best of all, the old swimming hole. What did it matter if the water were sluggish and muddy? Who cared if his swimming stroke was little more than a dog-paddle? Stripped of clothes and of cares, he could splash and shout to his heart's content.

As soon as school was out he made a bee-line for the pool, even if it meant sneaking away from chores around the home. If occasionally, upon returning home, he were punished for leaving tasks undone, it was well worth while. And tomorrow, if it were possible, he'd be glad to sneak off again for another afternoon of sheer delight.

Murray G. Shocket, '48.

LUXURIES THAT HAVE BECOME NECESSARY

DO you ever pause to notice how many luxuries modern life involves? What countless conveniences are enjoyed and utilized by the world today in comparison with long ago! Indeed, there are many of us so familiar with such luxuries that a second thought is never given to what life would be without them.

There would certainly be less time for relaxation, if a farmer was still forced to plow an acre with the meagre help of a hand plow. And the automobile, first considered "a new fangled contraption," is a fine example of how a luxury became an ultimate necessity. Alexander Graham Bell was emphatically told that his new invention was so fantastic and far fetched, that it would never capture the interest of the public. Exactly how would the world have progressed without the aid of Bell's telephone? Where would our ultimate knowledge of foreign shores have come from minus the moving-picture or television? Even the camera, one of which is owned by even the youngest of school children, has graduated from a rare convenience to a common, everyday object.

Actually we are indebted to these very luxuries for our present superior standard of living and for any further progress we may make to a higher level of accomplishment.

Georgianna Nyman, '48.

EDUCATION FOR LEISURE

THE hackneyed saying, "There is nothing new under the sun," is no longer entirely true for today mankind is confronted with a problem it has never been called upon to face before: how to utilize the ever growing amount of leisure time allotted to us, so as to gain the greatest profit from it. Throughout most of the pages of recorded history, man has had to earn his bread by working from dawn to dusk without surcease. Neither the Egyptian fellah who lived on the banks of the Nile over four thousand years ago, nor the down-trodden serf of the Middle Ages had time to devote to anything except obtaining the bare necessities of life for himself and his family.

But today, despite the almost feudalistic conditions under which millions of people still live, notably in China and India, thanks to the technological advances of the twentieth century, more work can be accomplished with less labor in the factory, in the fields, and in the home. While the average factory worker seventy years ago toiled for about fourteen arduous hours every day, his more fortunate grandson labors only eight hours a day, five days a week.

In the coming atomic age, man will work only a few hours a week and perhaps in the far distant future not at all, as Franz Werfel predicted in his fanciful *Star of the Unborn*. The human race may then truly enter into its Golden Age and apply itself to the cultivation of intellectual pursuits. On the other hand, if we are not capable of successfully employing these valuable hours of leisure, mankind will be reduced to the level of animals.

Norman Goldberg, '48.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE

THE so-called "modern house" is a subject of considerable discussion at the present time. Its proponents claim for it convenience, ease, and beauty, while its opponents shout that it is ugly, over-sophisticated, and highly undesirable. There is considerable contention between the groups. I belong to the former number, and I shall try to show that the conflict is not only overestimated, but is even baseless.

To begin with, Modern Architecture is perhaps best represented by one of the more famous phrases connected with it. This is the description of a modern home as a "machine for living." Any

house is a machine of sorts, if one thinks about it a little, in much the same way the a giant airplane is a machine. The purpose of the house is to shelter and warm man, to store food and clothing for him and to provide recreation for him. The airplane moves, first of all, and from then on, shelters and warms the man, provides him with oxygen to breathe, etc. An exact comparison is not the object of this section. The two are aggregates, each one made up of a tremendous number of component machines, each doing its main jobs of sheltering and transporting as a sort of sum of all the small services which the individual machines do.

The house has doors, windows, and stairs, operated as machine elements. Within the house are the furnace, stove, refrigerator, electric circuits (including lights, vacuum cleaners, radios, washing machines, electric shavers) . . . the list could go on forever. Then, if any house is a machine, how is a modern house different from the conventional?

The distinction lies more in the order of consideration than in the elements themselves. The older method of building a house was to take a design, a pretty box, and then to insert the machine elements. The modern method is to take the machine, and then to build the pretty box around it. Please note that as yet I have said nothing about picture windows, stainless steel walls, or the more or less rectangular shapes to which many have objected. The crux of the matter lies in the method of "design for living" — building from the inside out.

A good architect will start from the ideas of the family concerned, and, after considerable labor, will emerge with a plan which will be both comparatively easy to build with available materials and extremely satisfactory to the future occupants. Here, the modern architect is not hampered by convention; there are some of extremely conventional mould who are utterly incapable of building anything but vaulted parlors with heavy wood mouldings and dim floral patterns on the walls or some other specialty of equally depressing mien. The good modern architect is always open to suggestions from his clients, and he is exceptionally capable in the matter of discerning what they really want, no matter what they say. Built in equipment, such new combinations as the "living dining room," the "dining-kitchen," and well planned game rooms, which suddenly materialize from pleasant living rooms when the chairs are pulled back, are among his suggestions.

"Picture windows" are on more controversial ground, but the modern architect goes at them from a perfectly logical viewpoint. To begin with, he asks a simple question.

"What is the purpose of a window?" Of course, there are only two, and one is to let light in, (and occasionally air) and the other is to look out of. Both of them benefit highly if the window size is increased. The parenthesised expression about air gets slowly but surely lost as the window approaches unmanageable proportions, for even if a sash structure could be made satisfactorily, the large surface of glass would serve too well for the escape of heat during winter, not to mention the cold breezes flowing in around the joints. If one does go to such extremes, as many do, the window is installed permanently and is generally a double layer of glass with an air space between. This solves the heat loss problem, and the ventilation is accomplished with air conditioning or some simpler arrangement. Now, although the picture window has been discussed, this certainly does not say that one should cram one's house with plate glass from roof to ground; it has been done, in locations where scenery and moderate isolation made it desirable and simple from the curtain drawing point of view, but it is seldom tried in the city. Still, there are few of us who would object to having a little more daylight in their houses on these short winter days when there is so little of it!

By this time, you may have noted several points which seemed perfectly normal and classical in style to you, and perhaps one or two which definitely applied to your house. If you were to look through one of the celebrated conventional houses designed by Royal Barry Wills, one of the great pillars of the conventional movement, you would find many more. What is this? How can a conventional house be modern?

Here again, you will run into the bugaboo of words. There are the two, "modern," and "conventional," presumably separating houses into two very distinct groups. They don't. An excellent conventional house and a good modern house will about balance, if the architects are of approximately equal skill. The difference is in the approach, in the specific aim of the modern to build, as I have said, from the machine out. The conventional architect may accomplish the same thing from skill; the modern is trying to do it, with all the resources of science and engineering at his side. He is capable of producing marvelously beautiful, airy, useful houses, houses tailored to fit the occupants and to satisfy them for years. Whether he does or not depends largely upon the architect, for, as in all trades, there are good and bad. The good are very good, and for that reason, I adhere to the modern school of architecture; the bad are garish, and are mostly deported to California.

Timothy Orrok, '48.

WHEN I STUDY

AS A rule I am a student of the time-honored "night before" school. That is, I never do today what I can do tomorrow. However, during this past week-end I departed from my usual schedule. Saturday night being Mother Nature's night to parade her wintry wares, I decided to stay home and do my work early. I sat down, pen in hand, and began to peruse theme titles. The one catching my eye first is "The Land of the Free." These governmental ideas, however, I realize, have been overworked by me lately, and writing on this subject will be only repetition. I take out a moment to look at the progress of the storm and wish for a title on the subject of snow, which seems very timely to say the least. "When I Study" is a subject with which I am too unfamiliar. Finally, I decide to try to write on the scary "What the World Expects of Me."

I find, however, upon racking my brain, that it is barren upon this subject also. Then comes a knock on the door, and I realize that I am to be entertained for the next hour or so by the wagging tongue of the neighborhood wit. After listening to the latest jokes and the happy adventures of my jolly companion, I am relieved to hear the magic words of farewell; but no such luck, for my brother enters and encourages my companion into further revelry. Upon his leaving and the forcible silencing of my brother, I hear coming from upstairs the golden strains of a trumpet solo. Realizing the length of these trumpet lesson, I put on boots and coat and trudge off into the snowy night.

Here it is now late Sunday night, and I am still up to my neck in books. My musician friend, luckily for me, refrains from desecrating the Sabbath with his brassy bugle. My brother is apparently lying in a snowbank or some other desolate spot, as his distracting voice is not now in evidence. I am once again a member in good standing of the "night before" club.

Alex Wilson, P.G.

MOONLIGHT MAGIC

ONE warm summer night I was completely possessed by an indescribable feeling of restlessness; no matter how hard I tried I could not drift into the Land of Nod. Finally, I gave up all hopes of sleep and decided to go out onto the terrace to take in some of the loveliness out of doors.

The night was especially beautiful because a full moon reigned, and the quaint, old-fashioned garden seemed unreal under the filmy moonlight. It is on nights like this that many people claim

that strange things happen. As I gazed at a cluster of yellow and purple pansies, they seemed to be smiling at me and nodding their heads toward a large patch of grass, which had always been unusually green. I stared at that spot very intently because when I was younger, I had been told that if I looked hard enough and was very quiet, I would see fairies dancing there. I glanced back at the pansies, and they were practically laughing at me.

Presently a soft breeze blew across the garden, rustling the leaves. The flowers started to sway back and forth, and all of a sudden a delicate pink cosmos bowed to a little blue bachelor button. Together they glided to the bright patch of grass and began to dance slowly, keeping time to the wind, which whispered in the trees like sweet violins, playing softly. Soon the other flowers followed — snap-dragons, sweet peas, peonies and roses, sweet william and petunias. The honey-suckle vine on the stone wall waved its sweet blossoms and sent a heavenly fragrance into the night air. The dancers swirled and pirouetted. As they whirled faster and faster, the wind climbed to a melodious crescendo. Suddenly the village clock began to strike. As I listened, the dancers began to slow their breathless tempo. The clock struck twelve, the enchanted hour! The flowers had stopped completely and were floating back into their positions. The wind had stopped murmuring, and now all was quiet.

As I reflected upon the ethereal grandeur of that gala performance, I realized how fortunate I was to possess the marvelous gift of imagination, which is the only price of admission. Such enjoyable fantasies are waiting for all of you who will only forget your worries and fears for a while and let yourself be carried away by the miraculous magic of moonlight.

Adrianne Knight, '49.

BARGAINS I SHOULD NOT HAVE BOUGHT

"**T**RY, try again," I tell myself. On the next counter at which I stop no bargains shall tempt me. But try as I may, something always appears which is bound to prove a good buy, or so I think at the time. Bargain counters have always been my Achilles' heel, for I am totally lacking in sales resistance.

A fountain pen for only fifty-nine cents! How can I go wrong? I soon found that answer when in the middle of a Biology exam, it failed to write. This not being bad enough, it had to leak when I was signing that important document for Dad.

Next on my list of failures are those supposedly

delicious five cent candy bars, being sold three for ten. Those choice articles, had I thrown them against a brick wall, would have broken the bricks. After eating one half of one, I had what one might term an aching abdomen.

Last but not least came those charming red boots. "Never would I venture out in this rain without my boots," I stated. Ah yes! those boots. A common ordinary sieve could have done the same duty, for they leaked worse than an old tub, causing me to ruin my new shoes and acquire a horrid cold.

Every New Year I firmly resolve not to buy any more bargains. However, I fear the chances for keeping this promise are slim, for as I have before stated, when it comes to sales resistance, I have none.

Gertrude McDonnell, '49.

WHAT I LIKE TO DO ON RAINY DAYS

TO SOME people, rainy days are always depressing. As for me, what I do on rainy days depends upon the mood that I'm in.

If I'm all by myself, and getting more lonely every second, I get out the sugar, cocoa, and other ingredients needed in making fudge. The delicious aroma of boiling fudge soon cheers me up, until somehow, almost like magic, my bad humor leaves me.

Sometimes on a rainy afternoon when I'm not feeling particularly ambitious, I curl up in a comfortable arm chair with a good mystery story. I usually have something crunchy, like raw carrots, near at hand to eat. This precaution is taken so I will not bite my fingernails. It is a very bad habit I have developed unconsciously while reading.

Then there are the times when I am angry, tired, and peevish. These moods are bad enough when the weather is clear, but I am twice as disagreeable when it is raining. On these occasions, I go to a movie. If I don't have the money, my mother gladly finances me, if only to get me out of the house. I usually stay disgruntled until I am actually in the theater sitting down. Then I lose myself in the action of the story so that all else is forgotten. When it is over and I find myself walking home, for the rain has cleared up by this time, my disposition and morale are very much improved, and I am happy.

Rainy days are not so hard to get through if one has a system. My system is by no means perfect, but it is improving. Maybe some day, it will work so well that I won't mind rainy days at all.

Gloria Ledtje, '49.

SHALL I
SAVE IT?

STIFF COLLARS,
GRRRR!

BOY AM
I LATE!

RUMOR HAS IT
THAT IT WASN'T
EASY TO GET A
TUX THAT
WOULD FIT.

JUST HOW THAT CHECK-
ROOM NUMBER
SYSTEM WORKS,
NO ONE KNOWS.

SLURP!
SLURP!

GREASY
SPOON

AFTER TH' DANCE TH'
GANG- PUT ON THEIR
BEST TABLE MANNERS TO
ENJOY AN' AFTER - FORMAL
DINNER.

TWO-THREE-

HERE WE ARE FANS, ON
ROUTE TO TH' HOTEL
COMMANDER TO ENJOY
TH' K.B. WINTER
FORMAL.

EVERYONE CAME IN
GRAND STYLE TO TH'
PROM, READY TO
HAVE AN ENJOYABLE
NIGHT.

TH' BED

THE END

FRED SATERIALE'S
ORCHESTRA PLAYED SOME
SWEET DANCE MUSIC
BOTH SLOW AND
FAST.

JACK O'HARA '48

May We Present —

ERNEST ANASTOS

GOOD natured, friendly Ernest Anastos known as "Ernie" by his classmates, is our senior class president, and one of the best liked seniors in our school. He has proven that he deserves this honor through the hard work he has done for our class this year. His activities are numerous and diversified, such as playing forward for the C. H. L. S. basketball team and being active on the committee of the C. A. A. Last summer he won a trophy in a tennis meet at the Charles River Boat Club. Born in the University City in 1929, Ernie is tall, has dark, curly hair, brown eyes, and is well dressed. His description of his ideal girl, might apply to many a familiar and popular figure around C. H. L. S. Next year he intends to go to business school. The senior class wishes him the best of luck in all his future undertakings.

M. H.

ANNA ANDELLA

THE Junior Class is fortunate in having among its members sprightly Anna Andella. A life-long resident of Cambridge, she is very enthusiastic about this city and its high school. Among her interests are dancing, drawing and spectator sports, particularly football with hockey running a close second. Like most members of the "fair sex" she likes clothes and enjoys nothing quite so well as an orgy of buying in Boston. She has devoted a great deal of time to working in a Red Cross Settlement House. For relaxation, Anna likes to read or see heavy dramatic or musical motion pictures. Following her graduation, she plans to attend Boston University where she will major in her favorite study, English, to prepare for her future profession of teaching.

P. T.

ROGER L. CARWILE, SENIOR

WHEN the president of the French Club declares in his liquid tones that "Le seance est ouvert," or something equally significant, it is our talented senior from Pennsylvania who speaks. This is Roger Carwile, the slight, dark

haired boy who startled the sophomore class of '45-'46 into dazed admiration by winning both the Latin and mathematics prizes, and who afterwards distinguished himself by winning the Algebra Two prize and a second place award in the Boston Globe High School Publications competition. His classmates will remember him best, perhaps, for his questions in his physics and math classes; more talk and slide rule feuding has arisen from propositions stated by Roger Carwile than from any other source. As you might guess, this makes things decidedly interesting!

He is one of those happy few who find as much real pleasure in applying themselves to the intricacies of learning as to the more common recreations, but Roger has also been a member of the track team for the greater part of the last three seasons. He rounds out his extra-curricular activities in the French Club, of which he is president this year, and the Outing club; as you have no doubt noticed, he contributes fairly regularly to the Review as well.

It seems that we can draw a moral of some sort from Roger's example. Perhaps it is that perseverance can overcome difficulties, even as great as that which Roger has had before him in moving from the "backwoods country" of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania to Civilization. More power to him!

T. O.

JOHN P. DONOHUE, Senior

TALL, sandy haired John Donohue is another third floor representative for this column. He was elected chairman of his home room committee, but is probably best known for his faithful and effective play on the C. H. L. S. sports line up. He has gone out for the baseball, football, and hockey teams for the four years he has been at Latin. Hockey is a narrow favorite for him, and he was on the hockey all-star team last year. After school, he apparently likes skating as recreation.

Eighteen years old, John likes the movies and popular music and enjoys dancing. When asked about "afterwards," he said that he wants to go to the University of New Hampshire and study to be a teacher in Physical Education.

T. O.

GLORIA KAUFMAN

DARK-HAIRED, brown-eyed Gloria Kaufman, one of our more prominent sophomores, was born in Cambridge fourteen years ago and has lived in the University City all her life. Ranking high in her class, she was graduated from the Longfellow School. At C. H. L. S., she has maintained a fine rating in her studies, as she is on the Honor Roll and won Honorable Mention in the Caroline Close Essay Contest last year. Also as a freshman, she won the home-room Spelling Bee; when I interviewed her, she had just repeated this performance. I imagined that she would go on to even greater things in the orthographic line. Right now, her favorite subjects are English and Spanish.

However, "Glo" does not by any means confine herself to strictly scholarly activities. A member of the G. A. A., she plays on the basketball team, basketball being her favorite sport — "I'm *crazy* about it!" she says. She also likes tennis and baseball, her favorite athlete being one Johnny Pesky who plays for the Red Sox. For exertion of a more strenuous sort, she does baby-sitting — "quite, quite often" — and the kindergarten variety of Sunday-school teaching.

Outside of school, Gloria belongs to two Zionist organizations; she is treasurer of one of these. For relaxation, she plays Stephen Foster on the piano (by ear) and reads novels. Her choice of movie fare is on the dramatic side; Ingrid Bergman and John Garfield are the players she likes best. Her ideal man, however, is more on Richard Greene's type — tall (6 feet), husky, dark, and handsome. He must, she stipulates, have a good sense of humor, be considerate and amiable — those qualified see Gloria in 106'

A. D. M.

NANCY HUANG — FRESHMAN

LATIN'S latest arrival from China is petite Nancy Huang, a fourteen year old freshman. Nancy has fitted right into the school as if she had been here all her life. She belongs to the G. A. A., is on the Honor Roll and is Vice-President of her home room. That's a good beginning for a freshman. Nancy's favorite study is geometry, but she finds it rather hard to turn out themes. After graduation in 1952 she hopes to go to Radcliffe where she will study medicine. Her favorite sport is swimming, and her extensive stamp collection takes up much of her time. In China, Nancy learned to enjoy Shirley Temple from American movies which were shown there. Here in Cambridge, Nancy is first in line when a Temple picture comes to the University.

B. G.

THE FRENCH CLUB

THE Christmas Meeting of the French Club, complete with carols, candy, and appropriate decorations, was enjoyed by all who attended. Kenneth Carwile stepped into the part of Pere Noel at the last minute, when Timothy Cronin was obliged to be absent, and played the part well. "Cantigne de Noel," a lovely French carol, was sung by Mary Ritz.

On Friday, January 23, the meeting was carried out with the main theme, French Canada. Miss O'Shea showed an extremely interesting film of Montreal, Quebec, and the Gaspé. Most of the members were pleasantly surprised to find that they could read and understand some of the French signs which were shown in the picture. An article about the customs of the French-speaking part of Canada was read by Lucille Marcotte; the singing of "O Canada!" by the whole group marked the end of a pleasant and interesting program.

Constance Gerasim, '48.

Corresponding Secretary

WILD WING

As the way of wild wing has appealed to me, there
inside is a burn

For a canoe and blue dawn, a clear lake's quiet
marsh, a chill mist's chasing turn,

And a rippling, deep stroke, to present sudden
note of a brownish hawk's glide,

Whose white rump follows round, o'er the white
and dead trees, where a stump 'comes his
pride.

From the distance, my eyes glance nearby to green
lilies, whose scrape on the boat

Is as soft as a waterfall heard from afar; the
"ti-tee-di-di" note

Of a wee bird jumping along on blank spaces in
rhythmical beat,

Which is made by each flitter, descends from a
goldfinch, as gentle as fleet.

In a shivering fervor increased by the moment,
approaching a shore,

I perceive a few red-wings in stalks bred in
shallows. Extending my lore,

I discern in green bough-tops a cardinal whistling
his sleepy distaste

For some blue jays' brisk yawns, which below rouse
a tanager, lazily graced.

Roger L. Carwile, '48



THIS month we dedicate our column to all our "friends" who, after reading our last column, told us to Drop Dead, but as no one hit us over the head, here we are. . . . Dottie Nyman has a love for small furry animals . . . if she could domesticate them, she would. . . . Jeanette White is one person who needs a Dorothy Dix to listen to her many problems. . . . The scientific wizards of the fifth period Chem class are Ken Korb, Donald Murphy, and David Boyer. . . . Have one of them define the "divining rod" to some gullible person, and then see how much "water" there is under the school. . . . Arnold Levine, Teddy Goolst, Alfred Miller, Milly Rosenburg, Irene Griffen, and Marion Clark were a few of the performers in the variety show held at Rindge. . . . Some of those who enjoyed the show were Stanley Alperin, Murray Shocket, Barbara Jacobs, Mary Greenstein, Mary Baiko, Joan Ward and lots of others. . . . Has anyone ever noticed the artistic talents of Joe Breen? . . . Pauline McDonald, Norma Oliva, and Mary Marshall always manage to be ahead of the rest of their homeroom when the lunch bell rings. . . . hungry, kids? . . . Billy Monteith seems to keep all his classes amused . . . teachers, too. . . . Alyce White likes to play with two miniature rubber dolls, Pete and Repete . . . didn't know things were as bad as that, Alyce? . . . We hear that Joan Mitchell is in a Locker Daze. . . . Barbara "Red" Lewis is doing a good job as Review Agent . . . keep up the good work. . . . Who has seen or heard Bernard Eldrich in his red shirt and yellow tie? . . . Basil Bourque and Ray Meyers stood on a street corner one day just waiting for someone to slip on the icy sidewalks and break his neck . . . no one did, much to their disappointment, but there were several young ladies to help . . . uh uh. . . . Seen having a marvelous time at the K. B Formal were Marion Blomquist, Don Nordstrom, Vivian Silver, Jerry Myerson, Marilyn Landry, Ralph Lamay, Marilyn Roche, Ralph Excursion, Connie Bolduc and her Frank and Edith Rosa and Johnny Scanteledes . . . Congratulations to Peggy Sullivan on being elected "Miss Rindge" . . . and to Joan Worman who came in second. . . . Some of those who attend

the Rindge dances are Jimmie O'Brien, Betty Tenore, Marilyn Landry, Pauline Smith, Ginny Doyle, Pat Curran, and Elaine Murphy. . . . What is Barbara Donnelly doing with a Somerville High class ring? Isn't Rindge good enough for you, Barbara? . . . Alice Foley could pass for a second Lauren Bacall . . . how about it, Ernie? . . . Why is Murray continually seen heading in the direction of Brighton? Could it be a pretty blond? . . . Norma Johnson's glasses are very becoming. . . . June Peters looks nice in her "new look" coat. . . . Mary Kennedy, Maureen Coleman, and Nancy Nugent were given a joint birthday party in the lunch room. . . . Billy Snell looks really sharp in his green shirt. . . . Ann Donaghue has a great deal of talent for sewing . . . you should see the lovely skirt she made. . . . Mary Aceto, Helen DiPietro, Frances Sattile, and Anne Castriotta will be out of luck some day when they miss the 8:05 bus . . . it isn't an acceptable excuse. . . . Cynthia Colman, Susie Nilson, Joanne Nauffts, Barbara Howard, Jean Hurley, Sheila Monteith, Bunny Rabbit, and June Sparks are the girls you'll see on the C.H.L.S. drill team next year. Josephine Johnson has trouble finding time to study . . . we sympathize with you, Josephine. . . . Janie Butler certainly has the knack of losing her voice . . . laryngitis or talking too much Janie? . . . Georgie Nyman has been unanimously elected the busiest girl in school. . . . Ask Frannie Manning what barbecued spareribs, Chinese style, tastes like; sounds like there's an interesting story behind that. . . . Where is Janet Masse hanging out these days. . . . could it be at the end of a rope? . . . Bill Dwyer and Joan McDonald like to play tag in the corridors. . . . Teddy Goolst enjoyed throwing a lemon meringue pie at Alfred Miller at the Variety Show . . . the audience liked it too. . . . Alice Webber has trouble keeping track of her glasses. . . . At Cain's after the K. B. Formal were Alice Foley, Ernie Anastos, Nancy Rose, Charlie Durakis, Peggy Atkins, Ray Shea, Peggy Donaghue and Eddie Gibbons. . . . We were there with two nice fellers, also. . . . Carol Dias has found an interesting subject at the Harvard Union Club . . . what could it be?

... Question of the month ... WHO is Tish?
 ... ask Boop Murphy ... we've heard that he knows. ... Cay Dumas has trouble scouting up news for her column. ... Bobby Cabral looks sooo cute in a woman's hat ... you should wear one more often, Bobby. ... Eddie Mersereau has lost his appendix ... there will be no reward for its return. ... If you want a pencil, just look for Joan Rose ... she always has one.
 ... Dolores Murphy has a very interesting nickname. ... Phyllis Gosselin and Betty Goldberg have the cutest black taffeta petticoats ... they show ... on purpose, of course. ... Betty Anne Galvin was very much pleased with her proofs from Purdy's. ... Rita Ferolito's pictures also came out well. ... Patricia Nangle's bangs are becoming. ... The Charm Chic Club of the East End Union is celebrating its first anniversary this April. Some of the members are: Dot Carolina, Mary Magliozzi, Gay Mentus, Mabel Safranski, and Nat Wyman. ... Pauline Smith has a beautiful friendship ring. ... Speaking of rings, Joan Dubuque has a diamond one! ... Anne Humphrey went to the President's ball. ... Francis White can't seem to make up his mind which typewriter to use during recess periods. ... Pat Brogan and Joan Ward had a good time at Betty Goldberg's surprise party. ... Room 333 regrets that it had to lose two of its favorite members, Bill Lawson and Jimmy Tobin, to Uncle Sam ... good luck, boys. ... Louise Moreau, Pauline Jacobs, Eddie Asely, Buddy McCarthy, Jackie Rogers, and Louise Smith are some more of the Rindge dance go-ers. ... Dick Rigazio has scored at all of the Latin games but one ... that's what we like to see. ... Louise Iosue speaks Spanish like a native ... wish we could.
 ... Richie Gallant is just lost without Paul Williams. ... Horace Dwyer has many new interests lately ... uh uh. ... Anne Rowe is always smiling. ... At this date the Dramatic Club Formal hasn't come off yet, but it's sure to be a big success. ... Nancy Watson and Pat Delery love to walk in all kinds of weather ... real wind blown types. ... Joan Crocket and Jackie Wallace had a New Year's party which was a big hit ... some of the kids there were Dick O'Brien, Jeanette White, Jimmy Prior, Janice Martin, Joan Williams, Jerry Zyphers, Al Richards, Valerie Broussard, Janet Irwin, Helene Drolet, Leo Flanagan, and Gail Lynch. ... At the rate a certain "Fearless" is going, she may find herself "headless" one of these days. Someone ought to tell her the old saying "If you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all." ... Nothing makes Frances Cupill angrier than to hear her name mispronounced. ... Nancy Rose has the "new look" as does Joan Mitchell. ... If you

want Dolores Rosignol, Jean Penniman, or Barbara Stack, just look in Daly's. ... Al O'Sullivan, Billy Gilbert, Barbara Cornell, George Lakis, and Joyce Kelley had a wonderful time at Mary Herlihy's party. ... Peggy Donaghue is everywhere ... at parties, dances, and hockey and basketball games. ... By this time we are so tired that we are tempted to take our friends' suggestions and drop dead. ... So long, now.

Mary Lowry, '48.

Lorraine Fulkerson, '48.

CHANGES I SHOULD WELCOME

THE world is forever changing. Children are growing up, books are wearing out, the weather is becoming colder or warmer, and prices are fluctuating. Currently the prices are rising. Nevertheless, it is often felt that changes ought to be made.

Teen-ager's allowances are as nothing when compared to pre-war standards. Before inflation, seventy-five cents was the average amount. Salaries have been raised as much as three hundred percent. But not our allowances! Parents consider one dollar a completely outsize gift, and in this respect, choose to ignore rising prices.

In the current schools are many good teachers of English, mathematics, science, languages, and Latin. There are, however, more juvenile delinquents and offenders than ever before. Students aware of the situation are pressing forward a campaign for less stress on such subjects as Latin; instead, they are trying to institute a basic course in ethics. We ought to help forward that plan. Adopting it will undoubtedly mean less homework, and the classwork would not really be work; it would mean playing follow the leader. The consciences will be the leaders. They would do all the work.

With these changes, a path is opened to another, greater social activity. Since there would be less homework, teen-agers could go out two or three nights a week. If these excursions are not planned on too lavish a scale, the boost in allowance would meet the sudden drain of resources. The courses in ethics would restrain the tendency to stray from the straight, narrow paths; courts would collapse to half staff, owing to the diminished number of delinquents, and taxes would be reduced.

Such changes certainly ought to be instituted. A great many of them would be welcomed with open arms and hearts.

Kenneth Carwile, '49.

WORLD PROBLEMS THAT MUST BE SOLVED

AS LONG as men have inhabited this planet, there have been wars; they have been caused by problems, and they have created still more problems.

Our recent world war has left greater problems for our statesmen to deal with than there have ever been before. The greatest of these is the control of the atom bomb. Atomic energy, used properly, can greatly benefit humanity, but unleashed for warfare, it can cause the annihilation of civilization. Hiroshima is a grim monument to the bomb's destructive potency. There has been constant bickering in the United Nations over this problem; committees have been appointed but they have reached no constructive decision. A solution must be found or we shall never have to face another problem of any sort again.

The Big Three, Marshall, Bevin, and Molotov, have tried again and again to draft a peace treaty for Germany. This treaty must be drawn up, for Germany is the breadbasket of Europe. A statesman once said that whoever controls Germany controls Europe. The food-producing section of Germany is in the Russian zone of occupation, and the Russians take the food for themselves. For the present, America is the only nation capable of feeding Europe, just as Rustum was the only man who was able to wield his mighty club. Whatever the treaty will be, it must have a provision to control Germany's future war potentialities.

After all these problems have been solved, the statesmen must make the United Nations into an organization strong enough to preserve world peace. In such an era of atom bombs, cosmic rays, and germ warfare, another world war would utterly destroy civilization. Though world peace has never been lasting, it must endure now. Russian cooperation holds the key to this problem.

Is there a solution? The ancient Greeks and Romans were not successful in solving the problems which confronted them; their societies are now extinct. Now, we are faced with our crucial test. If we fail, we shall follow the path of earlier civilizations. However, I am hopeful that these problems will be solved. They must, if our civilization is to survive.

Morrill S. Ordesky, '49.

"WHEN THE MOUNTAIN FELL"

DERBORENCE was one of those little valleys, nestled high among the lofty summits of the mountains of Switzerland, to which the Alpine people brought their flocks of cows and goats to pasture during the summer months. Once upon a

time it was a beautiful and peaceful place with a carpet of green pastureland everywhere brightened by the myriad hues of thousands of little mountain flowers, the placid herds grazing to and fro, and the small slate-roofed stone cabins of the people who came up from the villages of Aire and Premier with the first sign of June.

Brooding high above this settlement of Derborence was a glacial peak, and just below the rim of ice jutted a rocky parapet, called the Devil's Tower. The glacier and the crag were part of that colossal phenomenon known as the Alps, standing majestic and seemingly immovable beneath the free blue sky of Switzerland. But the Devil's Tower could move; for one calm moonlight night, the twenty-third of June, about two in the morning, the mountain fell. It fell upon Derborence, and buried under a great heap of rocks and stony waste all the little cabins with their helpless inhabitants, man and beast. That anyone could escape was impossible, said the villagers; and their opinion was confirmed by the federal engineers who came to investigate and take notes so they could change the maps. But Antoine Pont got out. Seven weeks after the catastrophe, he crawled from between two immense boulders and went down to his home in Aire.

Charles Ferdinand Ramuz has told this breathtaking tale of puny man's struggle against inexorable nature in a masterpiece of a novel, *When the Mountain Fell*. Perhaps you have never heard of Ramuz; that is not strange, as he is virtually unknown in this country. He was born near Lausanne, Switzerland, in 1878; he died there in May, 1947. He was, then, a true Swiss, loving passionately his beautiful homeland, and writing of its people with profound knowledge. His forceful French poetry and prose caused him to be acclaimed as a genius by the critics of Europe; it is only now, with the publication of his last and perhaps his greatest work, that he is becoming known in America. He himself called his last novel *Derborence*, after the hapless village. It is available to us in a fine English translation by Sarah Fisher Scott.

Despite — or, perhaps, because of the universally thrilling nature of the theme, there is nothing pretentious, extravagant, or grandiloquent in the telling. It achieves its force, first, because it seems to reach quietly and uplift the highest spiritual feelings of the soul. Then too, some of its description is like musical poetry. Finally, the knowledge that the story is true, that Antoine and his Therese were real people who actually suffered, is bound to hold the interest of the most casual reader. *When the Mountain Fell* will surely rank as one of the classics of the world's literature.

Anne Dyer Murphy, '50.

EASY DOES IT

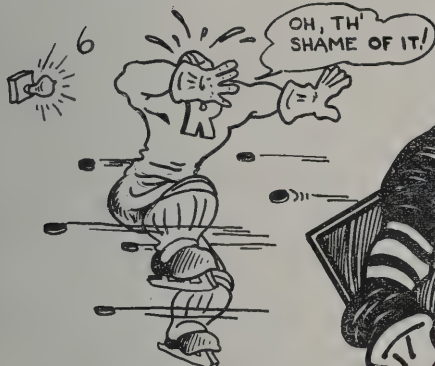


THATS ONE FER OUR SIDE!



NO SOONER DID THE CANTABS DASH OUT ON THE ICE, -

THAN LATINS' DON McMANUS (No. 12) HAD TH' RED LIGHT BLINKING FOR TH' FIRST SCORE OF TH' GAME.



IT SEEMS THAT McMANUS STARTED A VOLLEY WHEN WE CHALKED UP FOUR IN TH' FIRST, AND ONE IN TH' SECOND AND THIRD PERIODS



RINDGE WENT HOME A SORE AND A VERY SORRY TEAM.



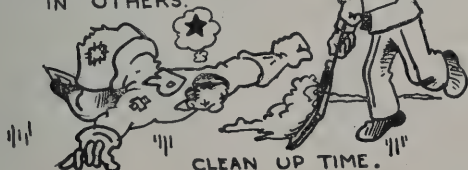
OUR CHEERING SECTION WAS TH' BEST TO BE HEARD.



HERE IT IS FANS TH' LAST RINDGE-LATIN GAME OF 1947 CLINCHING THE ALL AROUND TITLE OF CITY CHAMPS, FOR US.

6-0

DICK RIGAZZIO PLAYED A NEVER-SAY-DIE GAME BY SCORING TWO OF TH' SIX, AN' ASSISTING IN OTHERS.



ALL IN ALL, WE PLAYED A BANG UP GAME WITH PLENTY OF ACTION.

SPORTS

Medford 6

The hockey team got off on the wrong foot, dropping a 6-3 decision to Medford's Mustangs. In Coach Pryor's absence Pete Brady, Medford's ex-goalie handled the Purple, and the "Old Grey Mustang" looked better as a mentor than as a net-minder leading the Medford team to victory. Latin was behind 2-0 when Red Kelly scored the first Cambridge goal of the season. Then Medford came right back with two more, before Kelly assisted Jakey Boudreau on the second Latin score. Medford got that goal back, and then Rigazio rifled in the final Cambridge counter. Medford made their final tally in the final minutes of the third period.

Cambridge 3

Latin looked like a different team the following week beating Arlington 3-1. Dick Rigazio's goal on a pass from Jack Donohue surprised the confident Spy Ponders early in the first period. The Arlington fans expected a deluge of goals from their boys in retaliation, but the first period ended with Arlington, led by newly eligible Bill Learly, firing the puck over and around but never into Dick Heavern's net. Heavern's vastly improved play was a large factor in Latin's victory. Joe Shea hacked one in from the boards for the Red and Grey in the second period to tie it up. The Arlington fans now expected real scoring, and they got it. Jake Boudreau took the puck from George McLaughlin at center ice, and streaked in to beat the Arlington goalie, and score one of the best goals we have seen all season. The opponents thought they had it tied up when they combined on an offside play to score. To remove any doubt concerning the decision, Dick Rigazio scored one more to put the game on ice. At this point the Arlington boys decided to try boxing instead of hockey, but they were not very successful there either, and Latin won the decision 3-1.

Cambridge 6

Latin took their third straight from Rindge at the Arena, with the first period seeing four Cantab goals. In the last two frames most of the game was played by inexperienced Latin players, and Rindge held them on almost even terms. The Latineers had goalie Dick Grant on his knees right from the opening whistle, when Don McManus scored the first goal at 27 seconds. Goals by Red Kelly and Dick Rigazio followed and George McLaughlin, who we think, is the best defenseman in the league, scored on a pass from Jakie Boudreau. Rigazio was in long enough to

Cambridge 3

be the fifth Cambridge lamplighter in the second period. In the final frame John O'Connor scored on a pass from Jim Kelly, making if our mathematics is correct, a final score of 6-0. Dick Heavern, relieved late in the third period by Danny Heffernan, warded off the few Rindge threats to hand the Techs their third shutout in as many tries.

Newton 4

A strong Newton team reached full strength against Latin and came through with a 4-3 win. The Orange and Black knocked in two quick goals in the final period, but Dick Rigazio's two tallies tied it up before the ten minutes had passed. Latin had only three skaters on the ice to Newton's four when the Garden-City boys broke the deadlock. Before the game ended, however, Rigazio had scored his third goal to complete the "hat trick."

Belmont 4

Pennant contending Belmont was next on Latin's schedule of late afternoon encounters, and neither team was able to do much the two periods, with our Dick Heavern's and Belmont's Paul Kelly making some classy saves. Going into the third period the score was 1-0 Belmont when the roof fell in. Before the period was half over four Belmont tallies had been rung up. THE END!

Melrose 4

Cambridge lost Couch Culhane and Captain Jack Lee through illness the next week, and could not stop Melrose's Red Raiders, who twice came from behind. Latin's three goals were scored by Donahue, Rigazio, and Kelly in that order.

Stoneham 3

Stoneham came up with three quick first period goals to beat Latin in the last round of the regular season. Although Danny Heffernan came in to hold the score-happy Spot Ponders scoreless for the next two periods, the horse had been stolen. Cambridge could come through with only one goal in a fast, hard fought engagement. That score was a brilliant breakaway by Dick Rigazio giving him a 9-2 record, and keeping him well up among the leaders as we entered the playoffs.

The basketball team at this writing has a record of two wins and three losses, which is as much as could be expected. Captain Charlie Durakis, Ernie Anastos, Sal Sabatino, Dick Tufenkjian, Joe Rogers, Lenny Frisoli, and Bill Beckford have been starters at various times. Of these seven only three, Durakis, Sabatino and Rogers played last year, so it is easy to see that coach Koslowski has

Arlington 1

Cambridge 3

Cambridge 0

Cambridge 3

Cambridge 1

Rindge 0

a large reconstruction job on his hands. The team should improve as the season progresses.

Cambridge 41

Waltham 31

The opener was with Waltham, who are also pretty short on experience. The play in the beginning was rather ragged, and the half ended with the score at twelve all. Latin came back vastly improved in the second half, and jumped to an early lead, which it extended to ten points by the final whistle. Durakis handled the team well from center, and was high scorer with fourteen points. Sabitino sunk eight important points.

Arlington 34

Cambridge 31

The following Friday found Arlington on our home court. The Spy Ponders it appears will be fighting it out with Newton for the League Crown. This game started out pretty much the same as the opener, with a half time score of 13-13. After the intermission however it was the Arlingtons, who jumped into the lead. Our team still hindered by inexperience was unable to catch them, and ended a mere four points behind.

Watertown 34

Cambridge 31

Latin then journey to Watertown to lose a heartbreaker of 34-31. Why is it that Latin gets all the breaks? Our boys were right up there all the way and a few breaks would have given her the victory. Sal Sabitino who is shooting better and better at every game was high scorer for Latin with nine points.

Cambridge 47

Brookline 45

Coach Koslouski made a few changes in the starting lineup, in an attempt to put his team back in the win column, and he was successful. Durakis moved over from center to forward, while Lenny Frisoli started at center, and Bill Beckford at the other forward position. The game was a thrilling free for all, which was decided in overtime. Beckford played a fine game, coming up with fourteen big points, to lead the team.

Rindge 29

Cambridge 25

The Techs finally came through with a win over Latin 29-25. The boys next door got off to four in the opening minutes, leading at the half, 16-9. Rindge extended their lead to 29-16 in the third period, and Mr. Koslouski was about to send in Dezzy La Place when our team caught fire. They closed the gap to four points, and would have gone ahead in another two or three minutes when the final gun sounded. Dick Teufenkjian had an almost perfect night at the foul line with five out of six.

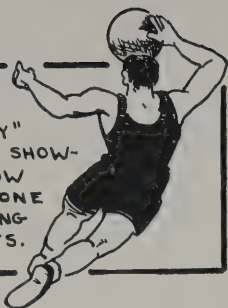
The track team has not shown the power it really possesses because of poor training facilities. The athletic directors wisely gave up on the ancient board track that was once in the school yard, and the use of the armory for three days a week and of the M.I.T. track on Tuesdays have been obtained in its stead. The M.I.T. track is excellent, but the armory has nothing but a large, flat floor, and a flat surface is about as good for training a track team as it would be for a skiing team. This state of affairs appears doubly bad when one notes that there are no less than seven major meets this fall, three of them in the Garden. Despite these conditions we have a team that many a school would brag about. Although no one placed in the Northeastern meet, George Hughes won his heat in the 600, and Ronnie Flink another 600 man was second in a heat faster than George's. In the State Meet competing against schools in their own class, both these boys should place along with captain Charlie Durakis 300 yard record holder. With Ray Myers and Jimmie Cotter also possibilities we should be one of the top five, but with decent training conditions we would have been favorites to win the trophy. However we have grown used to having championship teams. Two years ago when we missed first place by a bare two points little satisfaction could be derived from beating twenty-odd other teams. The week before the state meet Mr. Fraser gave out some of the finest equipment we have ever seen, making Cambridge the best dressed team in the state. May they wear them in success!

As we go to press, we learn that the daily use of the M.I.T. track has been obtained. Although this gives the team only eight practice sessions on the boards before the State Meet, their chances of winning the trophy have been greatly improved. At any rate, the team will put up a very good fight against Watertown, and Weymouth, the leaders.

Roland Perkins, '48.
Jim White, '48.



SAL "SABBY"
SABATINO SHOW-
ED US HOW
IT WAS DONE
BY SCORING
7 POINTS.



TUFEHSHIAN
WAS GOOD
ON FOUL
SHOTS
COMPLETIN'
5 FOR 6



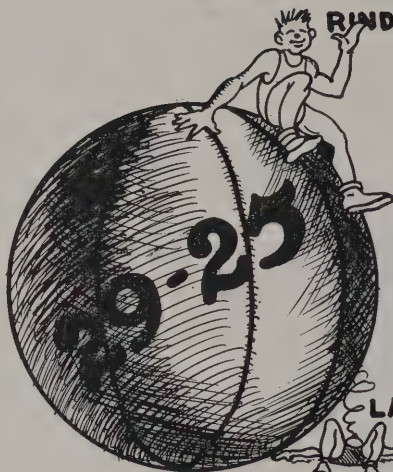
THE FRESHMEN LOST
TO RINDGE 50-27 IN
A WILD SCORING GAME



RINDGE

RINDGE IS TH'
1948 CITY CHAMPS
IN BASKETBALL

CHARLIE DURAKIS WAS IN
THERE PLAYING A NEVER-
SAY-DIE TYPE OF GAME,
RINDGE, I GUESS, WAS
LUCKY.



LATIN

RINDGE & LATIN SQUARED OF IN
THE GAME FOR THE CITY CHAMPS
BUT RINDGE WITH A LITTLE LUCK
CAME OUT THE WINNER

29-25

EATON OF THE
JR. VARSITY WAS
GOOD

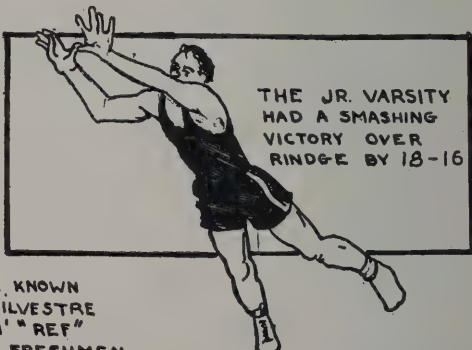


WITH THOSE NEW
BASKETBALL AN'
TRACK UNIFORMS,
"OUR TEAM LOOKED
RED HOT."



TH' WELL KNOWN
FRANNY SILVESTRE
WAS TH' "REF"
FOR TH' FRESHMEN.

THE JR. VARSITY
HAD A SMASHING
VICTORY OVER
RINDGE BY 18-16



ALUMNI NEWS

FIRST of all, an apology to Lois Hanlon '46. Lois is a sophomore at Lesley Teachers' College and not at Sargent as was said in a previous issue. . . . Also, in Lois' class, at Lesley is Regina Winn, a one-time Latinite, whose brothers John (Buddy) and Joe both graduated from Latin. John '46, is at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Joe '45, is going to Boston University. . . . The Sweeney twins, Mildred and Margaret '47, are working girls. Mildred is at the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company while Margaret is at The John Hancock Life Insurance Company. . . . Roberta Jackson '47, is feverishly studying at Portia Law in Boston. . . . At the Cambridge Junior College is Warren MacIsaac, the class of '47, senior treasurer. . . . Steve Biddle '47, and Marshal "Fossil" Fosgate '47, were seen strolling the halls of Latin awhile back. Steve is at Dartmouth this year and "Fossil" is at Harvard. . . . Also visiting Latin was Dave Walsh '47, who is attending the newly opened Merrimac College in Andover, Mass. . . . Joan Fitzpatrick, class of '46, is a sophomore at Regis College. . . . Gordon Clark, Lillian Winkler, Buddy Gross, Bill O'Brien, Al Lafon and Martin Martinian are a few more names added to the list of graduates from the class of '47 who are attending Boston University. . . . Doris Hanlon '47, is working at the Household Finance Corporation here in Cambridge while Helen Collins '46, is at the Lester L. Burdick Casualty Company and Barbara Sullivan '45, is working for the New England Telephone Company. . . . Joe Murphy '46, home on leave from the Army a while back, was seen looking in on one of Latin's very successful formals and after looking everything and everyone over, he finally concluded that it's been just "y'ars an' y'ars" since he entered the big wide world from C. H. L. S. . . . Loretto Sheehan is now working at T. D. Whitney's in Boston. . . . Pat Delery found that if you wish hard enough for something to happen, it will come true. A certain someone arrived home unexpectedly from Texas to be just in time for the K. B. Formal on January 16th. Pat, a post-grad here, plans to leave school about the middle of February to begin nurses' training in the Newton Hospital. Best of luck, Pat!! . . . Lillian Marshall, also a P. G. this year, left school recently for the same reason as Pat but Lillian will be at the New England Deaconess Hospital. . . . Kirk Taylor '47, a Tuft's man now, was seen one afternoon strolling the Avenue and puffing leisurely away at his pipe while his weary brain received a momentary rest from never-ending study. . . . Dick Wood

will be working in New Orleans, Louisiana this winter with his brother. Dick was chosen the wittiest student from the class of '47. . . . High School chums, Terry Dubuque '44, and Hilda Davis '45, are married now. Terry was married on October 4, 1947 to John Larmour of Belmont and Hilda was married two years ago to Terry's brother, Gerald. A new addition to the family is Hilda's small daughter, Donna. . . . Since the Alumni column was not present in the last issue of the Review, we will skip way back to the 28th of November and mention the dance held by the Centennial class of '47 alumni committee at the Commander Hotel with the music under the direction of Bill O'Connell. Entering the door, our hands were stamped, by Steve Zaglakis, with the word "Forward" and as we proceeded "forward" we saw among the dancers, the class of '47 officers, Dick Walker, Vinnie Chaisson, Pat Kenealy and Warren MacIsaac. Others there included "Red" Polaro, June Burns, Jean Kennedy, Alice Harrington, Vickie Hagokian, Pat Powers, Jane Fleming, Paul Conley, Dave Walsh, Joe Fournier, Franny Ehler, Barbara Tager, Larry Brennan, "Mo" O'Leary, Loretto Sheehan, Anne Delaney, Phyllis Munroe, Al Nugent, "Hank" Sullivan, Franny McNamara, Ted Zacharakis, Mary Rigazio, Mary Miles, Bob O'Brien, Paul Boudreau, Bill O'Brien, Claire Kilfoyle, Pat Grogan, Sylvia Kristal, Jimmy Curry, Franny Bane, Barbara Casey, Joe Breen, and Dot Donovan and Jackie Cawley. Jackie, "Yaka" Kelley and Dick Smith were all home on furlough at the time. Also in the crowd was Donald Twomey. We have found Donald to be very entertaining at such affairs. . . . (Note: There was quite a buzz of excitement among the dancers when they discovered that Carl Joyce, the track star, was there. Jane Fleming was one lucky girl who danced with him.) The dance proved to be very successful and the dance committee deserves praise for such a well planned evening. . . . "Ellie" Brown '45, and Joe DeCosta '44, were married a number of months back. . . . Among the students whose names appeared on the honors list for high scholastic standing at Connecticut College is Margaret Reynolds '44. Margaret is a member of the senior class at the college. . . . Alice Colantuono '46, is working for the Howard Clothing Stores in Boston. . . . June Becker '44, and Arthur "Bud" Reading were married during this last summer. "Bud" was given credit for engineering, while in the service, and he is now a sophomore at Harvard. . . . Herb Lewis '47, is also at Harvard College. Herb is in the freshman class there. . . . Doug Crocket '46, was seen home

on leave recently visiting Latin. Doug is in the Navy in Jacksonville, Florida and is writing for the "Jax Air News," at the base. . . . Bette Grove '46, has been singing in the Balinese Room of the Hotel Somerset in Boston for some time now. Bette has had appointments at Miami, Florida and Providence, Rhode Island meanwhile. There's a girl who's really headed for the top. . . . That's just about all for this issue, folks, and we'll see you again in April.

Joyce Kelley, '47.

FRESHMAN NOTES

MANY freshmen are sporting the "New Look," among them are Barbara Burke, Dorothy Burgess and Jacqueline Wilson. . . . Geraldine Fleet recently won honors at ice-skating in the Rhode Island Junior Championship contest. . . . Louis Capello detests the name, Robert. . . . Wonder why? . . . Donald Wyman wears those loud-colored argyles that are really sharp! . . . What's new with William Bulger. He's been so quiet. . . . Joan Carney must have a heavy date. She always has her hair up. . . . Ellen Burgess still has the habit of coming in late. . . . Has anyone noticed the size of Barbara Soper's lunch? . . . Where do you put it all, Barbara? . . . Welcome back, Sheila Sullivan. No scars left we hope. . . . Joyce Grisby is a budding basketball star. . . . Have any of you noticed the ties that Louis Ferrante wears? . . . Most say they're too loud to miss. . . . Frances Leighton is always willing to share her homework. . . . Nancy Sylvester has fallen in love with Ivanhoe! . . . Donald Linehan always seems to get his Latin homework done at the last minute. . . . Any assistance, Donald? . . . Mona Swinamer has acquired the cutest nick-name of "Tootsie." . . . Anne Kirkpatrick is always in a hurry. . . . Jacqueline Wilson would be lost without her brown bag. . . . Nancy Martin and Betty Linehan are hockey enthusiasts. . . . They haven't missed a game yet. . . . Why does June Zoia walk around school with a Dictionary in her hand? . . . Is it because of the spelling bee, June? . . . Maureen Zarfari is now called, "Renie." . . . Henry Koleske has a mania for crab meat. . . . Have you noticed how attractive Ann Klemas' new hair style is? . . . Shirley O'Connor is quite the cook. It isn't every girl who can heat water. . . . Ruth Johnson, another artist from room 124. . . . Paul Kennedy is omnipresent (everywhere at once). . . . Welcome to the newcomers, Joseph Kelley and Nancy Nagle. . . . Austin Jordan and Richard MacAdoo are the chief pranksters of a certain class, third period. . . . Dorothy Jones is crazy about baseball. Who is the interest, Dorothy?

. . . Marvin Finstien said, when they wrote the song, "Let It Snow," they didn't realize it would live up to its word. . . . Judging by the fun they had, June Schiagan had a wonderful party. Among those that were present were Gloris Sakey, Pat Monahan, Ruth Seeley, Austin Jordan, Edmund Seery, Richard McAdoo, Frances Eldridge, and Bill Buldger. . . . Isabel Sanotos of 112 is said to resemble Esther Williams. . . . Lucky girl. . . . Eppy Edge is the only girl in her first period class. That would never happen to us. . . . We hear Marilyn Schab loves to take care of children both young and old. . . . Buddy Nauffts is never seen without gum. . . . Who did Gloris Sakey receive that pretty locket from? . . . Marilyn Ormond entertained her homeroom with songs during the Christmas holidays. . . . Lorraine Han-nafer has a charming personality. . . . Isabel McMann is the person with the smooth pair of plaid slacks. . . . Robert Joy will have sore jaws if he doesn't stop talking. . . . Seen at the first hockey game were Johanne Rosignol, Dorothy Burgess, Eileen McNamara, and Marion Dumbri-sky. . . . Mary Russo is forever getting herself in trouble. . . . Richard Igo is always borrowing paper and pencils. . . . Lizzie Hampy is the attractive drum majorette of the freshman class. . . . There's an uproar in the locker room as soon as Pauline Glynn and Adele Iriberry enter. Their supply of jokes kept them all laughing. . . . Adele also owns a large mirror, which is one of the attractions of many. . . . Rosemary Gouvia, Dotty Green, Peggy Johnson and Ann Hart are all wearing the new look in Bangs! . . . Joan White-house and Thelma Mooney are confidantes in and out of school. . . . James McGiviney keeps them all guessing. . . . Beverly McElroy sends requests to the "Green Room" for the fourth street gang. . . . The Freshmen are still laughing over their pictures that were taken recently. . . . "Jo" Rosignol turns colors when anyone sings "A Bicycle Built for Two." . . . Rosemary Gouveia cut her finger-nails, now they are only a half-inch long. . . . Another freshman party held over the holiday was at Ronny Swanson's house. Among those present were: Phyllis Nauffts, Marilyn Schaub, Gerry Lyons, Austin Jordan and Buddy Nauffts. . . . Lorraine Roche writes short stories in her spare time. . . . Ernest Root of 112 recently returned to school after a long illness. . . . Edmund Seery and Charles Scully have struck up a buddy-buddy friendship. . . . Martha Folkins and Nancy Alperin are always talking . . . about what, girls? . . . Ruthie Hilton is worried about all the snow. She's afraid they'll call school off. . . . Helen Kennedy is seen around school with a sharp new parka. . . . Until next Review, Hasta Luego!

Peggy Donoghue, '48.

G. A. A.

WE missed the train last issue, but here's hoping this makes amends. Santa made a big hit at the G. A. A. Christmas party in the girls' gym. His gifts couldn't have been more appropriate, especially the ink for yours truly. Candy was given to all who attended and various entertainments were rendered by many of our talented members.

How do you like the cheerleaders' new uniforms? They couldn't look smoother. But what about giving them a little support at the basketball games? Speaking of basketball, the girls' basketball team won the first game over Somerville. It was a speedy game and plenty of action was given by Pat Kokinakakis, Roberta Wilkie, Gloria Kaufman, Mary Doherty, Marjorie Eisner, Rosemary Eagen, and Captain Jean Hildebrand.

The G. A. A. was open for membership during the week of January 19th. I hope you all took advantage of the opportunity to join.

On January 30th, the G. A. A. held its first "Record Hop" in the girls' cafeteria. This event took the place of the regular "Boy-Girl" dance, a large crowd (BOYS, too), was expected to attend, and a gay evening was in store for all who came.

Marion Murray, '48.

THE ITALIAN CLUB

THE Christmas meeting of the Italian Club took place on December 18, 1947 in Room 203. The Program Committees under the Chairmanship of Anna Salto, assisted by Florence Viola and Carolyn Bosco planned a delightful and interesting program. Those who took part in the program were Frances Bonacci, Florence Viola, Mary Ritz, and Salvatore Lombardo, the President of the Italian Club.

Miss Ford graciously accepted our invitation to be present. After singing carols in Italian, we enjoyed some "dolce."

All the members agreed that this meeting held in the real Christmas spirit was one of our most successful.

Florence DiClemente, '50
Secretary of the Italian Club

K. B. NOTES

AT THE December 5th meeting which was held at Ann Singer's house, Miss MacDonald was introduced to us as our new faculty advisor. We told her our plans for the Christmas party, and made the final arrangements.

On December 22nd we met at the Holy Ghost Hospital. For an hour we sang carols to the people

there, and then went to Marilyn Landry's house for the party. Everyone received gifts before the refreshments were served. After the business meeting, all the members danced.

On Friday, January 16th, the K. B. Formal Dance was held at the Hotel Commander. The dance was great fun, and everyone had a very good time.

Lorraine Fulkerson, '48.

Secretary-Treasurer

DRAMATIC CLUB

IT'S "Formal Time" again with the Dramatic Club. On February 13 a Valentine Formal was held at the Hotel Commander.

Under the superb direction of Miss Hartigan, the Dramatic Club presented its annual Christmas pageant, which has become a school tradition. The cast included Lawrence Corcoran, Margaret Atkins, Elizabeth Goldberg, Betty Anne Galvin, David Boyer, Kenneth Korb, Ruy Soeiro, Constance Gerasim, Melvin Miller, Roland Perkins, Garrett Murphy, James Prior, Roberta Wilkie, Lorraine Fulkerson, Anne Murphy, Barbara Lewis, Mary Lowry, and Mary Jane Noonan. Bouquets to James O'Connor, Murray Shocket, John Murray, Arnold Levine, Anne Wadden and Margaret Livingston for a splendid job of backstage work. With the help of Miss Wait and the Glee Club, the pageant was a complete success.

At the last meeting the new members were initiated. The old time members had fun remembering when they themselves were initiated and they laughed at the new antics. We would like to welcome Mary Shocket, Norma Bond, Charlotte James, Marilyn Ormond, Mary Jane Noonan, Queenie Giragosian, Helene Bolster, Ruy Soeiro, Margaret Cahill, Anne Mahoney, Marilyn Hayes and Pat Ouelette as new members.

Congratulations to Tommy Curran, a former Dramatic Club member, who alone has been chosen to study as a scholastic at the University of Tokyo.

We all wish Miss Hartigan a speedy recovery and hope that she will be back in school soon.

Betty Anne Galvin, '48.

THE OUTING CLUB

ALL Biology students would have been particularly interested in the speech the Outing Club members heard Friday afternoon, January 30, by Kenneth Korb entitled "Butterflies of the World," for many of them have recently finished their study of the various stages of metamorphosis the butterfly goes through. Indeed, this insect is the most beautiful of all, and we were fortunate to learn more about it by way of Kenneth Korb.

The Audubon House is again presenting a series of lectures on birds. Two Outing Club members went last year and greatly enjoyed the talk that was offered. Since many of us never see some of the more unusual birds in real life, why not try to attend some of the lectures where we can learn about them, and very often watch a colored film about them?

Our adviser, Miss McCarthy, has seen the movie presented by Robert Grace at the Audubon House entitled "Birds of the Marshland," and her appraisal of it has made us consider seeing the movie as one of our future projects.

If the temperatures continue to be as low as those that the frigid month of January has brought, we shall don our heavy clothes and participate in that old winter sport, skating. Mr. Landrigan has promised to accompany us. A bowling party is also planned.

Jeri Jaxon, '48.

THE SPANISH CLUB

AT the last meeting of the Spanish Club, which was our Christmas Fiesta, moving pictures were shown by James Saret, about his native Columbia. He and his uncle had taken them during their last visit there. Games were played, among which was a vocabulary game, and a door prize was awarded, besides the prizes for the game winners.

A group of girls sang Spanish songs, while the members were feasting on candy they had received when the Pinata, a large, gaily-decorated bag hanging in the room, was broken by Stanley Poole. The meeting was ended by the crowds' singing of Spanish Christmas Carols.

At the January meeting of the Club, moving pictures taken by Miss O'Shea in South America will be shown. The Club is most grateful to Miss O'Shea, who very generously helped James Saret with his pictures.

We are looking forward to the Fiesta which we are planning for April.

Fred Savina, '48.

THE TRIALS OF A HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR

"THESE are the best years of your life, though you may not know it," says my mother. Perhaps she is right; I am inclined to disagree.

For instance, what can compare in difficulty with a Biology assignment the day before a test? In the first place I must learn many difficult names and unimportant biographies. Usually, after having spent ten minutes just figuring out the pronunciation of a difficult phylum, I discover I am wrong.

Then there is the sinking stomach that goes with a translation day in Spanish class. There are *always* words not contained in the vocabulary sec-

tion; I must not forget those words which I have carefully looked up and think I know. God must wonder at the number of silent prayers which ascend from a poor unfortunate who does not know the paragraph which he has been called on to translate.

Another trial which is very real to me is the question of a date on Saturday night. My argument is usually full of pleas and rash promises to stay in the next week. "After all," I tell my mother, "I haven't been out all week."

Perspective changes as we age. Perhaps when I am twenty, the numerous trials of my junior year in high school will seem trivial and insignificant; today they are certainly mountainous.

Arline Rich, '49.

RECORD NEWS

IF YOU have any free time during the coming vacation — after your extra — uh — studying — why not stop at some music store to listen to some music? Some of the hit tunes from current movies have been recorded.

First comes M. G. M.'s recording direct from the sound track of the musical "Good News" starring June Allyson and Peter Lawford with Joan McCracken. June Allyson does a sweet number, "The Best Things in Life Are Free" while Peter Lawford does the same in French. Versatile Joan McCracken sings "Pass That Peace Pipe" in her own lively fashion. "Varsity Drag" and "The French Lesson" are two more of the catchy tunes in the set.

Remember "Welcome Stranger"? Well, Bing Crosby has recorded "My Heart is a Hobo," "As Long As I'm Dreaming," "Smile Right Back at the Sun," and "Country Style" from that picture — the album has the same title — Decca certainly has a best seller in this set.

A "new" Deanna Durbin has also made an album for Decca. Instead of her usual classics, she sings both torch and jive melodies in "Something in the Wind." It's quite a change for Deanna — a nice one.

Skipping to the heavier side of things, we find that Menahem Pressler plays both Schumann's and Brahms' melodies selected for the picture "Song of Love." Shumann's "Traumerei" and Brahms' "Waltz in A-flat" are in this group.

The stirring "Themes from Gone With the Wind" is coupled with "Fantasia Mexicana" from "Fiesta." The first is truly a prize record for anyone who loves music — and "Gone With the Wind." They are recorded by Al Goodman who does a marvelous job on the disc.

That just about winds things up till next issue, so until then, so long!

Mary A. Lowry, '48.

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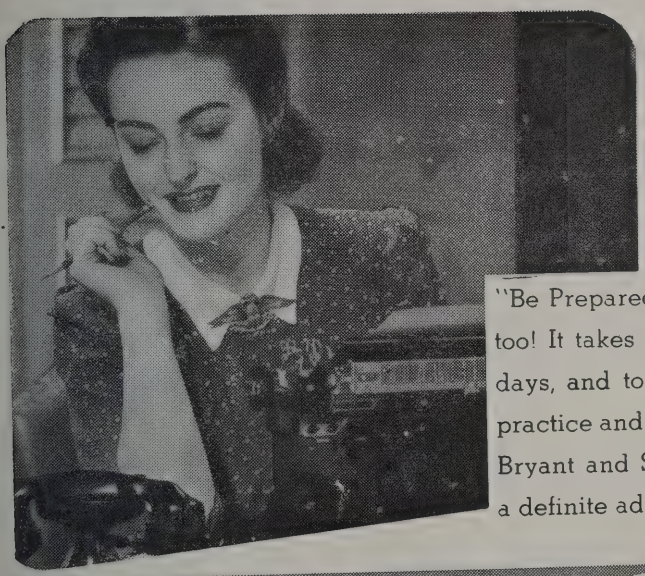
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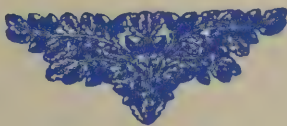
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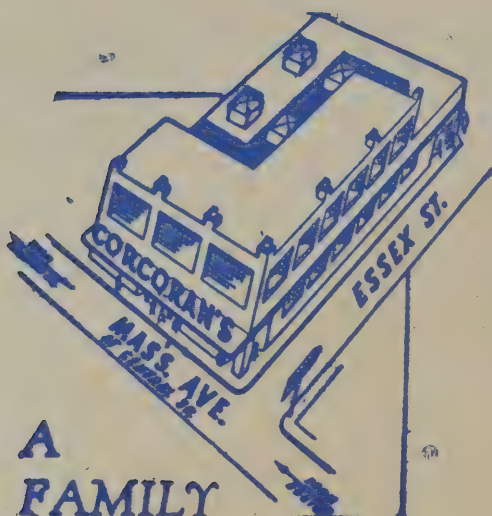
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Fall Term: September 25, 1948



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APRIL



1948

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

Cambridge, Massachusetts

APRIL, 1948

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Editorials

THIS, the fourth issue of the REVIEW, appears at the end of April, just before the spring vacation. Now, there remain almost two months of school for the majority of the pupils, about a month for the seniors. The temptation to lie back in the spring sunshine and let momentum carry one through is great, and swells with the buds and young leaves on the trees. Yet, as we should well know, that is one thing which we cannot do. The last marking period is dominated by these months, and a G in this column of the report card is just as necessary for certificate grades as in any other. The only course left to us is to put our shoulders to the wheel and push; after all, when June is through, we can heave it over the crest and let it roll for the next three months.

T. O.

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

SINCE the hardy Pilgrims first set foot on the bleak shore of New England, the United States has symbolized a haven of refuge for the oppressed and the downtrodden of the world. The first settlers were impelled by a desire to worship God in the manner they chose, and they risked the hardships and dangers from Indians rather than exist materialistically comfortable yet spiritually enslaved. The Puritans in Massachusetts, the Quakers in Pennsylvania, and the Roman Catholics in Maryland were all led to America by the same motive. Others came because in America every man had a chance to advance, according to his own ability and efforts, regardless of how humble his origins. The nineteenth century witnessed the greatest mass migration in the world's history as the masses from Europe, hungry for freedom, poured into the heart of America. They became Americanized and their children grew up, oblivious of their forefathers' traditions, knowing only of baseball and Fourth of July celebrations. Thus America has become the world's "melting pot," a blend of the finest features of many diversified cultures.

America stands for individual rights and

liberties as exemplified by the Bill of Rights. Here everyone has not only the privilege but the duty to help elect the men who will run his government. John Q. Public can voice his thoughts freely on any topic without fear of being clapped into a concentration camp. Freedom of the press, firmly established by the Zinger case over two hundred years ago, enables publications with divergent viewpoints to engage in healthy controversy. Freedom of religion, the desire for which brought many of the early colonists to these shores, is a basic cornerstone of Americanism. Lastly, anyone accused of a crime in this country, has the right to a fair trial by a jury of his peers.

This is the country without the insurmountable class barriers of the Old World that doom a man to follow a certain trade because it was his father's, the land where poor immigrant boys, dreaming visions, have grown up to make their visions come true, the land where a humble farm boy, born in a log cabin, rose to become one of this nation's greatest presidents. Only in this country does a son of the aristocracy, Franklin Roosevelt for instance, become the leader of the common people's fight for economic justice and security. George Washington Carver, born a slave, who developed into a great scientist of invaluable service to mankind, is another typical example of the unlimited opportunities in this great land.

In the United States, both political liberty and economic equality have been developed to their highest point. This is the true meaning of America.

Norman Goldberg, '48.

THE ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS CAMPAIGN

IN 1900, tuberculosis was the number one killer of all the diseases in the United States. In that year, the death rate was 195 people for every 100,000 of the population. Since then, the efforts of medical science have acted upon the obvious manifestations of the illness, and, through increased knowledge of therapy, and detection of the disease, the death rate has been

gradually reduced until now it has decreased sixfold. In the year 1946, the rate was only thirty-six per hundred thousand. That is an improvement, but not a truly satisfactory one when it is realized that fifty thousand people died of tuberculosis in that year, fifty thousand useful, productive lives; fifty thousand human beings, only slightly less than half the population of Cambridge. And also, for every one of these, four people were seriously ill and an uncountable number carried the germ in a less noticeable form.

Now, a great experiment is being carried out all over the nation. It is tremendous, both in execution and in conception; it is proposed, in a definite, clearly planned effort, (to last at least twenty years) to eliminate tuberculosis in the United States of America. Imagine! Innumerable lives which might be blighted or crushed out by the disease would be saved.

The part which the ordinary man must play in the campaign is simple and painless. He gives a minute or two of his time each year to have an X-ray photograph taken. He goes to a clinic or a mobile X-ray unit, fills out a card, and is X-rayed. Then, from four to six weeks later, he receives the report. There is no bother, no undressing or other preparation, and he has received from his city a service for which he would have paid a doctor from ten to fifteen dollars. If he should have tuberculosis, he may take measures immediately and, in all probability, be cured with a minimum of expense and bother. And if, as is more likely, he does not have the disease, he knows that he is not in danger of prolonged and costly illness, and the surveyors know that one more potential carrier of the germ has been eliminated.

It is the civic duty of every person over 16 years of age to have his chest X-ray taken at least once a year. Don't take the chance of being a victim of this disease or of carrying the disease germs and giving them to others. Most high school students were X-rayed recently at Cambridge High and Latin, but if you missed the chance for some reason, go to the X-ray unit when it comes to your neighborhood! Also encourage everyone in your family and neighborhood 16 years of age, to have this free health check-up. Tell them how easy it is: just like having your picture taken.

Two mobile units will be in Cambridge through May 28. Just before a unit is established at a given location, everyone in the neighborhood will be notified, either by mail or by a personal call from a representative of the survey. Everyone over 16 years of age (unless he has had an X-ray at high school this

year), should register for an X-ray, either through one of these representatives, or at room 202 in City Hall. Enrollments may be telephoned to TR 6-6800, extensions 4 or 44. Before the end of May, the following places will have been visited by the mobile units: Agassiz school, Haggerty school, Russell school, Putnam school, Willard school, City Yard, Newtowne Court, Lowell school, Morse school, Y.W.C.A., Roberts school, Longfellow school, St. Peter's school, St. John's school, Father Matignon school, Thorndike school, Cambridge Field House, Municipal Building, Rindge Field House, Blake street fire station, Taylor Square Fire station, Hoyt Field House and Corporal Burns Field House.

During March when the unit was at the High and Latin School, 3229 pupils, including Rindge boys, were X-rayed.

Timothy Orrok, '48.

FOUR YEAR HONOR ROLL

Bolduc, Constance
 Burke, Dorothy
 Camelio, Louise
 Canning, Audrey
 Carwile, Roger
 Cohen, Shirley
 Cosman, Alice
 Dragan, Phyllis
 Dubai, Jessie
 Duggan, Marjorie
 Fleet, Martha
 Fulkerson, Lorraine
 Gates, Isabel
 Gillis, Robert
 Goffredo, Margaret
 Goldberg, Norman
 Green, Shirley
 Greenstein, Mary
 Grossman, Selma
 Landry, Marilyn
 Lombardi, Josephine
 Lowry, Mary
 Messuri, Mary
 Michaelowski, Gladys
 Nelson, Gloria
 Orrok, George T.
 Perkins, Roland
 Tenore, Elizabeth (First Honors)
 Thornhill, Elsie
 Traveis, Leonard



SUPERMARKET CUSTOMERS

WHY "supermarket" customers? For the simple reason that there is a great difference between the customers of the so-called small store and those of the supermarket. Take small store customers; they are sensible, considerate, will take advice when it is given, and will in general co-operate with the proprietor. But, (and this is a big but), put this co-operative customer in a supermarket and instantly, though nobody can explain why, the beast in her is brought out. When you talk to her, she makes absolutely no sense, she goes out of her way to be inconsiderate, she scoffs at the thought of a mere clerk being able to tell her anything, and does her best to make the manager's life a hard one. What, you think my statements concerning the second type of customer a bit unbelievable? Very well then, I shall proceed to prove what I have said, and in doing so, shall divide these shoppers into two categories: those whom you encounter at the meat counter, and those whom you meet on the floor of the self-service grocery department.

First we shall take the buyers of meat. It seems that these people have specialized in the study of how to waste a clerk's time. There is the type that will come in and walk up and down the length of the cases three or four times, looking over all the different types of fish, meat, and cuts of meat that are available. Finally, after she has decided on a particular cut of meat, she has the clerk weigh it and package it for her. Now the trouble starts; for after he has it all packaged, she decides that she doesn't want that meat after all, but thinks rather that she will take a chicken instead. She chooses her chicken, which is invariably away down at the front of the case. He weighs the chicken for her and she says that it is too heavy. She has him take out seven or eight more fowl before she decides that she will have fish instead. The same thing happens with the fish, and in the end she buys the original piece of meat! The other bane of a meat clerk's life is the woman who will ask to see a dozen different cuts of meat, decides that she wants to look at the lamb fore-quarter which you have hanging in the back room, doesn't like the looks of it, and finally buys the quarter of a pound of hamburger that she came in for.

Next we come upon that species of humanity, which is the cause for a grocery man's turning gray and becoming bald at an early age. First there is the woman who comes in with her little boy. She almost always comes in just after you have finished tagging the tables. What does her "little angel" do? Her "little angel" goes all

around the store, helping to clean up after you by taking the little, shiny, red and white price tags out of the slots where they belong, and putting them in his pocket where they don't belong. Of course his mother thinks all this is very cute; so all you can do is stand there, smile nicely, say that it's quite all right, and mentally draw and quarter the pair. In the store where I work, there is a table about fifteen feet long devoted exclusively to soaps. Many a day when I have been working on this section, a customer would ask me where she could find the soap department. I would politely smile and tell her that she was looking at the soap, but in the back of my mind I would be thinking that the woman was blind, that she was trying to worry me to death with her foolish questions, or that she was trying to make me think that she was an imbecile. Next we have the customer who will stand and watch you for half an hour while you put up an island of canned goods. She'll never say a word or try to procure a can from you, but as soon as you have finished the job and have gone away, she will reach way down to the bottom of the pile and pull out a can. Nine times out of ten, this will throw the island out of balance with the result that thirty or forty cans will fall to the floor. The woman almost always waits until you return and then gives you that foolish grin so common to infants and lunatics. She will not apologize for the extra work that she has caused you. I have finally come to the end of my dissertation on these poor misfits of nature, and I have just one thing more to say about them — BAH!!

Alvin Brezinsky, '48.



FROM THE LAND OF CHERRY BLOSSOMS

I WENT to old Japan during vacation, not by plane nor by trans-Pacific steamer to Tokyo, but by Huntington Avenue street-car to the imposing doors of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. There, assembled in the Special Exhibition Galleries, was a collection of priceless Japanese art treasures, some unusual, others of considerable age, most of them beautiful, all interesting, both in themselves and for the light they shed on Japanese civilization. This exhibition was open, without charge of course, to the public. I have rarely come across such a bargain for an afternoon's enjoyment.

Most of the Japanese paintings shown were not, as with their Occidental prototypes, done on substantial canvas or stiff board and then duly framed. They were, instead, fragile pictures in ink or in water color on silk, which could be rolled up and tied with a pair of ribbons, usually of gold material. The subjects were generally Oriental people, charming landscapes, or exquisite studies of flowers and birds. The treatment of human beings seemed stylized, for the sleek black hair, the shape of hands and feet, even the facial expressions, were always very similar. Many works, such as those portraying Confucius, showed the strong influence of the Chinese. Two paintings especially impressed and amused me, one depicting a sudden shower at a shrine, the other, house cleaning. Both of these were remarkably true to life, for who has not seen ladies searching wildly for shelter when surprised by the rain, or pinning a cloth about their elaborate coiffures to protect them from the rigors of house cleaning? When a lady's rapid progress from the elements is seriously impeded by high Japanese sandals, or her cleaning duties drastically limited by a ponderous sash, or *obi*, the effect is all the more hilarious.

On the large, decorative screens, the painting was, I thought, more exciting and colorful. One gorgeous screen displayed angry, surging waves foaming high and white about rocky little islands. More peaceful were other scenes with serene cloud formations, calm rivers, and tiny, story-book bridges. Some depicted trees with snowy white or pale pink blossoms.

Prominent in the collection were objects with a religious significance. Among these were statues of Buddha, seated cross-legged with eyes demurely downcast, and, as always, immovable, imperturbable, composed. The goddess, Kwanon, was represented by various paintings and statues, in most of which she was shown with at least six heavily bejeweled arms.

In a spacious gallery next to these deities, I

saw one of several fascinating medieval Japanese scrolls. To be sure, it was not very high, but it was almost as long as certain of the corridors at school! It told, in vivid and graphic terms, the story of the burning of the Sanjo Palace, and depicted many groups of people in frantic, panic-stricken flight from the great conflagration. It was the rarest of all the unique objects I viewed that afternoon.

There were many contributions from the so called "minor arts." Perhaps the most interesting of these was a group of articles used in the No drama, the national theater of Japan. Included in it were several gorgeous Kimonos, not the flimsy silk garments usually associated with that word, but great, heavy robes of brocade and other luxurious materials gleaming with gold and silver threads, and covered by brilliant designs in arresting colors. There were also many wooden masks, each a stylized portrait of a certain human type—a maid or an old man—or emotion—anger or jealousy, for the Nō drama is strictly traditional, even to the portrayal of passion.

Many smaller *objets d'art*, such as the delicate bowls, dishes, cups, and other exquisitely painted pottery, and the diminutive medicine-cases, each with its individual design, were included in this most comprehensive collection. There were some gleaming swords with ornate hilts, and small, circular, elaborately carved sword-guards. There were writing cases, with pen and ink-stone, and beautifully finished gold covers.

I have never seen such an all-inclusive, varied exhibition of the art of a single civilization, unless it be the same Museum's permanent Egyptian collection. Looking at it, one can understand the reason why Boston is considered the world's greatest center for the study of Japanese culture outside Tokyo. What a delightful art it is—vivid, yet not excessively bold, dainty, yet not effeminate, exquisitely colored, beautifully designed, carefully finished with meticulous attention to details. It certainly provided an extremely stimulating afternoon in an other wise unstimulating and lazy vacation.

Anne Dyer Murphy, '50.

BOMBED

THE black night was kindled with fires; their giant tongues lapped furiously at the smoke-streaked sky. Then they retreated reluctantly, enclosing a helpless building in brilliant grasping fingers. Having staged this holocaust, the hostile bombers left silently after their relentless siege. Well in the rear of their

huge prey, fighters flew like small dogs barking angrily but hesitantly.

Below, a group of fire-fighters scattered as a shower of bricks and cinders landed in their midst. While the light of the following explosion reflected on their faces, one saw tightening lips and a look of grim despair.

"Weal, thare goes anaither one," remarked an old, dirt-grimed fellow, slapping at the cinders that glowed like eyes on his clothes. The group with momentary interest scanned the sky. Nearby an enemy bomber, badly wounded, now hounded by three fighters, hobbled along for a bit, then burst into flame, hurtling to earth.

"That's the foith one what they've got."

"Foith tonight?"

"Aye, so 'tis, eh Bart?"

"As how I count it, 'tis." The tired men plodded on to the fire. Here a few survivors gazed blankly at the heap of stones which had been their home. One little man with tears streaming down his face grasped the arm of a fire-fighter gesturing wildly towards the tumbling walls, his lips forming inarticulate words. As the fighter shrugged helplessly, the little man dropped at his feet, dead! The living turned quietly away, as many had before them, their faces void of expression, their eyes blank.

Ruth Cooke, '50.

MRS. JACK GARDNER'S PALACE

SHOW me a person with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, "O, for an escape into the mysterious and enchanted past!" People, other than Bostonians, might say that with no expectations of ever going back to the fourteen or fifteen hundreds. However, every Bostonian has an excellent chance of turning back the hands on the clock of time and seeing for himself, first-hand, an old Renaissance palace in Boston.

Across from the Fenway stands Mrs. Jack Gardner's Palace. Mrs. Gardner did not believe the poet's words, "To stay at home is best" since she was an ardent traveller. On one of her journeys abroad into the land where Keats and Shelley both died, the land where Mrs. Robert Browning thought she could recover, Mrs. Gardner became enthralled by the Renaissance architecture. She decided that she would have built in Boston a palace similar to those found in Italy. Thus, in the city of the Bean and the Cod stands a building typical of Florence and Naples.

Each person who leaves the palace after a visit feels as if he has touched upon the life

that our ancestors knew in the Renaissance Period. He leaves, his mind flooded with the names and artists of the innumerable paintings he has seen. His mind can still picture the dexterous sculpturing of the busts that can be found in practically every corner of each room. He recalls, when in a certain room, being told by the guard, to look up, and on tilting his head, he beheld an ancient painting on the ceiling of a scene from some story of Greek mythology. The beautiful tapestry on the chairs made him imagine that it was done by some fair, young maiden while she dreamed of her knight far away. He noticed Mrs. Gardner's letters from people whose fame will endure. There were the letters of John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Andrew Jackson, Theodore Roosevelt, Victor Hugo, Sarah Bernhardt and even Marie Antoinette. Imagine having those for a collection! He walked most of the time on a red tile floor, which is a wonder in itself. He observed the stained glass in the chapel. He might have attended the concerts there, had his visit been on the Sabbath, and if he were a music lover.

Have I forgotten to mention the courtyard? Of course not; it is just that it is inherent in human nature to save the best things for the last. In the center of the palace, it is found with all sorts of flowers, shrubbery and foliage, and when the plants are bathed in sun or moonlight, it is a really touching and inspiring picture. The sun and moonlight both make the fountain look like sparkling diamonds when their rays play on it. I like to think that it is in a courtyard like this that Romeo and Juliet, Pyramus and Thisbe, Jessica and Lorenzo, and all lovers, would like to meet and never separate.

Now, I am sure, it can be understood why I say a Bostonian is very fortunate to be able to become oblivious of the present turbulent times while he journeys through Mrs. Gardner's Palace and tastes of the romantic past.

Geraldine Jackson, '48.

WITH APOLOGIES TO GOETHE

THE scene opens on a garrett room in modern America. It is a low, rough room, and an old one; the roof slants down to the left wall, where a narrow dormer window lets in one faint hearted, pallid beam of sunlight. By this and a startling arrangement of fluorescent lamps in a single fixture in the center of the room can be seen an old mahogany dresser, a battered and obviously home-made bookcase, and a desk and chair of venerable age and consequent comfort and convenience. The chair is at the moment occupied by FAUSTUS, who is fat, greying, and middle aged. He is busily

scribbling as the curtain rises.

He puts down his pencil and holds the paper up before him. One sees that it is covered with mathematics, scrawled in uneven lines at sundry angles and in peculiar symbols. The Greek letters not present really aren't worth talking about. He checks his work aloud . . .

Faustus: A squared plus b gamma over triplastic factorial y equals mu nu rho pi over two gamma four thousand nine hundred and seven and four tenths x m . . . It doesn't look right. (He pores over the paper, following the lines with his pencil) Ah, here it is! (He puts the paper down and erases) But that . . . Oh heck! (He jabs himself back into the chair, which squeaks protestingly.) The devil take it! (He gets up and walks moodily to the dormer. He peers out into the street, and, behind him, a faint mist forms. Faustus mutters to himself, and the mist coagulates into a human figure. The newcomer is tall, thin, impeccably dressed, and sports a neat Adolphe Menjou moustache. After a moment of waiting, the being coughs.

Faustus: Eh? (He spins around) Who are you?

The Being: A friend. I understood you were in trouble.

Faustus: (Hesitantly) Well. (The being picks up the piece of paper from the desk and reads it through briskly—and silently.)

Being: (With benevolent interest) We-ell.

Faustus: Don't sound so intelligent about it. No one could possibly understand that but me. And I do hate a hypocrite.

Being: Meaning me, I suppose. I assure you, I am not. I understand this perfectly.

Faustus: Bosh.

Being: Try me.

Faustus: Why bother? Come on now, who are you and why are you here?

Being: (Echoing Faustus dryly) Why bother? Of course I understand that equation. See, this indicates that sigma chi and Hollywood and Vine are equivalent.

Faustus: It does? (With sudden interest)

Being: Of course it does. And this means that if George Washington had not existed, there is a very good chance that we would not celebrate the 22nd of February . . . Of course, that is a rather loose interpretation, but . . .

Faustus: Look here, what—

Being: Why bother?

Faustus: Suppose we start all over again.

Being: Where?

Faustus: The beginning. When you appeared out of the blue, so to speak, and coughed at me. Come to speak of it, I thought I had locked the door . . . (He goes over and tries the knob. It is locked.)

Being: Okay, let's get down to business. Faustus, I came here to help you. You are in need of aid. I am in need of human souls.

Faustus: (unenthusiastically) Oh.

Being: We can help one another, Faustus. You sell me your soul, and I will pay you with any temporal power that suits your fancy.

Faustus: I suppose you think you're the Devil.

Being: Think? I am.

Faustus: Try that one on someone else. I'm hep.

Being: Look here, you can't—

Faustus: I don't care what you say. There isn't a mathematical proof for you.

Being: I am an empirical reality. I need no proof.

Faustus: Did Einstein derive you? No.

Being: Forget Einstein. Remember, I am the seat of all temporal power . . .

Faustus: You and what army?

Being: Didn't you ever read Milton's *Paradise Lost*?

Faustus: Frankly, no.

Being: That puts me at somewhat of a disadvantage. How about the Bible?

Faustus: Of course . . . Oh wait, you aren't trying to say that you're *that* one!

Being: (Greatly pleased) Yes. Now, do you believe in me?"

Faustus: I find great difficulty. There still isn't any—

Being: Don't quote mathematics at me again—

Faustus: No intention of so doing. Get thee hence. I don't believe in you therefore, you don't exist.

Being: Prove that mathematically.

Faustus: Fooey. The whole story is illogical, anyway. Why should you want a soul? What do you get out of it? Just another man to torture . . . You must have had several hundred billion sinners by now.

Being: I don't know. It seems to be an obsession with me. I guess I was just built that way. I've always wanted to torture a few more people than I've had . . . I've never, never been satisfied . . . I've been greedy, and clutching, and horrible . . . I've frightened children in the dark, and I've broken up lovers and separated families—run off wars, made people hate each other, all so I could have a few more filthy souls.

Faustus: It's a dirty racket.

Being: It certainly is. Now, about that bargain. What kind of temporal power would you like to have? Youth, wealth, love, rule, the works? What do you say now?

Faustus: (skeptically) Can you fix things so I can solve this equation for x?

Being: Frankly, no. The equation isn't true, you know.

Faustus: It is.

Being: It doesn't take account of me.

Faustus: (doggedly) It is true. I know it.

Being: But look at me, Faustus. I exist, I am. You can see me, hear me, touch me . . . If your nose was a little better you could smell me, and if you wanted to lick my hand, you could taste me. You can detect me with any instrument that will detect a man . . . If your equation—

Faustus: It is true. Ergo, you don't exist.

Being: But Faustus—

Faustus: Oh dry up.

Being: But—

Faustus: Go to—

Being: Heck! Foiled again. (He vanishes. There is a thunderstroke, and the house shivers a little. Faustus goes over to the window, throws up the sash, and looks out. After a minute, he returns to his desk and his scrap of paper . . . The curtain falls . . .)

Timothy Orrok, '48.

RESOLUTIONS I SHOULD MAKE FOR MY SISTER

MY SISTER, they say, is a very attractive girl; she is intelligent because at the age of eighteen, she has reached her sophomore year at college. All this, I am sure, is true, but to me she represents a family problem with her *little* mistakes. For these very reasons, I feel that I should make a few necessary resolutions for our "Temperamental Tessie."

The first of these vows is to get up in the morning without this poor younger sister yelling at her. I am obliged to stand at the foot of the attic stairs and scream until this intelligent lady hears me in her attic domain. If this vow were kept, I should not have a chronic case of laryngitis, my father would not be fuming and fussing about being detained by her habitual late risings, and my poor mother's nutritious breakfast would not always be cold.

The second and equally important resolution would concern either saving her pennies and getting her own radio or changing her taste in programs. Now I assure you that our family appreciates good classical music as well as anyone else; but when we must listen to a radio blaring out with symphony after symphony, with no hope of changing the station without facing my sister's wrath, we begin to feel a distinct hatred for the creators of such ghastly tortures. If Marie would only get her own radio to put in her own room, peace would prevail through the entire house. This peace would be broken only by sighs of relief.

The third and last resolution is a purely selfish one on my part. After supper my entire family

leaves the kitchen where I alone must slave over seemingly endless piles of dishes. It appears that my ten year old sister is too young for this task, and our brainy relative has entirely too much studying to do. I dream nightly of my sister's offering her help in thousands of different ways, and for that day, I live.

I am afraid that my plan is entirely hopeless because all of these resolutions exist only in my wildest thoughts. Were these resolutions adopted, our home would be a perfect one.

Doris Foley, '49.

SIR ROGER IN THE SUBWAY

WHEN I arrived at the Harvard Square subway station, I found Sir Roger awaiting me with a look of mystified impatience. Upon seeing me, he set up a shout of joy, and grabbing my arm, briskly led me down the steps towards the "Met" trains bound for Park Street, all the while remarking on the mystifying actions of Americans who ride the subway. A woman poked Sir Roger in the ribs with a large purse, as she pushed past him on the steps. The Knight was too confused to do anything but whisper in my ear, "Had it been a gentlemen, I'd have boxed his ears." We paid our dimes, Sir Roger remarking how cheap travel had become in the last two-hundred years, and pushed through the turnstile.

The train arrived, and we were engulfed in a howling crowd of barbarians, all vying for the most precious thing in the world—a subway seat. Sir Roger was still too dismayed at modern manners to react, but as soon as the train was about to start, he spied a young woman loaded down with bundles.

"May I relieve you at your parcels, for at least part of the journey?" said the old knight. The woman eyed him suspiciously and hastened off the car.

To avoid showing his embarrassment, Sir Roger turned his attention to the subway posters, and began reading them aloud to understand them more clearly. "Campbell's soup—a fine broth, really fine stuff. Always buy Chesterfields—Chesterfields—hmm, Lord Chesterfield was a brave man—Will Wimble has switched to Calvert because Calvert's clearer "Poor Will," murmured Sir Roger, "he's been dead for so long."

By the time we left Charles Street, the people around us were genuinely amused by the old man's chatter. A few people had moved away, fearing Sir Roger to be either drunk or crazy, but most were listening intently, and a few were even rude enough to laugh aloud. Sir Roger was entirely unaware of the disturbance he was causing,

and noticing the mirthfulness of the other occupants of the car, he remarked as we left at Park Street, "You know, I can't understand these Americans: they really are so unfriendly, and yet so gay."

Martha Pfeufer, '49.

DAY DREAMING

"True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy."

Romeo and Juliet, 1 IV

Daydreaming is indeed an interesting subject, for it not only provides an absorbing medium for the study of the human mind and personality, but also shows what wonders can be accomplished if one's tendencies toward reverie are put to a good purpose. How many poets, relaxing momentarily from the realities about them, have not conceived some idea which they then immortalized in deathless verse? Shakespeare was probably dreaming of Warwickshire when he penned many an inspired pastoral line. As this little treatise, however, is to be on my day-dreams, I will immediately disclaim any pretension to noble and momentous reflections whose fruits will someday enthrall the world. Mine are definitely "children of an idle brain."

I usually dream of the particular topic which most interests me at the time when my surroundings are sufficiently dull as to make me long for more engrossing matter. If a dance is on my agenda, I visualize my costume, and its dazzling affect on all admiring beholders; if, at the moment, the theater occupies my fickle fancy, I envision myself as Lady Macbeth, Beatrice, or some other celebrated heroine, holding a packed house spellbound by the matchless magic of my flawless delivery. Even more often, however, I look into the future and see myself as a brilliant success in my chosen profession. As that probably will be a teacher's, I see a serious, young Phi Beta Kappa, a Ph. D. at twenty-five, who is well on her way, because of her speaking knowledge of only fifteen languages, to becoming the most celebrated professor at a great university.

All these impossible dreams occur at even more impossible times, when I should be drying the dishes, doing my homework, or otherwise exerting myself toward some good end. Even though they may be far-fetched and over-ambitious, I still enjoy them, despite the fact that they are, to continue with Mercutio's observations to Romeo, "as thin of substance as the air."

Anne Dyer Murphy, '50.

MUSIC

SEVERAL weeks ago we had the opportunity to visit Juke Box Jury. We snapped at the chance because we thought you might like to hear about the broadcast. So we trotted into station WHDH and arrived just as m.c. Fred Cole was starting to pick the jurors from the audience. The three students he chose were to pass judgment on the three releases he was going to play on the program.

A few minutes before starting time, 1:00 P. M., comedian-musician Victor Borge ambled in with a cheery grin for all plus a couple of jokes. Mr. Borge was to act as guest judge, giving his opinion of the platters and choosing the boy or girl he thought was the best juror.

As the second hand reached 1 P. M., Mr. Cole, after the commercial, of course, introduced the judge and jury. Then he announced the first record, Benny Goodman's Give Me The Good Old Days. The jurors were enthusiastic about the disc and gave it a rating of ninety per cent. Victor Borge first asked the lowest mark permissible to give, then gave it—zero. Number two was Ever Homeward by Frank Sinatra from the picture Miracle Of The Bells. This time the students agreed with Judge Borge. It flunked. Last came Lamars' Boogie waxed by Cy Oliver. Again the jury was loud in its praise; again the judge rated it a roaring zero. The choosing of the best juror brought the program to a close.

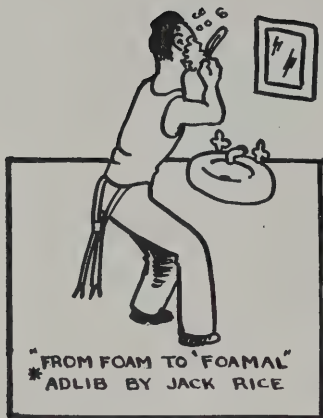
On the way home we compared notes—literally—and reached our verdict; the broadcast was a lot of fun. Why don't you send in for some tickets? Everyone has a good time at Juke Box Jury, 850 on your dial every Saturday at 1:00 P. M.

Mary A. Lowry, '48.

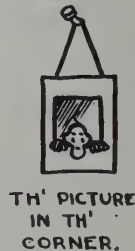
C.H.L.S. SPOTLITE SONG HITS

Shine	Graduation Day
You Were Meant For Me	Diploma
You Won't Be Satisfied	Your Proofs
The Stars Will Remember	The Senior Prom
When You Were Sweet Sixteen	And A Junior
Poppa Don't Preach To Me	Next Report Card
Getting Nowhere	Termtest
Do I Worry	Homework
Maybe	I'll Pass
I'll Never Smile Again	If I Don't
Heartaches	Dean's Office
Now Is The Hour	1:45
Everybody Step	To Albiani's
Your Red Wagon	The School Bus
Matinee	At The Uni.

Marilyn Landry, '48.
Betty Tenore, '48.



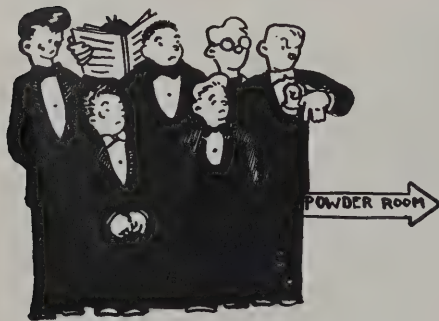
ONE, TWO, THREE,
SLIDE -



TH' WELL KNOWN "SUS"
SHEA CAME WELL DRESSED
WITH A CODEROY HAT
AN' SNEAKERS.



DRAMATIC-CLUB FORMAL
FEBRUARY 13TH AT TH'
HOTEL COMMANDER TH'
DRAMATIC CLUB HELD
THEIR VALENTINE FORMAL.



THIS IS A FAMILIAR SCENE
OUTSIDE TH' LADIES POWDER ROOM.



AND A BIG PAT-ON-TH'
BACK GOES TO FRED
SATERIALE AN' HIS
ORCHESTRA.

JACK O'HARA '48



POPULARITY POLL



Most popular girl	Patricia Kokinakis
Most popular boy	Ernest Anastos
Best looking girl	Shirley Adams
Best looking boy	Charles Durakis
Best dressed girl	Elizabeth Goldberg
Best dressed boy	Paul Quinn
Best all round girl athlete	Patricia Kokinakis
Best all round boy athlete	Richard Rigazio
Best natured student	Ernest Anastos
Wittiest student	Roberta Reardon
Best girl dancer	Helen Payne
Best boy dancer	Peter Pappas
Best scholar	Timothy Orrok
Most Likely to Succeed	Timothy Orrok

Before going any further, I want to give credit to Jessie Dubay, Constance Gerasim, and Norman Goldberg, who shared with me the tedium of the counting.

The table above is self explanatory; there remain only the preferences of radio program, amusements, and so forth. The Lux Radio Theatre is the favorite program, and, in the field of musical entertainment, Vaughn Monroe's orchestra stands supreme. The favorite movie stars are Gregory Peck and Ingrid Bergman, both academy award winners of earlier years. The Senior class designated baseball as its favorite sport and dancing as its favorite amusement. The contest over the "favorite author" was very close indeed; until the last ballots were counted, we were not quite sure who was to be the winner. As it was, Temple Bailey stood just ahead of Charles Dickens, who, in turn, was followed

by a surprisingly active William Shakespeare. There were no other sizeable votes, but seventy odd authors were nominated in from one to five ballots. Without a doubt, the class prefers **Blondie** as its favorite comic strip, though several other old standbys like **Little Abner** were not too far in the distance. Incidentally, **Fearless Fosdick** (the parody of Dick Tracy which occasionally pops up within *Little Abner*) received four votes all by itself.

As a matter of curiosity, I looked at the results of last year's poll. If I may quote from Lensey Chao's summary, "I wonder if the choice and taste of the class of '48 are anything like ours?" That question had been thumpingly answered. Except for the nominations within the class body and the "favorite author," which did not appear in last year's poll, the choices are exactly the same! Timothy Orrok, '48.

A BITTER LESSON

“WHY don’t you two boys shovel out the snow around the fire hydrant?” Mr. Moran called down to his two sons, Tom and Bill.

Downstairs, however, the fire was much too alluring and comfortable, and their stamp collection too intriguing for the boys to leave now; so Tom and Bill put off the task to another time. Besides they mused, weren’t men paid with their parents’ tax money to do the city’s jobs?

After quickly dismissing these thoughts, they concentrated again on their hobbies.

Hours later, a cold night air had fallen, and most of the city was asleep while the wind continued to howl through the empty streets.

Suddenly the shrill siren of fire-engines broke the silence. The Morans’ oil burner had exploded! The panic stricken family scrambled to safety and to the relief of all, the engines arrived before the flames had spread too far. But what was keeping the firemen? To the horror of Tom and Bill the cause of the delay was discovered. The icy snow had to be broken and shoveled from the hydrant in order to get the much needed water.

Meanwhile the kitchen was completely demolished; the hobby room with their beloved stamp collections was being ruined by the flames.

By the time the water was available the fire was beyond all control. Too late the boys realized the meaning and importance of civic duty. It was a bitter experience, but a well learned lesson.

Ann Hadden, ’50.

SETTLED UNDER LIBERTY

Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.

Motto of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts

FEW people could have been more amazed, thrilled, and pleased than I was when I heard I was to be Senator from Cambridge on Good Government Day. The prospect of taking over the State House, for a day, with the other duly elected student delegates from all over Massachusetts was indeed an exciting one. I can assure you, however, that I experienced some frightful qualms previous to the great event, but at last, after repeating to myself that all the other young legislators would be feeling the same pangs, I determined to be calm, cool, and collected, as the saying goes, and to learn all from the invaluable experience that I could.

On February 20, therefore, at the appointed hour, I presented myself before the Chamber of the House of Representatives for registration. Nerve-wracking confusion prevailed here, for senators and representatives, adult and teen-

age, were scurrying distractedly about, photographers’ flash-bulbs were exploding with blinding frequency, and harried officials were attempting to keep some semblance of order. Having, at last, received my various credentials, I checked my coat and made my somewhat uncertain way to the Senate Chamber.

At the door of this hallowed meeting-place, I informed an efficient interrogator that I represented Senator Rowe. Then I began to be treated as became my exalted station. “Take the Senator to Senator Rowe’s seat,” the doorman commanded a nearby page. That brisk young gentleman, with impeccable promptness and dispatch, escorted me to my place, the fifth seat from the rostrum on the President’s right. There, looking out over the beautiful room, decorated in blue, white, and gold, I assumed my title for the day—The Honorable Anne Murphy, Senator, Second Middlesex District of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

There was a brief session of the forty members—thirty-five boys and five girls—at which both the student President and the regular President spoke a few well-chosen words to the delegates. Then, led by the Sergeant-at-Arms, a high-school senior complete with silk hat and mace of authority, we proceeded in a body to the House Chamber for a joint meeting.

This was one of the high points of an eventful day. We were addressed by Governor Bradford, the student Governor, and Senator Sumner G. Whittier of Everett. Good Government day was Senator Whittier’s project; it was he who had the difficult task of putting the bill for it through the legislature, so that it is now a State law. Then joint committees were appointed, and the meeting adjourned.

As I had not been appointed to a committee, I had ample opportunity to explore the State House, a huge treasure chest of historical lore which every student should visit. I wandered through the famous Hall of Flags, walked over the colorful mosaics inlaid on the marble floors, and gazed at the statues, busts, and paintings of the great men and events in the story of the Commonwealth. I also attended two committee hearings. The committees, by the way, were on Universal Military Training, Women Jurors, the Lowering of the Voting Age, and Biennial Sessions of the Legislature, which topics of current interest were to be debated in the afternoon.

Soon it was time for lunch. We enjoyed a delicious meal at the Boston City Club, after which the Governor and other important men and women spoke. The Cambridge delegates were the guests of the hereinbefore mentioned

Senator Edward Rowe, and the other Cambridge legislators, Representatives O'Neill, Toomey, Lindstrom, Serino, and Winslow. These gentlemen were most congenial hosts, to whom we all are most grateful.

Next on the program was the afternoon debate session. In the Senate, we approved the idea of women as jurors, but defeated the proposed lowering of the voting age from twenty-one to eighteen. I was moved to express my opinion against the latter bill. There was another familiar face in the Chamber, incidentally, none other than the beaming countenance of Timothy Orrok, esteemed editor of this erudite publication, who, as Clerk of the Senate, read the bills in his usual clear voice and with his customary faultless enunciation.

All too soon, this wonderful day drew to a close. It presented a living lesson in civics, history, and government. I am sure that all the students who were privileged to be present on the first Good Government Day feel better qualified to take their places as citizens of their great country and fair Commonwealth, and to live up to the inspiring words of the motto of Massachusetts — "By the sword she seeks peace settled under liberty."

Anne Dyer Murphy, '50.

SPRING

ON the twentieth of March, I looked down at the flower bed in front of the house and saw that ten white crocuses were blooming merrily, ten white flowers with delicate purple veins along the insides of the petals. Then and there, I knew that the time had come: winter was over, and that gorgeous, wonderful spring had come at last. The grass wasn't very green, and the ground wasn't really warm yet, but I sat down in the yard and feasted my eyes on those flowers. It had finally come. The low hummocks of snow across the street were suddenly gone, mirages of some horrible dream; there was to be no more snow, no more dead, dirty white, no more cold. Spring was here.

The old spring fever began to pulse in my veins, the urge to be out, to be under a warm sun in the open land of the country . . . Memories flooded up from the depths of consciousness, dim, gay shadows of long, fading evenings, of warm radiance of sunlight, of laughing childhood's great treat of "playing out after supper," of swelling strains of wakened nature, of tiny leaves, unbelievably green . . . I saw in my mind's eye the soft contour of the country where my summers are spent, the mists in the morning, the grass, bright with sparkling dew or hot and motionless under scorching sun . . .

The images flooded back, of picnics, starry nights, a swimming pool—the ever spreading ripples from a deep dive and the ecstatic sensation of the touch of a cool brook on one's body, hot and scratched. There is a shadowed stretch of woodland along the brook which I remembered especially, where the water ripples musically over a bar of pebbles under the shadow of a high, heavy slabbed cliff, flanked by a sloping hillside of laurel and pine . . .

But then, I slipped back into myself, came to life as it is, looked down at my calendar and my school books. There remained two months for the seniors, almost three for the less fortunate underclassmen. Yet I knew that it would sweep by, as grains of sea sand fall 'twixt the fingers of one's hands, to give way to the long awaited summer, just as had so many springs before it . . .

Timothy Orrok, '48.

G. A. A. NOTES

AS a proof that spring will soon be here, our thoughts have already turned to the coming G. A. A. Informal which will take place May 21 at the Hotel Commander. It is the most important G. A. A. social of the spring, and all members, including the freshman, are invited to take part in this gay affair. Don't forget to inform that lucky fellow early!

One of the highlights of the G. A. A. sports calendar is the Alumnae basketball game which was played in the Latin gym on April 3 in the evening. In this contest, the past "greats" of the G. A. A. once more tried their luck against the current team. Though played with spirit, the motto of "fun and foolishness" is always faithfully followed.

Speaking of basketball, our G. A. A. team has completed a very successful season. Silver basketballs will be awarded to the Senior team.

The Freshmen and Sophomores played several spirited games. The Freshmen threw quite a scare into their upper class men by their vigorous playing, but the Sophs triumphed.

Spring sports are also showing their heads around the corner. Baseball is among the most popular and it merits a large turn out. Why not try for a position and set yourself for some real fun?

In the offing, we have our annual picnic to beautiful Kendal Green. Can't you just imagine spending the entire day in the country, playing sports or just plain loafing?

Don't forget to keep your calendar open for the coming G. A. A. events!

Marion Murray, '48.



"IN the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Ah, but a young lady's, or should we say two young ladies', fancies not so lightly turn to stacks of notes, lack of inspiration, and a deadline to meet tomorrow. (We know, but it's the only thing we could think of.) Thus is our predicament as we sigh and go way, way, back to the Rindge Talent Nite. (Remember?) Among the outstanding acts were George Reed and Claude Ladner, acrobats, Chugy Jackson, magician, Paul Morrissey, Joe Crowley, Mary Cavanaugh and, of course, the Rhythm Ramblers. Congratulations to Peggy Atkins upon her rendition of "The Man I Love." Any particular person, Peggy? CHLS was well represented by June Douglas, Gail Lynch, Rita Curry, Thalia Scantalides, Claire Kenny, Dotty Busbee, Barbara Hughes, Jimmy "The Mouse" Prior, Virginia Swyers, Joan Sullivan, Danny Sullivan, Nancy Evans, Joyce Kelly, and Jean Porch. Making a happy foursome were Ann Murphy with Donald Murphy and Lorraine Fulkerson with David Boyer . . . Many embarrassed fellows and girls want us to send a belated orchid to whoever killed the late "Fearless" of the Courier . . . Joanne Barnes, Bob Wilkie, Catherine Cullinane, Jack O'Hara, and Richard Silva attended a recent Jazz Session at Margaret Herman's house . . . Joan Williams' lost shoe caused quite a rumpus in room 309. (That's one time you had cold feet—huh, Joan?) . . . Among the Latin girls present at a recent "Y" Splash Party were Beatrice Meeghan, Joan Whitehouse, Thelma Mooney, Dot Boyce, Carol Thompson, and Helen Legenton . . . Larry Corcoran seems to be having 6th period troubles. Could it be that he's absent minded? . . . The New Look changed the hair styles not only of many girls, among whom are Eleanor Moriarty and Shirley Cohen, but also of a few Latin boys, namely Ernie Anastos and Peter Pappas. (Or had you guessed.) . . . In order to examine closely those bright gaudy ties which Timothy Cronin always wears, a pair of dark glasses is a necessary requisite . . . Those red and white rimmed ones which Dick Tufenjian was seen sporting through the corridors would be just the thing, if they only had lenses

. . . At the CHLS—RINDGE Basketball game and dance were Mary Herlihy, Audrey Mangon, Don McManus, Jewel Grigsby, Roland Perkins, Ray Shea, Basil Bourque, Ray Myers, Barbara Palaro, Dick Rigazio, George McLaughlin, Jackie Donahue, Jackie Payne, Alice Foley, Nancy Becker and a handsome young man named John Yobazio (honest) who asked us to be sure to remember him . . . Chemists beware!! When Edmund Goodhue starts experimenting, run for your lives. Anything can happen (and usually does.) . . . Excited Latinites chewing their nails at the basketball game were Alyce White, Nancy Becker, Ozzie Lyons, and Betty Mueller . . . Peeking in the door at 9:15 were Janie Butler and Valerie Broussard . . . Enjoying the dance were Bill Cusick, James White, Jackie Rice, Terry Jones, Paul Crowley, Fran Sylvestre, Rose Dennison, Roberta Wilkie, Kathy Sikalis, and one of the Carr twins. (You tell us which one!) . . .

Question Box:—What about Sus Shea's corduroy hat and sneakers? . . . Who is behind the mystery of the "Missing Locker Numbers?" . . . Why does Roland Dansereau blush so? Could Marie Taverna, Marilyn Landry, and Rita Ferolita be the cause? . . . What important position bearing the title of Captain has been lately assigned to Ernest Siegfried? . . . Proofs and pictures are one of the main topics among the seniors now. Gladys Michalowski, Barbara Connell, and Elaine Saidnaway's were very good. (You lucky photogenic people) . . . Seen at Purdy's cheerfully (?) paying their bills were Lorraine Lawrence, Constance Cheeves, Martha Fleet, Wally Karlson, Cecily Haskell, Carolyn Turowsky, Evelyn McCabe, Nancy Rose, and of course Charlie Durakis, Peg Sullivan (our gal) and Richie (He looks so quiet) Gallant.

Welcome back to school after a long stay in the hospital, John Douhan . . . We are very sorry to hear that Bernice Jordan will probably be out of school the rest of the year as the result of a fall . . . We hear that Vivien Silver's surprise birthday party was quite a success. She blew out all the candles, but forgot to make a wish . . . (excited, Viv?) . . . Seen dancing every Thursday night at

the Cheery Coke Canteen are Phyllis McPhee, Geraldine Snell, William Sargent, and Billy Comfort . . . Virginia Travers loves her new job at the Neighborhood House . . . (We thought it was impossible for any one to like to work.) . . . Adrian Knight is doing a fine job captaining the sophomore basketball team . . . Dot Nyman and Jack O'Hara seem to have a language all their own, and *NO ONE* can understand their brand of double-talk. They circulate talking about "Gladys." (Confoozin' but amoozin'—to them) . . . Warning to the fair sex: Paul Crowley is on the prowl again . . . Does the name "Scituate" ring a familiar sound to any members of the senior class? (We wonder!) . . . Betty Dunlap is all set for the Rindge Senior Prom . . . The lucky fellow is Hank Attamian . . . She's a lucky girl, too . . . Ruth Lynaugh has been dying to get her name in the Spotlight . . . so the following is to make her happy—Ruth Lynaugh is in Dallas Burrows' magic act now . . . That must be some fun! . . . Congrats to Virginia Swyers, Mary Cronin, Alice Carbonaro, Mary Corcoran, and Peggy Smith for just being darn nice people . . . Who is Jack Roop's secret crush . . . initials are R. S. . . . If you happen to be in a rare mood these drowsy spring days, and want to tell someone a joke, Alice Stokes is just the person to run to. She'll laugh just to make you feel witty . . . (maybe she's half right) . . . We hear that Barbara Palaro has an interesting new nickname . . . Charlie Durakis has frogs on the brain. (Literally, of course). Someone threw one at him the other day and the results were hilarious (Poor Charlie, first roses, now frogs) . . . A lot of people think that Georgie Nyman could double for Jeannie Crain in the movies . . . Ask Joan Sullivan who her F.A.H. is, and see what she says . . . Chuck Connolly is now known as the "Goepper" or so A. F. tells us . . . The class will should make interesting reading matter with Jane Butler and David Ashenden so busy writing it this term; . . . Audrey Mangan was seen recently at the Meadows with a very handsome New Yorker . . . Arnold Levine and Billy Montieth have great fun playing "choo-choo train" with the movable desks in chemistry . . . That's quite the class, or haven't you heard . . . J. B. and J. W. are now known as the Gold Dust Twins . . . "One of them should be silver,—must be precious" says J. K. (what happened to the rest of the alphabet) sez us! . . . Evelyn McCabe certainly can get excited about the First World War . . . Audrey Mangan, Peg Sullivan, Barbara Palaro, Lillian Druss, and Clara Simmons all hold membership in the newly formed secret society of the L.L.S. . . . What does it mean girls, or have your lips been sealed tight? . . . Ruth Gallup is trying hard to make her dog understand that he cannot have a higher education—but still he follows

her to school every morning . . . Some couples all set for the Junior Prom are Nick Culatorias and Jean Porch, Rose Dennison and Frank Taylor, Kathy Sikalis and Sonny Fillios, Ruth Lynaugh and Harvey Kaufman, Lorraine Wyman and Joe Sears, and Margie Duggan and a mysterious boy from Somerville . . . Jackie Donahue must have a locker full of pencils,—he manages to find one in every class . . . We'd like to take this opportunity to welcome Joe Adams to C.H.L.S. . . . How do you like Mary Denman's new hair cut? . . . We think it's very cute . . . Steadily seen together are Marguerite McLeod and Danny Budwit . . . Terry Chester's green sweater is really keen . . .

Louise Costa always forgets her lunch (must be that spring fever that we mentioned before) . . . Among those who participate in the dancing class in the gym are Ruth Kilfoyle, Fran Leighton, Martha Folkins, and Dot Long . . . Many seniors will be candidates for a rest-home after taking their college-boards April third. Marilyn Roach (who insists that she has to read the dictionary from cover to cover), Barbara Tevlin, Stella Zacharakis, Sally Sperakis, Marion Murray and Joan Archibald are but a few . . . Joan Lovett and Alice Webber are coming to school early lately . . . are a Sophomore and a Junior the cause of it all? . . . During the second recess period, Alice Stokes, Betty Watson, Eleanor Moriarty and Claire Connolly have trouble with their extra long legs . . . Francis Cooke is having a wonderful time with his car. Every time he takes it out, it breaks down . . . (Can it be getting old, Frannie?) . . . Jo Giampetruzzi had a wonderful time on her Easter Saturday AND Sunday dates . . . (Ah us!!) . . . We finally saw Mary Cronin's "dream-man" (That's what you get for holding out on us, Mary) . . . Ann Wadden is always doing her English during period one . . . tsk, tsk, tsk . . . Alice Cosman, Phyllis "Twerpie" Torp and Gerry Jackson—OOPS—Jeri Jaxon form a trio in room 215 every day after third period . . . (Practicing for the "Latin Blues" girls?) . . . Taking advantage of the beautiful spring weather, a newspaper photog was taking pictures of Jimmy Cotter, George Lakis, Timothy Orrok, Anne Murphy, Leonard Travers, Moe Reardon, Betty Ann Galvin, Pat Kokinakas, and Mary Lowry on the steps of dear old Latin . . . Theresa Bonnacci, Jean Colluruso, Doris Fields, and Gloria Economo simply adore or should we say abhor the calculator machine in office practice . . . Winnie Burgess really studies fourth period in room 215 (Well, look what it got Lincoln—he's on a penny and now he's got a lot of cents.)

Leaving two blank lines for all the people we forgot to mention,—to all the seniors we wish a happy graduation and the best of luck in their future undertakings,—to the juniors we wish the fond expectations of the senior year,—and to the sophomores and freshmen we wish many happy and fruitful days at Latin . . .

Betty Tenore, '48.
Jessie Dubay, '48.

FRESHMAN NOTES

SPRING has at last arrived . . . we hope . . . Note passing between Lena Lombardi and Beverly MacElroy has everyone wondering what they contain, the notes, I mean . . . Jean MacNeil and Theresa Kahain are always in trouble . . . They can't understand why!! . . . Who is this Milton that Cappy Maran is forever talking about? . . . Barbara Deily must be affected by this northern weather. She is always seen wearing a coat . . . Jean and Clara Beverly are planning to take a thirty-six mile hike to Lake Walden this spring. It's a long jaunt; hope you make it . . . Sylvia McKay and Dotty Long are inseparables, always talking . . . Muriel MacMillan and Jean McDonald can't wait for that lunch bell!! They're forever eating before the time . . . Who is the friend with the ring with the water in it? . . . Many freshman were seen at a Y. M. C. A. Splash party. Among those present were Joan Delaney, Mary O'Brien, Elinor Burns, John McLeod . . . Barbara O'Neil's new hair do is very becoming . . . It is quite the vogue amongst the freshman . . . Richard Carroll is always writing letters and notes. To whom, Richard? Theresa Barry really brought out the Irish on St. Patrick's Day with her bright green dress . . . Mary O'Brien had a wonderful party last week. Many of the freshman class were there . . . Among those present were Buddy Nauffts, Joan Delaney, Austin Jordan, Donald Frasier, Donald Hayes, Phyllis Nauffts, Barbara Howard, Richard McAdoo and Billy Crowley . . . Dorothy Spezio is hard at work for the Junior Red Cross . . . Good work, Dottie . . . Has everyone seen Isabel McMann's sharp new, red plaid slacks? . . . Barbara Soper's lunch has decreased in size . . . Frances Leighton and Katherine Stewart both had their hair cut short . . . Keeping up with the new style, girls? . . . Nancy Sylvester is a baseball enthusiast, she has a scrap book full of her favorite team . . . The Red Sox, of course . . . June Spinney is a book worm, always reading . . . Arlene Williams intends to take French. Teddy Hennessy is the cute little blonde . . . John McInnis is at least six feet tall . . . It looks as though Jackie Flagherty will join us soon minus

his appendix . . . Maureen Zanfari would be lost if Elsie Young forgot her fountain pen . . . Richard McAdoo wears those sharp sweaters that blind you when you look at them . . .

Seen at Gloria Sakey's party were Do Do Silvestre, Pat Monahan, Jimmie Shand, Barbara Howard, Jim Duffy, Jay Nolan, Larry Laughlin, David Hayes and Richard McAdoo . . . Marilyn Schaub has a photograph album of pictures in her wallet . . . Peggy Chase has a beautiful new ring, but she won't let anyone know where she got it . . . Lorraine Roache loves ducks. 'Tis said there is a reason . . . Gertrude Shippie and a certain individual finally agreed that Perry Como is tops . . . Dorothy Jones has a mania for Dave Ferris . . . One should see her collection of his pictures and articles about him . . . Albert McLaughlin is one of those star Latin pupils . . . There are so few of them . . . Anna Klemas' new hair style is very attractive . . . Helen Largenton has been seen at quite a few of the Y. W. C. A. dances . . . many other freshman attend them . . . A surprise party for Francis Mahoney turned out to be a big success, among those present were Ruth Dilfoyle, Eileen McNamara, Nancy Martin, Betty Linehan, Barbara Collins and many others . . . Janet Kitfield is always lending pennies . . . That's all for now.

Peggy Donohue, '48.

FRENCH CLUB NOTES

AT the last meeting of the French Club, the members were privileged to hear a talk, given by Madame Taignon who had lately arrived from Europe. The subject of the discourse was "The Youth and the Schools of France," a topic about which Madame Taignon spoke as interestingly as instructively. This was followed by a discussion period, during which the members were given an opportunity to practice their own oral French.

The club has recently enjoyed three excellent films. One, on March 17, showed the beautiful Cathedral of Chartres. On March 31, two were presented, one of Paris and the other of The Riviera. These proved entertaining and educational to all who saw them.

One of the most important of the club's activities, the sending of packages to a French war-orphan, is still being carried on, and we are grateful to all the students who have contributed to this project.

Constance Gerasim, '48.

Corresponding Secretary

SPORTS

Cambridge 2

Latin got revenge against Stoneham in a game played at the Winter Carnival. The Indians found Dick Heavern tougher in the Cambridge nets than he had been the previous Saturday. Jack Lee and Dick Rigazio were the Cambridge glow getters.

Cambridge 1

The Latineers never could get started against Melrose, and a long shot by "Big Syd" Fields gave Melrose a lead in the middle of the second period. They held on to the margin until a face off was called with only 28 seconds remaining in the game, when Capt. Jack Lee took the puck and rifled it into the Melrose strings for the tying goal.

Cambridge 2

Neither Newton nor Cambridge was rewarded with a victory in a hard fought Arena engagement. This time it was the Cantabs who took the lead. Jack Donahue and Tom Cusick lit the lamp, but the Garden City team came back to gain a tie.

Cambridge 8

The Cantabs, weakened by ineligibility, met an improved Rindge team in the second inter city game, but the Techs were still no match for Latin. Rindge opened the scoring early in the first period and the best C. H. L. S. could do was tie it before the period ended. This goal was slammed home by Dick Rigazio unassisted. The first five minutes of the second period saw three rapid goals knocked in by Latin. Jack Donahue scored on a pass from Cusick, and then Tom made it 3-1. Rigazio then knocked in his second of the afternoon, and the Latin spares took over for the rest of the period. Jack Donahue opened the last period with a goal, making it 5-1. The boiler-makers came back with two rapid tallies and livened up the remaining minutes considerably. With two Latineers and only one Engineer in the penalty box, Rindge hoped to close the gap, but it was our team that controlled the puck, with Rigazio getting his second "Hat trick" of the season. He had a total of three goals and one assist for the day, with Jack Donahue garnering two goals and one assist.

G. B. I. All Stars 4 Montreal Catholic 4

Dick Rigazio was the brightest star in the G. B. I. aggregation that held the strong Canadian team to a tie. The Montreal team was in town to give the Boston stars their annual hockey lesson, but the G. B. I.'s, one of the best

Stoneham 1

teams in recent years, came from behind to tie the game three times. At the end of the three regulation periods it was 3-3. In the overtime period, our Dick shot the puck from a difficult angle past the clever Montreal goalie, and put the locals ahead. Dick had already scored the first Boston goal on a fine pass play with Danny Keefe. Rigazio's tie-breaking goal came with Montreal skating a one-man advantage. It looked like a sure thing for the home team, but again Catholic tied it up with only four seconds remaining. Jack Lee played his usual fine game at defense, and Jack Donahue contributed two assists in the attack of the G. B. I. seconds. This team, coached by Mr. Culhane, defeated the North Shore All Stars 7-2.

The basket-ball team did not live up to our expectations, due in part to the fact that Captain Charlie Durakis was kept out of some of the games by his duties as track captain. The three outstanding players were Durakis, Sal Sabatino, and Dick Tufenkjian. Sabatino led the team in scoring, and Dickie, as well as being the sparkplug of the team, sank more foul shots than any other man in the league. "Junior" Lyons came late in the season and was not beginning to hit his stride until the season ended. Ernie Anastos, Joe Rogers, Bill Murphy, Roland Damseroe, and Tom Nolan all saw a great deal of action. After the Rindge game Latin went into a slump which was not broken until the second Newton contest. Latin lost to a strong Newton team 47-27 on the latter's home ground. The Garden City aggregation, always a team to watch out for, were seldom worried in spite of the fine all around play of Rogers and Sabatino.

The Cantabs were far from able to repeat over Waltham, dropping the second encounter 52-18. Little can be said about this one, except that we met the league champs when they were at their very best.

Mr. K's boys were not able to recover from this one in time to be able to give Arlington the battle they did in the previous game. Despite the addition of Lyons to the team, they were unable to hold the Spy Ponders.

Latin almost broke into the winners' circle against Brookline, but the rich city quintet squeaked through by a narrow two point margin 26-24.

The Watertown team that journeyed to Cambridge was just too big. The Arsenal towners, the tallest aggregation in the league, controlled

both back-boards, and thus were able to win 40-23.

Latin finally got back into the win column by upsetting a strongly favored Newton five 24-22. C. H. L. S. jumped to an early lead, and stayed there through the half. In the third quarter they had extended the lead to 18-12, but the Newtons found themselves and closed the gap. Newton went ahead 21-20 on a foul shot. Although Tufenkjian made a free throw good, the orange and black sank one of their own a few seconds later. With seconds to play Ernie Anastos was fouled in the act of shooting, and swished one of his attempts. Newton tried unsuccessfully to score, and the ball came out to Sal Sabatino who heaved up the winning shot just as the buzzer sounded. The ball went through the rim after the game had ended, but the basket counted since Sal had got the shot away in time. The entire starting lineup of Tufenkjian, Sabatino, Anastos, Durakis and Lyons deserve great credit. They played nearly the entire game, and both Durakis and Lyons were in there cleaning the boards continually.

The team closed the season dropping a close one to Rindge 27-23. Although Latin got off to an early lead, they tired due to lack of reserves, and the Techs finally won. Sal Sabatino was outstanding, sinking some difficult shots. The game was close all the way, and if Durakis had not been off running in New York, they might have won.

The prospects for next year are very bright. Returning will be: Roland Dansero, a fiery little ball player, somewhat like Jimmy Lynch, Eddie Asaley, Willie Beckford, Tom Cusick, and Walter Curcio.

The track team's only dual meet was a decisive 34-25 victory over class "D" champs Concord. Captain Charlie Durakis, who won the 300, and George Hughes, victor in the 600 were the outstanding runners. Ronnie Flink, Russ Coffey, Ray Myers, Teddy Goolst, Basil Bourque, and Bill Monteith each contributed three points. A good relay team of Coffey, Cotter, Flink, and Durakis clinched the meet.

The following Saturday the tracksters went into the State Meet, and emerged with fourth place honors. Durakis surprised no one in winning the 300, but Russ Coffey showed unexpected speed in placing fourth in the same event. Ray Myers easily won his heat in the 1,000 but he was beaten out on time by Arlington's Don Hardy, and was forced to accept second place. Although Hughes started like a house-a-fire in the 600, he faltered in the last few steps and finished third. Jimmie Cotter was another man who showed unexpected tal-

ent, tying for third in the high-jump. The relay team, which was the same that raced Concord except that Hughes replaced Flink, placed fourth.

As a result of this meet, Charlie Durakis, Ray Myers, and Jimmie Cotter were chosen to compete in an invitation meet held at the Garden on the sixth of March. Running against the best from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine, and Connecticut, Durakis established himself as a very large shot in New England track. Turning in the best time of his career he was never bothered after the first turn, and defeated Malden's Willie Adams by a good five yards. Myers did not fare so well, running six in a field of ten. Although Cotter jumped higher than he ever had before, the field was too good, and he did not place.

The six best runners, Durakis, Hughes, Myers, Flink, Coffey, and Cotter traveled to Bowdoin College for the New England Interscholastic meet. Durakis won the 300, duplicating his best time of 34.6 seconds. The relay team, made up of the same men as that of the State Meet, turned in one of the best times of the afternoon, while defeating Rindge and Lynn classical.

By the time you are reading this the baseball team will, with the help of the weatherman, have started its season. Coach Foley is building his team around a nucleus of five veterans. The versatile Dick Rigazio, who played with the Greater Boston All Stars last year, will captain the team from short stop. On either side of him at second and third will be Jack Donahue and Sal Sabatino. Either Bill Monteith or Bill Murphy will round out the infield at first. Jackie Boudreau and Jack Lee are holding down left and center fields respectively, but right is still wide open. The two starting pitchers will probably be Jack O'Neil up from the J. V., and Ed O'Brien, a promising sophomore. John Bolfe, Jack Lee and Dick Rigazio might also help out with the pitching. Dick Conlin and Dick Haveron should share the catching burdens.

Roland Perkins, '48.

Jim White, '48.

P. S. To Jerry Murphy: thanks for the typewriter.

K. B. NOTES

OUR February meeting took place at Mary Lowry's house on the 24th. We discussed a few plans for the remainder of the year but nothing definite was decided. After the refreshments were served, we listened to records and were entertained by Betty Tenore.

The next meeting was held at Anne Singer's

house on March 19th. This meeting was primarily a get-together, so no important business was discussed. After the food, we listened to some records.

For the Seniors the K. B. year is fast drawing to a close, and soon a new set of officers will take over. We wish them luck.

Lorraine Fulkerson, '48.
Secretary-Treasurer

THE OUTING CLUB

"THE greatest show on earth!" No, I'm not speaking of the Ringling and Barnum Circus, but the Ice Follies which a number of Outing Club members saw at the Boston Garden in February. We all certainly enjoyed such a display of spectacular abilities on skates!

At a recent officers' meeting, it was decided that the club would visit Longfellow's house on Brattle Street sometime soon. We also plan a trip to the Wayside Inn, immortalized in Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

Soon the birds will be back and we amateur ornithologists hope to go on many bird expeditions.

I expect many of you to join us on our excursion to Longfellow's home. Till then . . . Good-bye!

Jeri Jaxon, '48.

JUNIOR RED CROSS NOTES

THE month of March has been an extremely busy one. The high school, with the cooperation of Miss Cornell has been able to help the Senior Red Cross Fund Drive, by supplying speakers for various schools and organizations in Cambridge. Campaign supplies were packed at the Cambridge Chapter House by many girls from C. H. L. S.

During March the Cambridge Red Cross supplied the veterans' hospitals with candy, cookies, games, entertainment, and other materials. The Cooking Department of this school has made twenty-five pounds of cookies to be sent to the hospitals.

The Junior Red Cross Council is preparing four correspondence albums which will be sent to countries overseas. In turn we shall receive albums from them. These albums contain pictures, stories, and articles about life in the United States.

The city-wide Junior Red Cross is sponsoring a fair again this year. The proceeds will be given to the National Children's Fund. Each school in Cambridge is participating in this worthwhile project.

Special thanks are extended to all those people who have helped us so untiringly during this month.

Jean Eddy, '48.

THE SPANISH CLUB

THE last meeting of the Spanish Club took place on March 12, 1948 in room 226. The program committee with Peter Mannos as chairman planned an excellent program. After the opening exercises, Señor and Señorita Contreras from Mexico conducted an informal discussion on their native country, giving us some very interesting information. Señor Contreras played and sang the three types of Spanish songs and his wife joined him in singing some of the well known Spanish songs, including *Cielito Lindo*. The club members joined in the singing and had a wonderful time.

At the next meeting, the committee hopes to put on a play. Between the acts some of the talented members will sing and dance.

The Spanish Club would like to extend its most sincere gratitude to Miss O'Shea for the opportunity afforded us to see some excellent moving pictures of Spain and some of our Spanish-speaking neighbors.

Fred Savina, '48.

ALUMNI NEWS

HERE again, with more news on what is happening to our ambitious alumni! Helen Bequaert, '47, valedictorian, entertained some talented musicians at her home during her short vacation from Oberlin College, Ohio. Those included were violinists Martin Martinian '47, now at B. U., and Louis Eghian '47 who has been pretty busy with bookings and requests from varied sources to solo and to play in string quartettes . . . Danny Nyman '46 has recently taken over the duties of editor of a magazine at the Washington, D. C. naval base and is turning out a first class publication . . . Dallas Burrows '45 and Carleton Clench '44, both recently discharged from the service, got together for old times sake and revived some of the moldy jokes of by-gone days . . . Joe DeFeo '46 and John Parades '46 are both sophomores at Boston College and are doing very well, we hear . . . Also at B. C. are Claude Doucette '45, Bill Kokinakis '46, Bob O'Leary, '46, Frank Murphy '46, and Tom Harney '46 . . . Isabel Gudas '45 is in her junior year at Simmons College. She is majoring in the merchandising and retailing course . . . At Chandler secretarial school are Pat Donovan '45, Joan Haley '47, and Catherine Breen '47 . . . Connie Perin is studying at the University of Ohio . . . John Winn '46, who has been holding down a job at St. Clair's soda fountain, was recently seen using his super salesmanship on Art Mackenzie '47, who was taking a little time off from his eight-hour piano practice schedule to rest in between augmented eighths, diminished sevenths, and problems in harmony

... Speaking of problems, Carolyn "Toni" Townsend '47 has hers at New Hampshire State University where she complains of being in classes and study halls which are composed of ninety percent men. (tch-tch) ... Betty Monohan, Helen King, and Myrtle Billingsly all of the class of '47 are working at the American Mutual Liability Insurance Company ... Joe Sullivan '47 is attending Newman Preparatory School in Boston ... Carolyn Cremens '47 is at Emmanuel College ... Ursula Von Zarsk '47 is studying dramatics at the Leland Powers School of Dramatic Art in Boston. Ursula works after classes for the Boston Public Library ... Priscilla Munroe '47 is working at the Harvard Co-op. ... Bob Bromberger '47 and Jeanne Tillson '47 are both working in the John Hancock Life Insurance Company ... Karen Enebuske '47 is studying at Augustana College in Little Rock, Illinois ... Fran Heffernan '45 is going to Boston University and Bill "Dinny" Downing '45 is going to Brewster Academy in New Hampshire ... Calvin Tassinari '47 and Al Francesconi '47 will be completing their freshman year at Northeastern this May ... Jim Haley '47 has been and still is working for the Shawmut Bank of Boston ... At Framingham Teachers College are Pat Grogan '47 and Pat Murphy '47 while Norma Higgins '47 is at Bridgewater Teachers College and Sheila Martin '47 is attending Lowell Teachers College. (All these teachers-to-be!) ... Dick Smith '47, in the Army, is stationed in California. Dick expects to be discharged about December this year ... "Yaka" Kelley '47, also in the Army, is at Fort Lewis in Washington, D. C. and expecting to be discharged near the end of November ... Richard Monohan '47 is working for Jordan Marsh Company ... Joe Fournier '47 is studying mechanical drawing at M. I. T. night school in order to further his work at E. B. Badger & Sons Company, in Boston, where he is working now ... Jack Barry '47 is taking the post-graduate course at Cambridge Academy ... Jim Linnehan '46 is attending Burdett College ... Frank Good '45 is studying at St. Michael's College in New Hampshire while his brother, John Good '46 is going to Boston College ... Juanita Alfaro '47 is now in training at the Mount Auburn hospital ... Leon Poirier '47 was seen visiting Latin not so long ago ... Maurice "Buzzy" Cullen is going to St. Bonaventure College in New York ... Recently discharged from the Army were Rindge graduates Ralph O'Brien '46 and Bill Murray '46. Both have been admitted into the wierd innersanctum of Room 327, here at Latin, otherwise known as "that P. G. homeroom" ... Also beginning the mid-year term was Navy dischargee Ray Mc-

Carron who graduated with the class of '45. Ray is planning to enter Boston College in September ... Eleanor Pope '47 and "Red" Bradshaw were married awhile back as was Mary Weber '47 and Cliff Herman '46 ... California just didn't agree with Dick Gurner this winter, as we have heard, so he has returned to Cambridge permanently (It must be wonderful to be able to hop around the country looking for a suitable climate!) ... Jean Davies '47 has been attending Hickox Secretarial School this year ... George Costa '46, Hugh Graham '46 and Donald Ryan '47 are all home and discharged from the Army. (At long last! —say some) ... Eileen O'Leary is studying at Mt. Ida. Eileen was with the class of '46 ... Lillian Conners '47 is going to Simmons College while her sisters Eleanor '46 and Catherine '43, (that's Jenney) are both working at Andrews Air Field in Washington, D. C. ... Looks like Bill Reardon '43 may be playing for the Boston Braves this year as he is now with the Milwaukee Brewers which is practically his last stepping stone to the Braves ... Jean Rose '46 is working in the Columbia Motion Pictures office in Boston while her twin sister Joan '46 is the Solitaire Nylon Representative in Filene's ... Jim Wallace '46 is attending Suffolk Law School ... John Dynan '45 is working for the Boston Elevated ... Stan Brinkerhoff '44 is studying at Amherst College ... Eddie O'Connor '47 is going to Stratford Business School in Boston ... Mary Becker '47 and Edith Reading '44 are both attending Boston University ... Edward "Mousey" Kelley '47 is going to Bridgton Academy in Maine ... Evelyn Mix '45 has been married for a year and a half now and has been living in Evansville, Indiana where she is working for the Old National Bank while her husband is a College senior ... Jean Foley '46 is a sophomore at Radcliffe College ... Basilla Nieland '46 is going to Portia College in Boston. "Buzzy" is planning to open her own camp for children in Sudbury, Mass. this summer. Best of luck to her! ... On the Cambridge Youth Council we find Beverly-Latham Brown '47, who is a P. G. student here, and David Walsh '47 ... Reports tell us that Herb Lewis '47 has been receiving all "A's" in Math at Harvard College. That's something to be really proud of ... Marian Sullivan '46 has been working for the Cambridge Trust Company in Harvard Square while attending night school at Boston University ... David Sheehan '46, in the Marines and stationed at the Fargo Building in Boston, has recently been promoted to Sergeant ... And with that, our column comes to a point where we run out of news about everybody and anybody until June.

Joyce Kelley, '47.

May We Present —

DAVID ASHENDEN

ONE of the well-known members of the Class of '48 is dashing David Ashenden, whose main claim to fame lies in his efficient management of a couple of athletic teams. Dave, however, does not by any means confine his activities and interests to sports.

He was born seventeen years ago in this fair city, but attended school in Belmont until the fifth grade, when he returned to his natal town. Having graduated from the Peabody School with high standing, he came to Latin, where he has made frequent appearances on the Honor Roll. It's hard for him to decide upon his favorite subject, but he guesses he especially enjoys history and chemistry. He hopes to enter college after graduation.

In the extra-curricular line, Dave has distinguished himself by his management of football this year and track for the past two seasons. His favorite sport, however, is bicycling. He is an active member of a particularly lively church organization known as the Crothers Club, of which he is vice-president.

Dave's consuming passion is, of all unimaginative subjects, railroading, with all its work and pomps. He attends the meetings of a society of Railroad Enthusiasts, and longs to become a railroad executive. As you can well imagine, tracks and locomotives occupy a good part of his leisure, but he finds time to go to enough movies to decide that they are mostly trash.

On that ever-absorbing subject of girls, Dave has few stipulations to make regarding appearance, for her behavior and opinions are what count with him. He likes dancing, especially square dancing, at which he is most adept; and if a girl's opinions agree with his, then she'll be a good square dancer, he says—and what more could he ask!

A. D. M.

EVA COSTANZA

FRIENDLY, vivacious Eva Costanza is one of the many prominent seniors of whom C. H. L. S. is proud. Although born in Western Massachusetts, Eva has spent most of her life in the University City and is proud of the fact that C. H. L. S. is her "Alma Mater."

Her chief interest is in sports, baseball being her favorite, with bowling and swimming tying for second place. Assuredly she states that the Red Sox are by far the best ball team and she even goes so far as to forecast that they will win the pennant this year. With a blush she adds, "I said that last year too, but, —." Don't worry, Eva. We all make mistakes.

At home Eva devotes much of her time to reading and is always quite perturbed when she has to put up her book and go to supper. Although she enjoys English greatly, her favorite subject is Principles of Democracy. Eva's plans for the future are lofty indeed. She wishes to be an airline hostess. With her warm smile, dancing brown eyes, and magnetic personality, she is bound to succeed in any undertaking. Best wishes to you, Eva, from the entire senior class.

J. D.

AUDREY LAYNE

WE would like to present Audrey Layne. She is a junior, charming, curly haired, and well dressed. The students who have followed Cambridge High and Latin's girl's basketball team should know her well; she has played a very creditable game this year in the guard position. She is also an honor roll student, for which we congratulate her. Like many of the others presented on these pages, she is a linguist, preferring Spanish to her other subjects.

Audrey's plans for the future are indefinite, but, for the moment, she spends a good proportion of her outside time in reading and playing the piano.

T. O.

MARY MAGLIOZZI

WHEN Mary Magliozzi of Room 126 was told that she had been chosen to appear in *May We Present* she, according to the now popular custom, almost dropped dead! Although she insisted that she isn't a particularly interesting person, the interview proved her wrong. Attractive, brown-haired "Maggie" (to her most intimate friends only) is one of the favored few to come to C. H. L. S. from the Thorndike School; she likes her new alma mater very much.

As any staunch and true Cantabridgian, she goes all out for baseball, and her favorite team is the Boston Red Sox. As she hasn't any special favorite on the team, all the members hold an equal amount of space in her baseball scrap book. When a game is "called" because of rain, Mary likes to spend her time either in reading or in weaving squares to be made into baby jackets. She has to divide the rest of her time between seeing movies in which John Lund stars, and, as chairman of committees, directing the meetings of the Charm Chic Club.

Right now she is looking forward only to dancing (slow numbers, please), an ideal man, tall and blond, and loads of history courses. However, when the time comes to look for a job, she wants a job in an office where there is always a great deal of excitement. Maybe you can get on the Red Sox office staff. Good luck, Mary.

L. F.

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Second Marking Period 1947-1948

Adams, Shirley	Earle, Ellen
Andella, Ida	Ehrlich, Nadja
Bolduc, Constance	Fairburn, Donald
Bowers, Barbara	Fleet, Martha
Boyajian, Richard	Fletcher, Cecelia
Brezinsky, Alvin	Fulkerson, Lorraine
Brown, Shirley	Galvin, Betty Ann
Brown, Sumner	Gates, Isabel
Burke, Mildred	Gillis, Robert
Camelio, Louise	Goffredo, Margaret
Canning, Audrey	Goldberg, Elizabeth
Capraro, Gemma	Goldberg, Norman
Cheevers, Constance	Good, Frederick
Ciampi, Lucille	Green, Shirley
Cohen, Shirley	Greenstein, Mary
Condon, Ethel	Grigsby, Jewell
Connell, Barbara	Grossman, Selma
Connolly, Claire	Hamilton, Ruth
Corbeil, Shirley	Hammond, Doris
Cosman, Alice	Haskell, Cecily
Cotter, James	Hebert, Rosemary
Cronin, Timothy	Hennessey, William
DiVito, James	Herlihy, Mary
Donnelly, John	Hickey, Helen
Dooley, Pauline	Hill, Gladys
Dragun, Phyllis	Hiscock, Frederick
Dubay, Jessie	Hogan, Jeanann
Duggan, Marjorie	Horgan, Gerald
Durakis, Charles	Hyson, Lillian
Dwyer, James	Irwin, Janet

Johnson, Leroy	Piasecki, Walter
Jones, Eleanor	Rixon, Lela
Karlson, Walfreda	Roach, Marilyn
Kelleher, Thomas	Robson, Robert
Kiely, Robert	Rose, Nancy
Korenthal, Beatrice	Rutkowski, Edward
Landers, Edmund	Saidnawoy, Elaine
Landry, Marilyn	Sargent, Grace
Latham-Brown, Beverly	Shea, Raymond
Lawrence, Lorraine	Shocket, Murray
Layne, Lillian	Slocum, Shirley
Leahy, John	Smith, Margaret
Levine, Arnold	Sperakis, Sally
Lewis, Helen	Stead, Osberta
Lombardi, Winifred	Stokes, Alice
Lubin, Claire	Taylor, Marjorie
Lutz, David	Tenore, Elizabeth
Mangan, Audrey	Thornhill, Elsie
Manos, Peter	Torp, Phyllis
McCabe, Evelyn	Toto, Albert
McCarthy, Alice	Tufenkjian, David
Michalowski, Gladys	Villirilli, Marie
Mullin, Dorothy	Waldman, Elaine
Muse, Henry	Walters, Mary
Myers, Raymond	Walthorp, Carol
Nelson, Gloria	White, James
Nyman, Georgianna	Williams, Joan
Olson, George	Witham, Margaret
Orrok, Timothy	Woodes, Jane
Pendleton, Helen	York, Margaret
Perkins, Roland	Zacharakis, Stella
Phelan, Phyllis	

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

Second Marking Period

Andella, Arina	Culolias, Nicholas
Armendola, Regina	Darcy, James
Aronson, Adelle	Daum, Joyce
Aslanian, Katherine	De Angelis, Antoinette
Bagley, Rosemary	Drotter, Dolores
Baku, Dorothy	Druse, Lillian
Barnes, Jeanne	Dubay, Joseph
Bates, Barbara	Eddy, Jeanne
Bears, Joan	Evans, Nancy
Boyer, David	Fillion, Ann
Brewer, Dorothy	Foti, Virginia
Brogan, Dorothy	Giampetruzzi, Barbara
Cabral, Helen	Gilman, Suzanne
Carbonara, Alice	Goldsmith, Lorraine
Carrieri, Guy	Gonsalves, Dorothy
Carwile, Kenneth	Gouveia, Laura
Chamberlain, Nancy	Grady, Margaret
Conomacos, Thomas	Graves, Zelda
Culhane, Lorraine	Greene, Ruth
Cullinan, Catherine	Greenstein, Saul

Harrington, Barbara
 Herman, Margaret
 Hughes, Barbara
 Hurlburt, Ruth
 Ifill, Jean
 Johnson, Gladys
 Johnson, Lillian
 Kagan, Miriam
 Katsulis, Christine
 Kaufman, Harvey
 Keegan, Phyllis
 Keumurian, Magtan
 Kirylo, Marion
 Korb, Kenneth
 Ladner, Patricia
 Layne, Audrey
 Ledtje, Gloria
 Lehan, James
 Lorensen, Pauline
 Mahoney, Francis
 Marshall, Mary
 Matsen, Josephine
 McCarthy, Joseph
 McCormack, Barbara
 McLeod, Marguerite
 Modest, Barbara
 Monte, Clara
 Murphy, Barbara
 Murphy, Garret
 Murphy, Janet
 O'Connor, Jean
 O'Neil, John

Ordesky, Morrill
 Oster, Rose
 Ottavario, Virginia
 Pfeufer, Martha
 Polimon, Ellea
 Ramsay, Harold
 Rich, Arlene
 Rosa, Edith
 Russell, Claire
 Rutherford, Carolyn
 Sapack, Helen
 Saraceno, Gloria
 Sarasin, Jeannette
 Scantalides, Thalia
 Schaub, Barbara
 Schlein, Milton
 Serpa, Robert
 Shaw, Mildred
 Sheehy, Dorothy
 Sinclair, Robert
 Singer, Ann
 Smith, Shelton
 Steinberg, Harvey
 Sugrue, Barbara
 Surman, Selma
 Sutherland, Marjorie
 Talarico, Grace
 Timpe, Patricia
 Vinas, Marios
 Warnach, Jean
 Wilson, Walter
 Zacharakis, Anna

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL

Period ending January 30, 1948

Abbt, Eleanor
 Ackerley, Shirley
 Ahlberg, Florence
 Albano, Julia
 Allen, Joan
 Amato, Stanley
 August, Francis
 Bannatt, Margaret
 Barrett, Marjorie
 Basco, Carolyn
 Bequaert, Frank
 Berman, Eleanor
 Blank, Jeannette
 Boyajian, Adrina
 Branco, Anthony
 Brennan, Marilyn
 Bulcamino, Geraldine
 Bulkowski, Gloria
 Burns, Mary
 Bush, Marjorie
 Butt, George
 Cahill, Margaret

Caroli, Carol
 Carolina, Virginia
 Casey, Virginia
 Christy, Marian
 Ciano, Tina
 Ciccolo, Leo
 Citino, Elizabeth
 Cockburn, Helen
 Coleman, Cynthia
 Conte, Elena
 Cooke, Ruth
 Corcoran, Joseph
 Costa, Natalie
 Crown, William
 Damouras, Demetra
 Dash, Priscilla
 Davidson, Robert
 Dawda, Mary
 Day, Eleanor
 Dempsey, Mary
 Denman, Mary
 DeSimone, Ida

DiClemente, Florence
 DiNapoli, Pasquale
 DiPietro, Helen
 Donahue, Frances
 Douhan, John
 Dubay, Charles
 Durso, Philomena
 Eagan, Catherine
 Eddy, Laurice
 Feld, Stephen
 Fitzgerald, Leo
 Flowers, Sally
 Giragosian, Queenie
 Grogan, Constance
 Gunn, Phyllis
 Hagopian, Elaine
 Hallett, Barbara
 Hanlon, Marie
 Harvey, Barbara
 Hasapides, Nicholas
 Horne, Virginia
 Hudson, William
 Hurley, Jeanne
 Ippolito, Constance
 Jakeway, Beverley
 Kaufman, Gloria
 Kaufman, Norman
 Kinckle, Marjorie
 Knight, Adrienne
 Kouroyen, Charmaine
 Langone, Mary
 Lerman, Bernice
 Ling, Richard
 MacGillivray, Barbara
 MacNeill, Joanne
 Macone, Mary
 Magliozzi, Mary
 Mazullo, Michael
 McCarthy, Theresa
 McDonald, Joan
 McGinn, Joan
 McGrath, Helen
 Medoff, Beatrice

Murphy, Anne
 Nogueira, Beatrice
 Noonan, Mary Jane
 O'Brien, Marilyn
 O'Connor, Eleanor
 Oster, Arthur J.
 Penniman, Barbara
 Perry, Marie
 Perry, Wendell
 Phaneuf, Rosemary
 Popeil, Jeannette
 Presho, Barbara
 Roderick, Lorraine
 Sahady, Helen
 Salto, Anna
 Sawers, Carolyn
 Saxe, Edward
 Sears, Mary
 Shaw, Bette
 Shea, Ruth
 Sheehan, Cecelia
 Sheehy, Claire
 Sherlock, Leona
 Shoer, Doris
 Shrago, Joseph
 Smith, Roberta
 Snell, Henry
 Soeiro, Ruy
 Stanevitch, Anna
 Tamulynas, Frances
 Tanner, Joan
 Thornhill, Mildred
 Vaudo, Elda
 Verrocchi, Anne
 Verrocchi, Dorothea
 Vessella, Thomas
 Wadden, Ann
 Welsh, Louise
 Wilkie, Richard
 Williams, Mary
 Wood, Margery
 Worman, Joan
 Zukas, Ann

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL

Second Marking Period 1947-1948

Abbott, Barbara
 Ablett, Patricia
 Andella, Clara
 Atwell, Elsie
 Baird, Colleen
 Barry, Jean
 Barry, Rose
 Battit, Jeannette
 Beckman, Virginia
 Bedirian, Anne
 Benson, Donald

Bonnaci, Frances
 Bragner, Edwin
 Burnham, Doris
 Cabral, Paul
 Cantelli, Joan
 Centrella, Angelina A.
 Centrella, Angelina M.
 Chase, Margaret
 Clark, Catherine
 Clayman, Robert
 Cogan, Ann

Connolly, Elizabeth
Corsino, Edward
Crowley, James
Delorey, Elaine
De Luca, Natalie
Devereaux, Helen
De Vito, Emily
Di Pietro, Doris
Dooling, Virginia
Duehay, Francis
Dwyer, Mary
Eatough, Anthea
Edge, Elspeth
Emberly, Gordon
Erwin, Clifford
Farrell, Ann
Feloney, Mary
Ferry, Theresa
Fraser, Donald
Gareri, Nancy
Clynn, Pauline
Goddard, Janice
Gosselin, Lawrence
Grigsby, Joyce
Grossi, Gloria
Halley, Eleanor
Harrington, Grace
Hayes, William
Head, Doris
Hickey, Mona
Howard, Shirley
Huang, Nancy
Johnson, Ida
Kelley, Mary
Keohane, Theresa
Kief, Lee
Kilfoyle, J. Richard
Kilfoyle, Ruth M.
Kirkpatrick, Anne
Klemas, Anna
Larson, Vivian
Laucus, John
Leighton, Frances
Li, Lindy
Linehan, Donald
Linnehan, Elizabeth
Lombardo, Joseph
Loughman, Mary
Lynch, Priscilla
Lyons, Catherine
MacKay, Sylvia
Maclachlan, Mary
Mahar, Louis H.
Mahoney, Francis
Mahoney, Margaret
Manetas, Peter

Maron, Catherine
Martin, Nancy
McCusker, Marjorie
McGinness, Jean
McLaughlin, Albert
McNamara, Eileen
Medeiros, Geraldine
Miceli, Marie
Miller, Audrey
Mills, John
Mitrano, Tina
Morrison, Richard
Morrisey, Robert
Murphy, Barbara
Muse, Elizabeth
Nangle, Patricia
Newsome, Patricia
Obelsky, Shirley
O'Brien, Charlotte
O'Kane, Joan
Oliveira, Humbert
Ormond, Marilyn
O'Rourke, Agnes
Parise, Idalyn
Paulis Beverly
Perduyn, Lolita
Richardson, Howard
Root, Ernest
Rudy, Ann
Sakey, Gloria
Salines, Marie
Schaub, Marilyn
Schofield, Margaret
Shanley, Constance
Shippie, Gertrude
Simeone, Marie
Singleton, Jacqueline
Snell, Barbara
Soper, Barbara
Souza, Ermelinda
Spinney, June
Sugrue, Eleanore
Supple, Patricia
Theodoulou, Clara
Thistle, Elsie
Thompson, Carole
Toner, Robert
Vautrinot, Theodore
Vitale, Josephine C.
Warnas, Joseph J.
Watson, Peter A. F.
Wheelock, Margaret J.
Whitehouse, Joan M.
Wilkinson, Barbara R.
Williams, Alvene R.
Wilson, Jacqueline M.
Zoia, June



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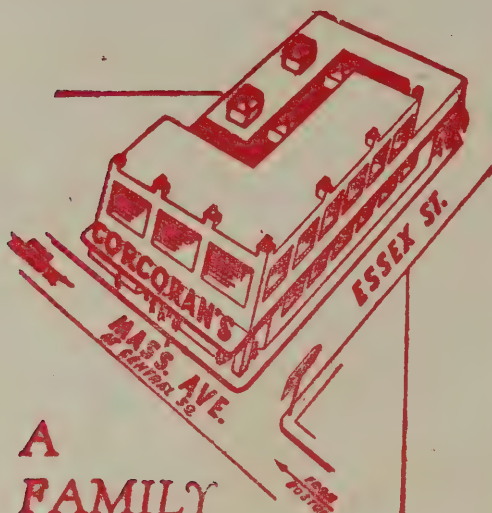
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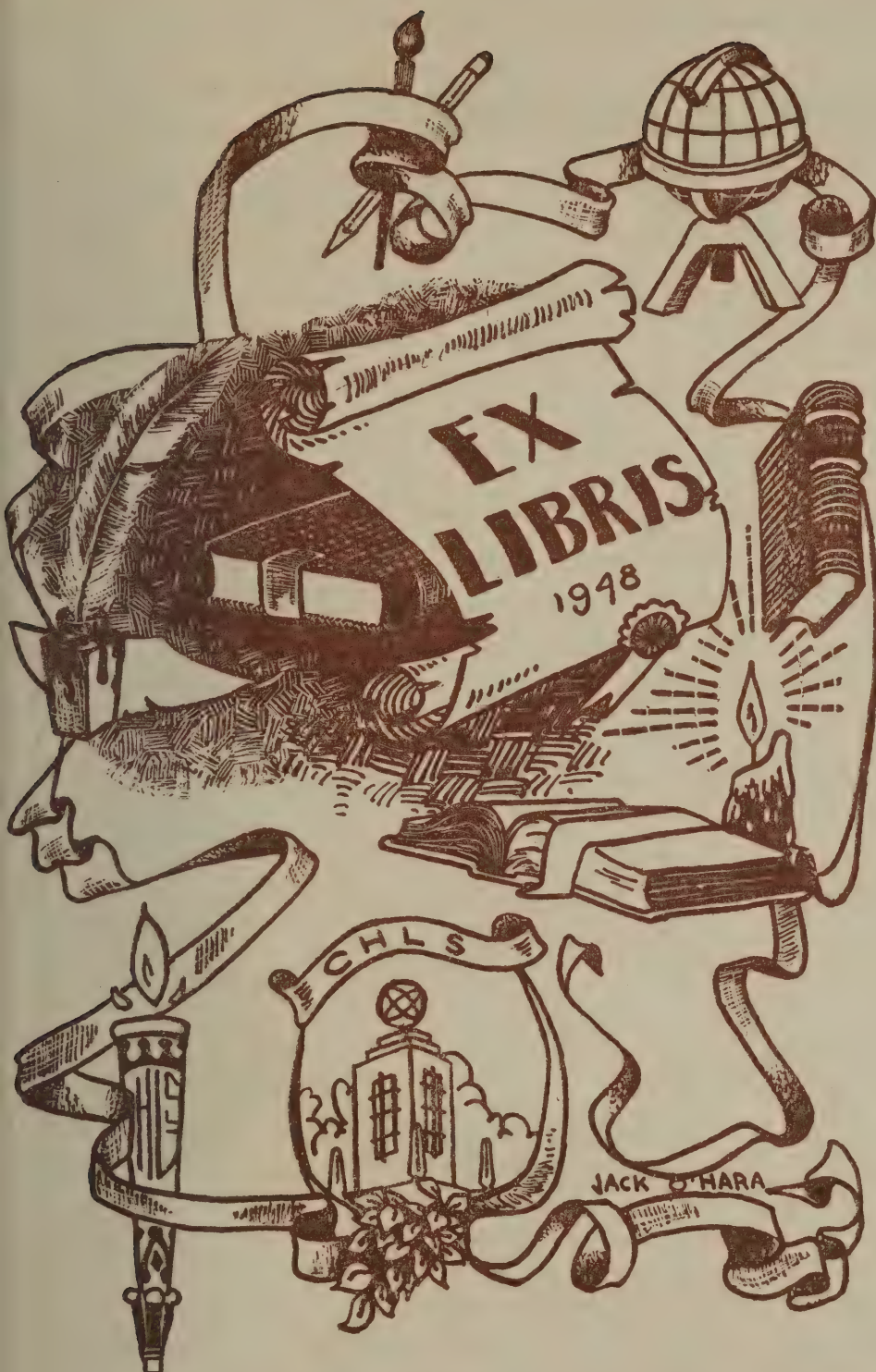
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The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School
Cambridge, Massachusetts



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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

Cambridge, Massachusetts

JUNE, 1948

VOLUME 63

NUMBER 5

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Editorials

WITH June comes the end of this class' work with the *Review*. As of the eighth, we must leave the magazine to the underclassmen. We know that they will do a fine job and keep up the high standards which past years established and which we hope we have upheld. Working on the *Review* has been fun for us, and we know that it will be the same for them.

* * * * *

(To the Seniors)

For most of us, June brings a change of more than passing significance. We are leaving behind more than nine months' work on a school magazine. This year marks for us the end of one of the few definite segments of a man's life, that of public school education. Never again, in work or play, college or prep school, will our present environment be duplicated.

For the high school does dominate our lives to a great extent. Anywhere from five to ten hours of our day are bound up in actual school work, and, again, our social lives are pretty thoroughly tied to the school. We belong to school clubs, play or watch school sports, go to school dances, and have good friends whom we otherwise might never have known.

And now, with the graduation day, it is over. The more dutiful of us will return once in a while from the great Outside to say a few words, to tell the teachers how we are getting along; the others will have naught but their yearbooks, class rings perhaps, and the precious diplomas to remind them of the old days—these and the many, many memories, gay and sad, though mostly gay. There are some things we shall never forget, a few striking personalities among the teachers or the pupils, the one or two remarkable occasions which are impressed firmly in our minds. But most of it must fade into the limbo of the unconscious, where it may once in an age stir gently under a jarring recollection, glinting all colors in the reflected glory of youth.

Yet one cannot be sad. Change must come, will come, whether we will it or no, into the lives of every man and woman. They are

thrust forward into the world, into the places of adults. And to regret this is to keep a frightened (and useless) grip on the things of the child, to refuse to think as a man. Modern life decrees that every person must enter the tangle of the world, and that he must take up the weapons of his choice and labor long on the clearing of that tangle—and that he must somehow leave his mark, however insignificant, on the stream of history. This is ever a forward reaching struggle, ever a striving for a new and better world.

Thus we are told, and thus we must think, as we leave forever the portals of this school.

T. O.

FOUR memorable years have passed, at an unbelievably fast rate it seems to me, since the class of '48 first entered the portals of C. H. L. S. We were a group of timid freshmen then, nervously wandering through the maze of corridors in search of our classrooms, that far off day in September of 1944. The same boys and girls, after having passed through the difficulties of adolescence, depart from these dignified halls of learning on the threshold of maturity. Now, as graduation day looms on the near horizon, let us stop to consider what we have gained in the four years spent at Cambridge Latin.

Obviously we all have acquired some knowledge from our academic programs to a greater or lesser degree, depending upon how hard each of us has applied himself to his studies. In education, as in anything else, it is a truism that we only get out of something as much as we put into it. Next, we have made many enjoyable friendships, some of which will be of lasting value. By fully participating in our school's various extracurricula activities and by cooperating with our teachers and fellow students, we have made progress in the most difficult of all arts, that of working harmoniously with other people. From this school's social events we have gained poise which will be important throughout our lives. Finally, whether

as active participants in sports or as loyal and vociferous rooters of the C. H. L. S. athletic teams, we have learned loyalty to a common cause.

Let us hope that we are ready to assume the responsibilities of adult life that we will soon have to face, either in higher institutions of learning or in the business world at our first full-time job.

In more general terms, the members of Cambridge Latin's class of '48 and of countless similar classes of '48 throughout the nation, throughout the world for that matter, will have need of all the above mentioned qualities. The world which our generation has inherited is filled with difficult problems, despite the fact that if all the technological advances of modern civilization were utilized to the fullest extent, every individual on the earth could lead a life of freedom, security, and plenty. The reason humanity has not yet attained that blessed state is that past generations have not learned to live together in peace. Our generation must be able to master this lesson, for if we fail, there may not be any future generation to make another attempt.

N. G.

CAROLINE CLOSE PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST WINNERS — May, 1948

English I

Patricia Suple

Honorable Mention

Eileen McNamara John Loucus
Francis Duehay

English II

Anne Murphy

Honorable Mention

Rosemary Murphy Ruth Cooke
Adrienne Knight Jack Oster
Ann Wadden

English III

Nancy Evans

Honorable Mention

Milton Schlein Arline Rich
Edith Claire Rosa Kenneth Korb
Gordon K. DeVoto Jeanne Eddy
Morrill Ordesky

English IV

Mary Herlihy

Honorable Mention

Marion Murray Phyllis Dragan
Constance Gerasim Osberta Stead
Norman Goldberg James White
Arnold Levine Phyllis Torp
G. Timothy Orrok Lorraine Fulkerson
Roland Perkins

English IV

May, 1948

OUR NEED OF THE SPIRITUAL

MANY titles have been given to the age in which we live, such as the Atomic Age or the Scientific Age; in my opinion, a name which would generalize all of these under one title would be the Material Age. In attempting to keep peace, American leaders speak constantly of military preparedness with never a thought or a word in regard to the world's greatest need—spirituality.

Germany and Russia are two nations which have shown by their example what lack of spirituality can and does bring about in a nation. Are we to have the same plight?

In the hustle and bustle of everyday life all of us are apt to forget unconsciously the beauty around us, the beauty of the soul, of character, and of meditation and prayer. It is impossible for anyone to ignore the material, but how easy it is to forget the spiritual!

Today a person is more apt to be judged by his looks, clothes, worldly goods and education. Physical and material attraction draw many more admirers than does true, lasting, spiritual beauty. Despite the bent, worn figure of age, how much more beauty exists in the eyes and soul of a person who has led a life following the laws of his conscience, than dwells in the young beauty who has followed the dictates of materialism alone.

What satisfaction has an old man who upon his deathbed suddenly realizes that despite the many riches he has accumulated through crooked dealings, he is dying and that all is gone? His thoughts do not turn to God and eternal happiness, for he is oblivious of everything immaterial; in his mind this earth is "the be-all and the end-all here."

If our hearts and minds were to turn more often to immortality, the world would be a saner and more peaceful place in which to live, as we would ever be striving, not merely for transient material pleasures, but for everlasting spiritual happiness.

Mary Herlihy, '48.

English III

May, 1948

FACING LIFE WITH COURAGE

"FACING life with courage," this, the theme of many a worthy playwright and author, I will now attempt in my own poor power, to elaborate on. It is, as often said, hard, oh so hard to meet our everyday controversies and setbacks with patience and to attempt to dismiss disappointments as "milestones on the road of life" with a "so must it be" attitude. However, take care that this

view is displayed or inwardly felt, only when an action, particularly an unpleasant one, is impending and when, that courage, can possibly ward it off or completely conquer it.

It must be stated here that by courage of which I speak, I do not mean that power which sustains men in battle. This, what some people term (to me a very common and vulgar saying) as guts, is more or less a physical or, yes, even a stupefying force. I mean that remarkable and wonderful resistance to a wrong doing and to the slighting of a person's feelings. Howsoever small might they be, these displays of courage are constructive; they build a sort of armor about you which protects you, yes, protects you against that which all men since time immemorial have tried in vain to evade, personal and mental injury.

To smile when things are adverse and to forget ourselves, despite personal calamities and to center one's attention and interests on the troubles of another is courage, courage more remarkable than that force which drives man into physical battle. It is the backbone of all admirable traits because from it arise many of our most wonderful feelings; generosity, forgiveness, and thoughtfulness being only a few, but a very essential few in the softening of life's hard bumps.

Think, what would be the consequences if one did not have this "courage." Why, in the long run, not to mention the injuries to his fellowmen and neighbors, he would eventually destroy himself, for, "giving in" is weakness, and weakness is the most destructive power of men's characters, known. It destroys what is good in man, all those things which a good life so naturally depends on. A failure to meet the first crisis bravely means harder battle to fight against succeeding ones.

Shame to you if you become "watery-kneed" and permit your troubles to weight you down and conquer you. Oh! but praise to you, the outcome of whose private struggles is victory.

Nancy Evans, '49.

English II

May, 1948

SPRING IN THE CITY

THE coming of spring to any city of fairly large size is like a long, gradual awakening. Nature slowly begins to infuse her magic potion into the heart of that man-made turmoil, the modern metropolis, and with the first blooming of her children, man himself joyously responds, as if he had been roused from the dormant state of winter into a bright, new morning of sweet, green freshness.

Spring usually sends heralds of her coming to a city before the snow melts and the frost dies from the air. Fashion designers show their newest creations, among the most important of which are millinery concoctions that are marvels to behold. They reflect the longing for an awakening, for are not their most prominent features gay little loops of lace and ribbon and a riot of springlike floral color? Milady forgets, momentarily, the cares of winter and plans a few additions to her wardrobe in time for the Easter parade. The gentlemen have their own prelude to spring; dispatches from the south keep them informed about the latest developments in baseball's spring training camps. By their eager reading of these reports, they manifest a desire to enjoy the warm air and bright sun of the stadium.

At last, however, the snows begin to melt, but amid all the unsightly slush, there is a distinctly vernal air. Children shed the oppressively protective clothing of winter, and more lightly clad, play in their yards or on the sidewalks. Parks and other formal gardens burst radiantly forth; vivid yellow forsythia and handsome scarlet tulips shout their vibrant beauty to the breeze, while more modest crocuses and violets peep demurely up at the passer-by. The world is awakened and stirring now.

Easter is the culmination of all this festive preparation. Churches are filled on this day, in itself so symbolical of an awakening. Flowers are everywhere, on the altars, on the streets, in the bonnets and corsages of the ladies, and, perhaps, even in the lapels of the men! April is here; the days grow longer; children can "go out after supper;" last but not least, the baseball season begins. Who can say that the springtime glories of nature are confined to the country, when the busy urban areas look and feel like this?

Anne Murphy, '50.

English I

May, 1948

MY FIRST AIRPLANE TRIP

AS the huge silver bird soared swiftly among the fleecy, listless clouds a sudden feeling of happiness mingled with a little fear crept over me. My first airplane trip was as thrilling as I had been told it would be.

I looked out and down to see the rural countryside dotted with miniature play houses. Nearby, fields were rich with the chocolate of spring plowing and the seemingly never ending rivers were as so many sparkling diamonds. An imposing landmark was the ancient stone

church that seemed bruised by human voices when one entered it but its imposing silence did not make me feel sad today.

Winging our way onward my feeling of excitement increased as I tried to follow the course of a silver ribbon road that twisted itself in an intricate maze of highways and finally reached its destination.

Without warning a bridge thrust its head grotesquely into the blue and I realized that the scenes below were becoming more and more familiar. Finally we landed and the tiny fairyland became once more the dull uninteresting place called Cambridge.

All this happened two years ago but I remember it as vividly as though I were making the trip now and even if I never go up in an airplane again it will be some consolation to contemplate the lovely memories I shall always cherish.

Patricia Supple, '51.

SUBWAY OBSERVATIONS

THE man across from me in the trolley is very tired. He leans his head back and tries to keep his watery blue eyes closed. His pale hands clutch a bulky parcel, his ashy face seems very troubled, and yet he can sleep on a trolley, as if he were glad to be there. Perhaps his wife nags him in bed, and keeps him awake by arguing all night. A child, a squirming freckled thing of four, is sitting next to me. He turns to look out the window, poking me with a lollipop and wiping his filthy shoes on my cotton dress. There is no apology. His mother only says, "Careful, Juniah" and glares at me for being in the way.

A little old lady further down in the car reminds me of a friend my mother once had. I would see her on the bus every morning, sound asleep, and snoring so delicately as to shake only the few seats near her. On second look, this woman is not my old acquaintance. She is like a little bird, as her brown eyes dart from face to face. A little girl in the seat behind me is asking a question:

"When will I be big enough to reach the straps, Daddy?"

"Not for a while, dear."

"Where are we going, huh, Daddy?"

"To see grandma. Quiet now."

The little girl reminds me of the little girl I was at her age. I remember my triumphs in the subway, the day I noticed that the lights in the subway train went out before we reached a station, the day when I discovered I was big

enough to stand up and hang onto the straps, or the time my grandmother let me swing by my knees, just for a second, from the enamel hand holds in the subway train. I remembered, too, riding on my father's shoulder in a trolley, during a rush hour crowd, and stroking the fur coat of a fat woman, remarking that it was like my cat at home. I remember the woman's laughing and mother's being embarrassed.

The trolley stops, and I am knocked out of my reverie. "End of the line, all change," says the conductor, as the few people, headed by a skinny woman in a purple feathered hat push by me to get out the door.

Martha Pfeufer, '49.

HOME OF THE BIBLE

FIRST I took a trip to Haifa, a modern city with tall, white marble buildings lining the neat square. Buses, trains, taxis and other modern conveniences were things I least expected to find. It was easy to imagine being home again, for this city was much like Cambridge.

My first week in Haifa proved to be very embarrassing, however, because whenever I walked down a strange street, people would stream out of their houses and stare at me in a most curious manner. Perhaps this was because of my different appearance and strange American ways. Even now, this whole experience remains a complete mystery to me.

Next came a trip to Nazareth, an old city which has not changed its customs from the time of Christ. There is but one main well which runs underground to a path where it suddenly stops. Here a church was built centuries ago, marking the place where Mary was informed that she was to be the mother of God. This church is known as the Church of the Annunciation. Even today the native girls come to the well, balancing huge jugs on their heads. These modern girls are magnificently arrayed in long, beautifully patterned flowing robes tightly fitted at the waist with beautiful beads adorning the bodice. Their soft, black hair is arranged in two braids. To watch them walk, while balancing their jugs of water, or "jaraa," on their heads, is fascinating.

My second stop was at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem which was remodeled by the Crusaders in the twelfth century. Here is the place of the Crucifixion, Burial, and Ascension of our Lord. Also there are the places where the Crusaders stood and where Saint Helen found

the True Cross. In the ante-room I was shown a rather large and rough stone which is a piece of that rolled by the angels from the door of the tomb of Christ.

Stooping low, I was ushered into a small room all ablaze with yellow lights. Here stood the tomb of Christ. I was soon informed that I'd have to stoop on retreating, but I was so fascinated by the mysterious atmosphere that I almost bumped my head on the low, rounded doorway.

When I was leaving, my attention was diverted to a realistic statue of Mary, Mother of God, which was encased in a huge square of shining glass. It was as Mary was, upon the death of Christ, her eyes full of tears. Within the glass case were some of the most beautiful jewels and relics imaginable. People who have sought and received petitions or favors have placed them there as a tribute of thanks. Even Napoleon left his dagger there when he visited Jerusalem.

Far off in the distance vespers were being chanted. My ears soon became pleasantly accustomed to the rhythmic echoes of the responsive chanting and the organ accompaniment. Also I rather liked the fragrance of the incense; I was inspired by the dim, religious light produced by the blending of lamp rays and the faint daylight that found its way through the large stained glass windows.

Marian Christy, '50.

FOLLOWING THE FASHION

IF it be true that plain, hard facts are unchangeable, and that the lofty moral principles which allegedly guide our civilization are likewise immutable, then Fashion, especially Fashion as applied to the wearing apparel of the distaff side, can be denominated as neither fact nor moral principle. For untold centuries, indeed, the fickle fancy of fleeting, evanescent Fashion has imposed her tyrannical will upon hosts of eager women, always ready to follow blindly wherever her stylish finger beckons; by the same token, she has thrown hosts of men, whose own garb changes slowly, imperceptibly, sensibly, and rationally, into hopeless exasperation and confusion, for these innocent bystanders before the votive altar of Style must not only endure her every whim, but also pay for it.

With what a conglomerate assortment of garments has Woman adorned herself since the beginning of time! The heterogeneous mixture includes the modest veils of eastern harems, the demure coifs of feudal castles, the stupen-

dous wigs of Louis XIV's Paris, the heavy paniers of old Vienna, and, last but not least, the preposterous hobble skirts of the 1920's. Of course, some of the trends were charming, others daring, and still others atrocious, but, no matter what they were, the majority of women became ardent disciples of each new fad as it came along, not caring whether it was becoming, or whether it "did things for them," or whether it really "did things" amounting in the end to utter ridicule, but only that it was fashionable.

We of 1948 have just witnessed one of the more remarkable manifestations of this disturbing phenomenon of the feminine fancy. The recent war, being a universal and impersonal affair, and not especially particular about whom it affected, forced even the women of every nation to give most generously of their valuable time and effort to bring it to a speedy conclusion. Now it is well nigh impossible to do one's duty to one's country while bedecked in all the frills and furbelows of the peacetime era; the ladies, therefore, valiantly rose to the occasion and dispensed with the aforesaid impracticalities. The Tailored Look was the order of the day; suits were everywhere to be seen, not only in the trim uniforms of the various services, but also in the usual costume of the civilian woman. From the war and its immediate aftermath emerged the modern version of the American Girl, a tall creature, lean and long-limbed, with sleek, shining hair and a serious expression. She was also, by the way, a product of the Age of Woman's Emancipation, when the ladies imagined that by dressing like, and doing the work of men, they were actually becoming more and more like what they fondly believed to be their male counterparts. This was the situation not long ago, but what is it now?

In the spring of 1947, a decree that revolutionized the fashion world was issued from a certain gay city in northern France, where the high priests and priestesses of La Mode have long built their most resplendent temples. Lo and behold! skirts have suddenly descended from just below the knee to just above the ankle; waists have been "nipped-in"; to use the cant phrase of the initiated; countless little touches of the most frilly and feminine sort adorn every ensemble; as many lacy or beruffled petticoats as the wearer's heart desires whisper and swish provocatively above her handsomely shod feet. This startling silhouette has been called, for want of another and better name, the "New Look," but no name could be so misleading, for the "Look" is not "New" at all; it is merely

a mixture of various ingredients from a thousand "Old Looks." It has not made a complete conquest yet, but all stubborn resistors must, unless they make their own clothes, eventually capitulate, for they can buy little else in the stores.

Whither goes Fashion when this latest New Look is old? Will she take the next step, attach crinolines to her petticoats, and don the hoop-skirts of ante-bellum days? Or will she revert to the other extreme, and imprison her devotees again in hobble skirts? Who can tell? Not I, certainly! I can only suppose that Fashion is best to be defined as a manifestation of the restlessness of the feminine mind.

Anne Dyer Murphy, '50.

THE ARRIVAL OF TELEVISION

TELEVISION, the newest marvel of science, still remains a comparative luxury but in the not too distant future television sets will become as commonplace as radio sets are at the present time. Television stations are already functioning in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and now Boston. Within the next few years stations will be established in the major cities of the Mid-West, Far West, and South so as to provide a nation-wide television system. In Boston stations WBZ and WNAC have already started operations this spring and WHDH plans to enter the field next year.

"Video," as television is sometimes called, will make feasible entirely new types of entertainment and may resurrect the ghost of an old one, vaudeville, in streamlined form. It combines the visual advantages of motion pictures with the availability of radio; therefore, it will become a strong competitor of both of its older sisters in the entertainment field. Since the motion picture industry realizes its inability to destroy television, it has attempted to combine with it. Paramount has pioneered in flashing the first telecast on a movie screen but Warner Brothers and 20th Century-Fox are close behind.

Television will undoubtedly serve as a boon to sponsors, for audiences will not only be subjected to hearing various products described in glowing terms but will be forced to see them demonstrated on their television screens. The day rapidly approaches when Jack Benny will be telecast, smoking a Lucky on every program, Bob Hope will be forced to brush his teeth every Tuesday night with you-know-what dentifrice, and the parlor in Fibber McGee's

home will benefit from a weekly rubbing with Johnson's Wax. John's Other Wife will develop dishpan hands from publicly demonstrating her sponsor's soap while Bob Hawk will keep in shape taking his weekly walk for a Camel.

Besides causing a revolution in entertainment, this infant industry will provide a great public service by enabling millions of people in their own homes to witness important news events throughout the world as they actually unfold. If a well-informed populace is the backbone of a true democracy, television will aid in preserving democracy in this nation. Another use for television will be as a visual aid in education. Radio and the motion picture have assumed their rightful places in modern education and television will one day rank beside them.

Perhaps the greatest use of "video" in the immediate future will be the telecasting of sports events. Games of the three New York baseball teams have been televised for the past few years with immense success and popular approval, and the Boston teams have agreed to allow several of their games to be televised this summer. No longer will rabid sports enthusiasts have to fight their way into crowded ball parks and arenas to watch their favorite sports. They can remain comfortably seated in their own homes, becoming "armchair experts" in the literal sense of the phrase.

In conclusion, one thing is evident: for better or worse television is here to stay.

Norman Goldberg, '48.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE COMMONPLACE

TOO often we go through life ignoring completely the beauties which surround us every day. If we were to record all the beautiful sights and sounds we see and hear during the course of a day, we would, indeed, be surprised at all the things that we have heretofore overlooked. The sound that snaps us into consciousness, the bell of the alarm clock, has a very musical tone, although we may not appreciate it because it disturbs our slumber. Nevertheless, if we stop to think about it, we can hear how lovely the silvery peal of the bell really is.

To most people, a rainy day is anything but lovely. Such a day is not enjoyed because it can disrupt previously made plans and can often cause disappointments. But, have you ever noticed how beautiful the patter of rain on a roof can sound? Another sound, the noise of children playing, can cause many headaches to those who do not appreciate the musical quality of the mingling voices.

Faces have beautiful expressions that are often overlooked. On the whole, a face may not be too pleasing to regard, but, the eyes, for instance, may have a lovely sparkle. The wrinkled faces of elderly people are not considered beautiful, but they have a soft, quiet calm, peaceful look that is very lovely. Plain faces, when seen under certain circumstances, appear beautiful.

Things that are a bit of effort to see are much more beautiful than those that are easy to observe. If we get up an hour earlier to see a sunrise on the water, we enjoy it more because it is not easily attained. Patterns made by the sun through the trees are unusual and interesting. In them we can see various shapes and lovely pictures.

Only those who appreciate these beauties will enjoy them. Only those who look for them will find them. Although they surround us, we must have ourselves trained to see the beauties of the commonplace.

Eleanor Conroy, '48.

SHADOWS!

THE room was small, lined with sound absorbent wall board; all the furniture was bolted tightly to the floor, and the room itself was hung as a unit from steel beams above, in much the same manner as that used in radio studios in New York City. This type of construction had done very well in keeping the sound of the subways out of network radio programs, but there were more than subways to trouble the underground city of New Alamos.

The roar of the generators penetrated as a dull rumble, and, in spite of that miraculous design, the room vibrated in step with the giant mechanisms. This was the greatest power plant of all times, and it was running at twice the recommended maximum ratings. For it took power to make the fuel and the warheads for the A-3 rockets, and, even when that power was basically rippling out of uranium slugs in a pile, there were still the massive intermediaries of the turbine and generator.

The room vibrated, and in a hollow plastic sphere that was bolted to the desk, seven flakes of light metal were in constant motion, ever jumping up and down, shifting with a fascinating, ever changing, never ceasing pattern. Danny Loring sat behind the desk, watching them. Sometimes, they interfered with his work, but it made up for that just to have them there, purposeless, aimless, never even reaching the top of their container. It helped to think about

them, whenever he got to thinking too hard about other things,—things such as the A-3 rockets, hardy creatures, steely skinned, sure as the death they carried. The old uranium bomb was a piker.

With those bombs, you let the atoms break in half under the stress of a chain reaction; the force of their separation vented itself in the most powerful explosion that the world had known. Now, things were more effective. You "charged" atoms of certain susceptible elements, created sotopes, subtly unstable forms, and then shielded them very, very carefully. When you wanted to, you applied radiant energy—probably some variety of X-ray, although none but the highest ranking officers knew—and the atoms converted a good three fourths of their mass into energy. You could use any amount of explosive that you wished; there were no critical masses, beyond which any aggregation would produce an explosion. It was fool proof, the weaponeer's dream.

Danny Loring sat there, his work on the desk, watching the silver flecks of metal leaping quietly in the sphere. His hand played idly with his pencil, made meaningless marks on a sheet of scratch paper. One could not force a man in Loring's position to work; it was much too easy to drive him mad if you forced him to concentrate day in and day out on the A-3's, their cruelly efficient robot brains, their infallibility, and the almost certainty of death—for the enemy, for himself, for the innocent bystanders.

Days passed and ever the short, intense figure of Loring scribbled on his papers or stared morosely at his toy. In his way, he was just as cramped and warped in his motivations as the bombs he hated and loved with almost the same intensity. He was a victim of his time. Had things been otherwise, he might have been a great, peaceful man, ever searching for the good and the true. As it was, he could only sit and contemplate the inevitable. When it would come, he knew not; how it would come he cared not. It was enough that it would be quick and painless, that death of his, a scant enough compensation for a life of prolonged, unhappy strain. It would be a flash of light and a burst of heat and a tremendous explosion, an utter erasure of all the effort he and his companions had made. It would be the momentary creation of a miniature sun which would blaze fiercely for a few fractions of a second and then die slowly away, leaving scorched earth for mile on mile, a scorched earth upon which only twisted and dying things remained, where even the hardest

of organisms would scarcely survive, where more complex humanity would fall like flies. A true monument indeed to the stupidity and death of men who should have been striving for the stars.

Timothy Orrok, '48.

CHEERFULNESS AND HUMOR—AN AMERICAN ASSET

WITHOUT their cheerfulness and humor, Americans would be lacking in one of their greatest assets. This optimistic outlook has made them popular as well as fascinating to other peoples and has brought them through hardship and trials still able to face life's problems unflinchingly.

Throughout the first and second World Wars when strain and tension were high, audiences both civilian and army were as responsive as during peacetime to such comedians as Bob Hope. This cheerfulness must not be mistaken for lack of feeling, but rather as an unconsciously strong weapon against loss of morale, which has led to defeat in many countries. Our soldiers were never at a loss for a rib-tickling joke, and pored over comic books for hours, looking as serious as if they were reading a Greek tragedy, but silently chuckling over the misadventures of "Donald Duck." In spite of the grim scenes of battle they can still sit telling their appreciative audience of small events of their wartime career which to some less observing would have had no humorous effect. Perhaps it is partly this keen power of observation and quick mind which makes the American wit so outstanding. Without a wide knowledge of what is going on around them, listeners would look puzzled rather than amused at their subtle humor.

Cheerfulness abides in the school, the home, and the business office. Along with cheerfulness goes willingness to work and co-operation, without which little could be accomplished.

Although sometimes our way of life appears a bit uncultured to foreigners, this "happy-go-lucky" outlook is really more than merely insensible happiness, for it is an important cog in the machine of the American way of life, which has already brought great success to our land.

Mary Herlihy, '48.

SUBWAY SCENES

ONCE the great majority of people descend into the tunnel, familiarly known as the subway, they seem to leave behind them all the manners and training of modern civilization. Not only do they mill around the station and throw all sorts of things on the floor, but as

soon as a car pulls up to the platform, they all engage in a headlong dash for a seat, at risk of life and limb. The men, especially, seem to have lost all sense of chivalry except some who, rather than look at the painful sight of a woman standing will appear to doze off, bury their heads in a newspaper, or simply look the other way.

Although porters are constantly on the job, a subway station never appears clean. The original white walls are almost never white, unless they have just been painted, and the floor is always littered with gum and candy wrappers, cigar and cigarette wrappers, and all sorts of imaginable refuse. When a station is crowded with people, the noise somewhat resembles Niagara Falls, but when it is empty, it has the strange, hollow sound frequently associated with a tomb.

Covering most of the available wall space are posters, imploring one to buy this product, to see a certain movie, to drink a certain beverage, or even to ride in the subway. A large amount of floor space is taken up by newsstands selling all sorts of candy, comic books, magazines, and newspapers. The salesgirls who sell this astounding array of edibles and reading material invariably are too engrossed in discussing what Mabel did last night to wait on a poor helpless customer until his train is about to leave the station.

Although the subway has all these faults, it has one good point which cannot be overlooked. "Wherever you're going, whatever you're doing, the M. T. A.'s going your way."

David Boyer, '49.

IN THE NAME OF FREEDOM

IT is practically impossible to peruse one of today's popular magazines, in particular those designed for the avid consumption of women, without discovering an article bemoaning the present state of American morals. Clergymen, educators, writers, social workers, doctors, and a host of others, by means of an appalling array of facts, figures and opinions, have all taken their turns exposing the utter degeneracy of our times. While marriage and family life have been extolled, crime and punishment, juvenile delinquency and divorce have been condemned, and the civilization that produced them doomed to dire destruction. The situation is really no matter for joking, however; it is serious, and grows increasingly graver.

Various forces or elements of American life have been blamed for this state of affairs. The entertainment world, especially movies and radio, and the closely allied and equally lucra-

tive trade of modern fiction, are most frequently found guilty. These three Harpies of Demoralization, which should be Goddesses of Enlightenment, are justly accused of commercializing, ridiculing, and generally degrading all things sacred, in particular the honorable estate of holy matrimony. Also, because of their extreme popularity and availability, they are constantly reaching and influencing the more impressionable minds of the nation, and doing little or no good.

Certainly the aforementioned mediums of amusement must answer for much in today's moral crisis. There is, however, another not so well publicized output, the very instrument that does the publicizing, the Great American Press. Freedom of the press is a wonderful privilege, but one is forced to admit that, in some instances, not all, this freedom has been grossly abused.

The very incidents decried as causes of our moral breakdown are gleefully seized upon and exploited by some factions of the press. The leaders of these parties, viciously capitalizing on the general appetite for the sensational, feed a ravenous public with all the reeking scandal it can digest. Has Dives Q. Millions, monarch of the tobacco market, disinherited his only son? The deed of paternal disloyalty will be blazoned in headlines all over the country. Why did Pamela Pulcherrima, Queen of the Silver Screen, divorce her fifth husband? The answer to this pertinent and personal question will be shrieked in the largest type of the tabloids. Those ferrets into peace and privacy, the so-called gossip columnists, daily display their hysterically silly knowledge of the rich and handsome in English that could not pass the eighth grade. News of historic importance is often relegated to the second section.

We have recently witnessed a more flagrant example of this phenomenon. One of the shining lights of Hollywood, whose glory is more like the rhinestone's than the diamond's, or the tinsel's than the crystal's, has just entered into matrimony for the fourth time, with the heir to a tin-plate fortune, likewise embarking upon the sea of matrimony for his fourth cruise. The ceremony could have taken place only in Hollywood; most of filmdom's great attended; a repast of astounding magnificence was served; the bride earnestly declared, as she had no doubt after her three other weddings, that this time, to use her quaint expression, it would be "for keeps"; and, most tragic of all, her little daughter, the child of a previous union, was made to witness, in her role of flower-girl, the bewildering spectacle of

her mother's rejecting one father and wedding another. The press happily gave its benediction to this marriage by printing life stories of the happy pair, to be duly devoured by all ambitious young ladies who aspire to fame, fortune, and the divorce courts by way of the movies.

It so happened that on the day of the wedding, if such it can be called, joyous Englishmen were helping their King and Queen to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. For a quarter of a century, George VI and his gracious consort, Queen Elizabeth, with their two lovely daughters, have been shining examples, for all the world to see, of marriage and family life at their best. A good many Americans are fond of saying that they hate to hear about the monarchical institutions of Great Britain, but they could well learn a lesson from the respect for all the truly permanent values in life that these very traditions show. The American press would have done admirably if it had ignored the sacrilegious farce of Lana Turner and devoted more space to the prayerful thanksgiving of the good King and Queen. It would then have helped to further the cause of moral stability in our country.

Anne Dyer Murphy, '50.

REFLECTIONS IN BED

REFLECTIONS in bed can be somewhat educational as well as interesting. I can remember once that while I was sleepily lying in bed, I suddenly noticed a box in which I kept some of my playthings. It had once been a box of evaporated milk cans. I can remember distinctly trying to imagine what these words would become if read backwards. After a great struggle I accomplished the feat and was able to say "detaropave klim" with great gusto. I *imagine* that could be called educational, couldn't it?

When one has nothing to do while lying in bed all sorts of transformations and distortions take place. The knots on my knotty-pine wall paper suddenly are not any longer plain knots but two belligerent eyes looking at me with a menacing gaze. That weird shape on the ceiling, no longer a mere conglomeration of cracks running every which way, but through the magic of imagination, is now Ichabod Crane being chased by the Headless Horseman. Other lines directly above may represent a small dog, a new style in women's hats, or two lovers wrapped in a fond embrace.

Imagination can play tricks with the most insignificant of objects when one is in that strange

state between sleep and wakefulness. One can picture himself sailing for a distant shore in that shoe lying where it has been carelessly tossed; one might think what he would do if those pants hanging over the chair really got up and walked by themselves, as has been so many times jokingly suggested by mother. I have come to the conclusion that the wakeful hours one spends in bed are not wasted, but are of invaluable importance in increasing the scope of the imagination.

Shelton Smith, '49.

THE BROOKHAVEN NATIONAL LABORATORY EXHIBIT

DURING the six weeks from May 15, to June 30, the Brookhaven National Laboratory exhibit on atomic energy will be at Mechanics Building. Even for those whose knowledge of physics is scanty, the visit is worthwhile, because of the number of gadgets which are fascinating without any scientific background. There are "pinball machines" which demonstrate the action of atom splitting, Geiger counters which flash lights and click furiously at the presence of the radioactivity in a small sample of uranium ore (or in your luminous watch dial), among the others. In one booth, atoms split by radiation from a radium source are detected and indicated by (1) a flash of light on a screen showing a broken atom, (2) a bleat from a loudspeaker, (3) a long pip on the screen of a gadget called an oscillograph (remember the pictures of pips on a radar screen? Like that), and (4) a flash from a big fluorescent tube.

There is also the little Van-de-Graaf generator of static electricity that was shown in LIFE a month or two ago, when this exhibit was in Stamford, Connecticut. Visitors are invited to stand upon an insulated stool while the demonstrator turns on 250,000 volts of static electricity, (of the same nature as that which you generate by running a rubber comb through your hair on cold, dry mornings—and just as harmless); as a result, the visitor's hair stands right up on end! This is not as effective with a crew cut, (as the demonstrator found to his dismay when I was there, after inviting a man with a hat to try it), but it certainly is fascinating otherwise.

As well, you will find a mock-up of an atomic power plant, several panels demonstrating atomic structure (and a movie projected on a viewing screen), a radioactive frog among nine normal brethren (you may detect him with a Geiger counter provided for that purpose), and, among other things, several large photo-

murals showing the peacetime uses of atomic energy.

Any time between now and June 30 that you have some time free, why not go over to Mechanics Building (into the door to the basement right outside the "Mechanics" stop on the Huntington Ave. subway) and see this exhibition? I can guarantee you an engrossing (and free) time. You are sure to have fun, and you'll probably learn something about atomic energy even in spite of yourself.

Timothy Orrok, '48.

Lines Based on Browning's Andrea del Sarto and My Last Duchess THE "COUSIN'S" WORDS

Andrea del Sarto and My Last Duchess

What keeps Lucrezia? Eight has struck and past,

I heard the convent chapel's clinking bell
As I did round the wall. And yet she stays.
Perchance that "faultless" painter, Andrea,—
Faultless in that his figures are exact,
But full of fault in that his souls are dead—
Perchance he has refused the sum she asked,
And she, in order to secure it, stays.
But see! There they sit looking from the window forth,

Her hand in his—and yet her heart in mine;
And I must slink into the shadows here
When rather I would be with her up there.
She smiles, and I must be content to gaze
Upon such beauty from afar, while he,
There in that room which Francis' money built
Has that great beauty close, yet has it not.
'Tis strange that those who have so much
should lack

That which they long for most and those who lack

Yet have what others most desire. The world
Is strange, but yet 't was meant to be. Enough!
Ah, there! She turns to go—yet turns to stay.
Lucrezia, will you never leave his side?
A low soft whistle might awaken her.
She hears it, and again she starts to rise;
And yet again he holds her back with words
Which summon forth a smile, perchance a blush—

(It is too dark for me to see so clear.)
The words of flattery detain her there
And while they flow she can do naught but stay
And listen, sighing all the while. Again
I'll whistle low. At last he rises. There!
She follows. Soon she'll join me here and bring

Perhaps with her the sum to pay my debts.
Ah life! It seems that even yon bright star
Knows you are sweet, and it is right. You are!
Jessie Dubay, '48.

ONE FRENCH LORD TO ANOTHER

By Jupiter, I think I know that face!
Is that not Andrea, the Florentine,
Who took the gold from our King Francis 1
And then betook himself to Fiesole?
His look betrays him. Shall we follow him?
He might have gained great fame from work
he did

In France for his great patron, but he chose
To enrich himself; yet even now, I think,
He seems to have no joy in the stolen gold,
Seems still to envy Michel Agnolo
And Rafael, whose inspiration brings
The soul of his madonnas to the canvas.
This Andrea can produce a faultless work
Which shows no inspiration, wins no praise;
But Rafael and Agnolo paint on,
And win the wealth that he was forced to steal.
Speak not to him; he cares to hear no words
For he is trying to avoid our eyes,
His own unhappiness must be enough;
We need not add to it. He steals away,
Going perhaps now to that very house
His stolen money bought, but where, they say,
No happiness awaits him, for his wife
Brings him no inspiration. True, she is
His model, whom he paints upon the walls
Of churches, and so real she seems to men
Who see the work, that even Agnolo
And Rafael have failed to match it still,
But Andrea can gain none of their praise,
Because no inspiration blazes forth
Out of his painting, and he toils in vain
To make his dull though perfect paintings equal
The imperfect, though inspired, works they
paint.

Roland Perkins, '48.

THE DUCHESS SPEAKS

There's my dear husband, standing at my feet
While pointing out his wife whom he did
wrong.

He brags about my portrait, all unshamed,
And talks of beauty, art, and me. He tells
Of how the artist, Fra Pandolfo, drew
A counterpart of my pure loveliness.
I loved my husband well: 'twas anger not
Deserved by me, which forced him in this path;
But petty jealousy which made his wrath
So fierce. One night, while in the grove I
walked,
His hirelings leaped from tree and shrub and
stopped
My smiles forever; yet I love him still.
He loved me true and wanted me his own.
Another's glance on me he'd note, and straight
He'd turn on me, and rave and rant,
Berating me for loosely given smile,

Coquettish glance, or press of hand too free.
Alas if only I could speak to him,
The delegate who hearkens to my Duke,
And warn him of the dangers to this girl
Whose wedding to my lord is being planned.
The Duke, enchanted by her face so fair,
Hath offered her my chair beside his own.
But now my tongue is stilled by him, and I
Can help not; she herself must learn his whims
And ways at once—or we shall meet full soon.

Betty Anne Galvin, '48.

G.A.A. NOTES

WITH the closing of school rapidly approaching, the G.A.A. picnic which will take place in June at Kendal Green, is a wonderful opportunity for a last get-together. Fun will be the theme of the day but to show that the theme has its serious side, the newly elected officers will be formally installed in office.

The G.A.A. is surprised that so few freshmen are running for office. Don't be bashful! After all, it's you who will make up the G.A.A.

At an assembly in the Cleveland Auditorium, Mr. Sheehan presented the senior varsity basketball team with silver basketballs from the G.A.A. The girls, who worked hard for these trophies and who certainly deserve them, are Roberta Wilkie, Eleanor Moriarty, Pat Kokinakakis, Jean Hildebrand, Marjorie Isnor, and Vivian Freeman.

The officers leaving school this year are Pat Kokinakakis, Jane Butler, Nancy Nugent and Marion Murray, all of whom wish to give Miss Brown their thanks for her wonderful friendship and guidance.

Happy vacation! Marion Murray, '48.

SPANISH CLUB

THE officers of the Spanish Club are indeed grateful to all who helped in any way to make this such an enjoyable and interesting year. We have had many fine meetings—some serious and scholarly—some light and entertaining—but all helping us immeasurably in our study of the language and culture of our neighbors to the south.

At the last meeting, the Spanish Club presented a short play "El Novio Español," which everyone enjoyed immensely. Between the acts, some of our talented members entertained with Latin-American songs and dances. Everyone had a good time and it was a fitting climax to a wonderful year.

Fred Savina, '48.



REVIEW STAFF

Back Row—Donaghue, Canning, Nyman, Fulkerson, Torp, Herlihy, Dubay, Goldberg, Tenore, Sullivan, Korenthal.

Middle Row—Gerasim, Galvin, Bonacci, O'Hara, Prior, Alperin, White, Fields, Thornhill, Greenstein.

Front Row—Aldenburg, Shocket, Goldberg, Orrok, Goolst, Corcoran, Lowry.



HOMEROOM COMMITTEES

Back Row: Kiely, Rogers, Fennell, Monroe, Eldridge, Eagan, Monteith, Kelleher, Mix, Seigfreid, Rigarzio, Sullivan, Pappas, Lakis, Levine.

Middle Row: Sousa, Adams, Cupill, Halajian, Shaw, Goldberg, Butler, Harnum, McCarthy, Reardon, Dubay, Connell, Irwin.

Front Row: Sullivan, Barbera, Cleary, Carr, B. Carr, Dooley, Kennedy, Camelio, Duggan, Gosselin, Kokinakis.



G. A. A.

Back Row—Murray Miss Brown, Morrison.

Front Row—Fitzpatrick, Conway, Kokinakis, Butler, Nugent.



K. B. CLUB

Back Row—Shaw, Dubay, Dragan, Nelson, Lampner, Ladner, Singer, Gates.

Middle Row—Wagner, Giampetruzzi, Barnes, Miss Macdonald, Miss Young, Landry, Green, Murray, Scantleledes, Herman.

Front Row—Aus'ten, Rosa, Lowry, Tenore, Fulkerson, Thornhill, Greenstein, Bolduc.



HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row—Mr. Fraser, Murphy, Kenney, Heffernan, Jordan, Kelly, Goodhue.
Front Row—Cleary, Cusick, Donahue, Lee, Rigazio, McLaughlin, O'Connor.



VETERANS

Back Row—McManus, Waters, Kenney, Kiely, Bourque, Brisbois, Doherty, Mathison.
Middle Row—Sharky, Sullivan, Curran, Flynn, Mahony Gonzalez, Jackson.
Front Row—Hanlon, Jackson, Conlon, Sullivan, Hayes, Corkery, Hayes.



FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row—Hunter, Zyers, Cusick, Piccioulla, Montieth.

Middle Row—Mr. Fraser, Mr. Reardon, Cotter, Hiscock, Bourque, Stanewick, Vessella, La Place, Ashenden.

Front Row—Hurley, Lakis, Igo, Foster, Murphy, Donahue, Eagan, Chester.



BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—Mr. Fraser, Curcio, Palaro, Cusick, Murphy, Hudson, Scalise, LaPlace, Allosso.

Front Row—Nolan, Tufenkjian, Durakis, Rogers, Dansereau.



WITH our heads full of thoughts of graduation and our pockets empty because of graduation we tearfully dedicate this issue to the seniors who did **not** stumble on the last fifth . . . Robert Gillis had a little trouble with a train and a camera . . . how did you ever get the engineer to go back for it? . . . Phyllis Goselin has quite a time deciding who the light of her life is . . . don't worry too much, Phil . . . Janet Irwin and Helene Drolet created quite a sensation when they came to school in identical suits . . . Ruth Cooke goes on a 35 mile bike hike every Sunday . . . ah, Youth!! . . . Seen having a marvelous time at the Junior Prom were Suzanne Gilman and Dave Ashenden, Alice Carbinaro and Kenneth Carwile, Ann Murphy and Donald Murphy (no relation, honest), Jean Porch and Nick Culolius, Barbara Lewis and Paul Gogan, Anne Rowe and Bobby Doyle, Nancy Rose and Charlie Durakis, and Marion Bloomquist and Don Nordstrum . . . Joe Lopresti brings the most interesting notes to fifth period . . . The Big Three who gather sixth period every day are Alvin Brezinsky, Arnold Levine, and Billy Monteith . . . Betty Tenore—1948 Valedictorian—has a rough time getting out of her homeroom . . . we'll help you, Betty . . . Where did Alfred Miller get that car he was driving down Broadway? . . . it's a good thing that you offered us a ride . . . we had our 22's aimed at your tires . . . We are sorry to hear that Troula Cupas had a sudden attack of appendicitis . . . cheer up, you didn't miss much at school . . . What madman has been let loose with a pair of shears . . . an amazing amount of people now have very short hair . . . Shirley Cohen was seen copying pages and pages of music for her trumpet . . . maybe she'll play them for us some day . . . Beverly Brown, Jeri Jaxon, and Martha Pfeuffer practice period three for the Language Club program . . . Edmund Goodhue is very quiet in his history class . . . hoping to be overlooked, Eddie? . . . The Carr twins have the cutest Gibson Girl outfits . . . Peggy Sullivan had her Irish up against a certain C. H. L. S. student . . .

Joan Williams had a party which was a big success, at least so we hear from Barbara Connell, Joe Breen, Marion Murray, Gene Fosher, Mary Herlihy, Dave Walsh, Joyce Kelly, George McLaughlin (have you seen his new hair cut), Janie Butler, Jimmy Curry, and Ralph O'Brien . . . Bernard Eldridge certainly has an educated taste for clothes . . . what school advised those knitted suspenders, Bernie? . . . Roger Carwile is very generous when it comes to giving friends a ride in his car . . . true friendship!! . . . Don't get excited if you see a crowd on Trowbridge Street during recess periods . . . it's just the driving class learning how to stop, start, and to shift gears . . . don't get discouraged kids; you'll have your coveted licenses some day . . . Graduation pictures caused quite a sensation, but none so much as Jimmy Prior's huge pile. Every time he saw one to whom he owed a picture, he had to leaf through the stack to find the right one . . . it was quite a sight . . . Congrats to Betty Anne Galvin and Ann Murphy on winning the English Quiz prize . . . did you enjoy the chocolate bars? . . . Wilson, Cadullo, and DeVito say the strangest things in the REVIEW office — one heart — by — two spades — three diamonds — we just can't understand it . . . (incidentally, who won?) . . . Helen Hicky, Mary Cronin, and Eleanor Moriarty took advantage of our last vacation to go out to Fenway Park . . . Peggy Atkins, Evelyn McCabe, and Joan Archibald are a few more staunch Sox fans . . . Dave Boyer and Phyllis Torp were among the privileged few who were allowed to go home between prize exams . . . Phyllis stayed in school, but Dave headed for home and bed . . . lucky dog . . . Susy Neilsen is always meeting a certain Senior between classes . . . Jimmy Cotter certainly patrols the third floor well during the recess periods . . . practicing for the infantry, Jimmy? . . . Norman Gross has a mad passion for the new song "Nature Boy" . . . Paul Fugere appears for a command performance every day in Mr. Bramhall's office . . . Timmy Cronin is always willing to help Roland Perkins in Chemistry class . . . Carol Dias certain-

ly was shocked to see an old picture of herself taken in the 8th grade . . . What was Teddy Goolst doing with a Toni set in school . . . is that why your hair is always so curly? . . . I wonder why Kenneth Carwile never gets tired of erasing blackboards . . . Donald Murphy seems to be profiting by reading **David Copperfield** . . . shades of Dora, eh? . . . Everyone is wondering whose initials Buddy DeVoto has on his jacket . . . Jackie Balfe certainly has a swollen head—the mumps . . . Morrill Ordesky has very decided views on the new look, but we can't print them . . . Congratulations to Ann Wadden and Timothy Orrok for the fine job that they did M. C.-ing the English Quiz show . . . Betty Goldberg resembles the Revelon model in **Seventeen** . . . Charmaine Gardiner and Pat Brogan have a battle royal every day over their lockers . . . Fred Hiscock has a remarkable understanding of percents . . . Gloria Nelson is a top ranking member of the 8:29 club . . . Some teacher in the school thinks that Murray Shockett is cute . . . such lovely curly hair . . . Have you seen the luscious jacket the senior vice-president has been wearing lately? . . . Seen at the Meadows sighing over Vaughn Monroe . . . who blames them for that? . . . were Nancy Nugent and Barbara Sugrue with two Rindge boys . . . Dancing to Tommy Leonard's music—he sounds so much like Stan Kenton—were Mary McDonald, Jackie Donahue, Doris Killoran, Paul Crowley, Valerie "Red Streak" Broussard, and Ducky McManus . . . Theresa Callinan has an interesting look in her eyes every Monday . . . wonder why? . . . Rose Murrell has a new formula for personality . . . Cecilia Fletcher looks really sharp in her new BeBop glasses . . . Audrey Bailey has a pleasant smile for everyone . . . Although it is a little early to predict, we say that the boys' ballet dance will be the hit of the C. H. L. S. Frolics . . . Christy Anastos certainly is a fresh air fiend . . . his class mates suffer from it . . . Jane Aldenburg was seen at the Turnpike bowling alley with a handsome man recently . . . We are glad to see that Milt Schlein is off his Crutches now . . . Elaine Grenier has a Navy blue glint in her eye . . . Dottie Checci is an experienced disc jockey . . . Marilyn Roach is someone's Petunia Blossom . . . Joan Grossi is wearing a Somerville High class ring . . . aren't ours good enough for you? . . . Ann Foley has the New Look in hair-do . . . bleached bangs . . . Rm. 313 is quite proud of its veterans, James Gately, Carl Bourque, and Robert Conroy . . . Dolores Neal, and Jessie McEntee are sooo quiet . . . Bernice Leavenson, David Lutz, and Louise Harnum must catch a lot of worms . . . they certainly are early birds . . . Jewell Grigsby, Ponnice Hamlin,

Elaine Grenier, Nadia Ehrlich and Jimmy Kaiser all make a rush for the door of room 313 about the same time every morning—8:29 . . . Audrey Mangan goes yatata-yatata all recess long . . . Melvin Miller does a splendid imitation of Carmen Miranda . . . he also made the lovely ballet dresses for ballerinas Buck Kenney, Earl Quinn, Chuck Conley, Tex Murphy and soloist Peter Papas . . . Also in the Frolics, waltzing to Paul Morris' version of the Anniversary Song are: Shirley Adams, Danny Sullivan, Joan Worman, Basil Bourque, Janet Morrison and Porky Mix . . . In the girl's chorus line are Nancy Powers, Claire Forest, Beverly Young, Priscilla Davis, Pat Stevens, and Barbara Rodley . . . Eugenia Felipe, Louise Iousa and Ann Singer are only a few of the participants of the Modern Language Assembly of which Ken Korb was an able m. c. . . Conrad McArthur is one of the C. H. L. S. representatives in the Cambridge Center of Music and Drama . . . Larry Cocoran really knows how to hold his own in an argument . . . comes in handy, doesn't it? . . . We are told that Nick Culolius has the remarkable faculty of getting into places without tickets . . . Paul Morrissey recently appeared on Sherm Fellers show. The lucky audience heard him sing beautifully . . . Well as we pull the last sheet of paper out of the machine for the last time and put the dusty cover back on, we sob a last farewell to the departing Seniors.

Mary Lowery, '48.

Lorraine Fulkerson, '48.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

AS the seniors regretfully say goodbye to C. H. L. S., we of the Dramatic Club look back on four wonderful years. Successful proms, fun-filled parties, entertaining plays, and lively meetings will all be fondly remembered.

This year's formal, held on February 13, was a great success. Fred Sateriale's orchestra provided very danceable music, and everyone had a wonderful time. We would like to thank Miss Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Hockman, and Mr. Kenny for helping us out so much.

Lastly we wish to express our heartfelt thanks to Miss Hartigan, who has given of her time and health that the Dramatic Club might carry on. Her unselfish aid and kindly advice we shall always recall, along with our high school days.

Betty Anne Galvin, '48.

Secretary



TH' CURTAIN OVER NEAR TH' REAR DOOR FELL DOWN ON SOME WHO WERE LOOKING IN.

ANYONE DRIVING?



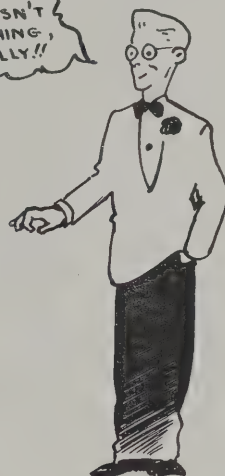
SOME OF TH' GANG- WHO WENT IN TOWN TO TH' LATIN QUARTER WERE; GEORGE FOGERTY, PAULINE JACOBS, NICK COLOLIAS, JEAN PORCH, AND LOVELY DOT NYMAN, PROUDLY ESCORTED BY YOURS TRULY.



I FOUND OUT THAT YOU NEED A NOTE FROM HOME TO BUY YOURSELF A CIGAR AT TH' COMMANDER.



IT WASN'T ANYTHING, REALLY!!



THANK TO TH' JUNIOR CLASS, AN' IT'S PRES.- LEO FLANAGAN.

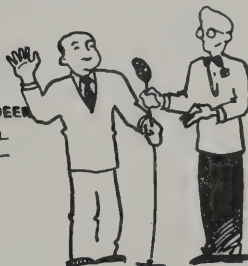
JUNIOR PROM

ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 26th THE HOTEL COMMANDER WAS ALIVE WITH THE JUNIOR PROM.

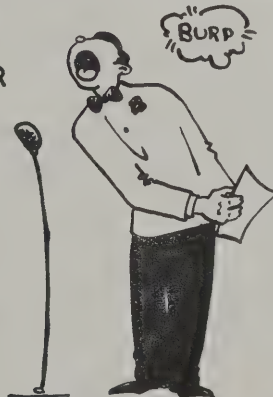


GOSK!!

THE KING AND QUEEN WERE JOAN MITCHEL AN' RIPPER COLLINS - NICE GOING.



LEO FLANAGAN INTRODUCED OUR NEW MAYOR TO US - MAYOR NEVILLE.



BURP

HATS OFF TO OUR SINGIN' BANDLEADER, BOB NORRIS.

JACK O'HARA '48

May We Present—

Marjorie Taylor, Senior

BLUE-EYED, brown haired Marjorie Taylor, an asset to the Senior Class, was born here in Cambridge seventeen years ago. Having graduated from the Morse school, and looking forward to graduating soon from dear old Latin, Marjorie states, "School would be all right if we didn't have homework." Agreed! Marjorie would like to spend all the afternoons along with her evenings, dancing to "soft dreamy" music instead of balancing a book-keeping account. That is why her ideal man would have to know how to dance. She adds two more necessary requisites to the list; namely, that he must be tall and handsome. Any applicants?

Marjorie is an avid sports fan and enjoys cheering her head off for the home team. She likes to swim and especially, she loves to walk. Marjorie works at the Harvard Trust Company. She has no definite plans for the future, but we are sure that she'll make good, no matter what her undertaking. Good luck, Margie! We of the graduating class are all glad that you're a senior with us.

J. D.

George Olson, Senior

TALL, blond George Olson, an eighteen year old senior has certainly been around. Born in Boston, he then moved to Worcester where he went to grammar school. His high school ramblings must certainly be a record. With one year each in Boston English, Worcester Commerce, Brighton High, he ended up here in C. H. L. S. An Honor Roll student, George intends to go to Boston University next year; he will major in industrial management. His life work will be high class junk (antiques to us).

Slow, dreamy music by Stan Kenton puts George in a rare mood. Ingrid Bergman is another Olson favorite. As for baseball, the Braves are his favorite team, but he doesn't think that there will be a pennant in Braves Field this year. Chemistry, basketball, and photography are tops on his list too.

George will be a great success in everything he tries. He has ambition, a will to succeed, and ability, and that is all that is necessary.

B. G.

Joanne Barnes, Junior

JOANNE BARNES is a junior, blonde and attractive. She was born in Newton sixteen years ago and moved to Cambridge at the age of ten (if anyone is interested in such statistics). As far as I could make out, she likes it here. She is the practical embodiment of school spirit, for she belongs to the G. A. A., the K. B., the Dramatic Club, and went to all of the hockey and football games this year. This is a good record in anybody's book. In between her other activities, she performs as chairman of her room committee and a member of the prom committee. When the volley ball team gets going, she's going to be in that too.

Outside, she likes dancing, swimming and tobogganing in their respective seasons, and the movies. Her musical tastes, incidentally, are typical of the school; she prefers Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. She has no detailed plans for the future, but she wants to study to be a secretary or something similar in the medical profession.

T. O.

Jeanne Eddy

JEANNE is a slender, blond junior, who wears very attractive tortoise-shell glasses. She entered C. H. L. S. in her sophomore year, coming originally from Springfield. Math is the subject to which Jeanne looks forward with qualms. She is the president of the Cambridge Latin's Chapter of the Junior Red Cross and teaches an arts-and-crafts class at the Margaret Fuller House, a settlement house. Her favorite movie personalities are Lawrence Olivier and Katharine Hepburn. Reading, drawing and playing tennis are her favorite out-of-school activities. She is also an active member of the K. B. After graduation Jeanne hopes to enter Boston University.

C. G.

Anthony Branco

TALL, dark, and handsome Anthony Branco, one of the prominent members of sophomore home room 126, is a native son of Cambridge, since he was born in the University City and has lived there for most of his six-

teen years. He was an honor graduate of the Longfellow School, and has continued on the Honor Roll at Latin. French, in which, by the way, he does extremely well, is his favorite subject, and, as he also speaks Portuguese fluently, it is evident that he is very much interested in modern languages. After graduation, he plans to go to college.

In the recreational department, Tony's first choice goes to dancing—sensible dancing, that is. No jitterbugging for him, for, as he vociferates, "It's absolutely crazy!" However, he definitely enjoys more conservative forms of the terpsichorean art. He also finds time for an occasional movie, preferably on the dramatic side, but he has no particular favorites among the actors. For reading material, he's partial to detective stories, of the Sherlock Holmes variety.

As for girls—well, Tony hasn't anything too specific to say on that engrossing subject. He demands, however, that she be intelligent, friendly, and—candidates please note—unassuming.

A. M.

Louise Welch, Sophomore

LOUISE WELCH, a very mild mannered, shy sophomore, pleasantly but suspiciously answered the many questions asked her for this issue. This dark haired, brown eyed student is sixteen years old and possesses a very pleasing personality.

In one respect, she is unique. That is, she likes school! C. H. L. S. is her idea of a perfect school, and although she enjoys all her five subjects, math and English have the edge as favorites. As yet, she hasn't been able to decide what college to attend or what profession to enter, but she intends to take a post graduate course here before she does enter college.

Louise has a very interesting hobby. She has a collection of about one thousand post-cards from a good many countries all over the world. It has taken her almost seven years to make up this fine collection.

Various school activities benefit by Louise's attendance. She has gone out for softball, belongs to the G. A. A. and the Chess Club. The Y. W. C. A. is also a favorite club as far as Louise is concerned. Because she doesn't work after school, she has time to pursue her many outside interests among which are tennis, skating, archery, and riding. Attending plays also rates high with this active young lady.

Strange as it may seem, Louise also has a few dislikes,—but just a few. Her main aversions

are bridge, traveling for any distance at all, anything that calls attention to herself, and the fact that up to now she has been so undecided about her future life.

She's found her "ideal man" already, as the very pretty friendship ring she wears signifies. In her own words, he is, "Slightly taller than I,—about five feet nine. He is very good company, has a fine sense of humor, and we like the same things. Finally, he is well liked by my family." (Nuff said!)

In conclusion, about all we can say is that the sophomore class is mighty lucky to have for one of its members as nice a young lady as Louise Welch.

Robert Heffernan, Sophomore

ROBERT HEFFERNAN is a fifteen year old sophomore who now lives in Belmont. When asked why he still goes to C. H. L. S., he answered that he considers Latin the ideal high school. His favorite sports are hockey and baseball. He hopes to be on the hockey team next year, (the best of luck, Bob) and is an avid Red Sox fan. I hope his family likes "Amos and Andy," as he never misses a program. He intends to attend Holy Cross. His ideal girl should be five feet two inches tall, with blue eyes and dark hair.

If you haven't seen Bob, you'll know him by his beaming smile, blond hair and blue eyes.

M. H.

K. B. NOTES

ANOTHER year has passed, and another group of K. B. girls is about to go out into the world. We have had many activities this year on which we can pleasantly look back. The trip to Oklahoma! started the year off with a bang, and this was followed by a Christmas party. On the more serious side, we carolled at the Holy Ghost hospital and helped collect money for a veterans' organization. Then we also had the fun and privilege of planning and attending our annual formal. We had many wonderful meetings at the homes of the various members, and the times we had there will never be forgotten. Before the year is over, we hope to have a holiday at the beach.

To the new set of officers, we extend congratulations and our best wishes for success in the coming year. We know that they will have a wonderful year under the guidance of Miss Young and Miss MacDonald.

Lorraine Fulkerson, '48.
Secretary-Treasurer

SPORTS

The baseball team, unable to play on the usually excellent diamond at Russell Field, has gotten off to a rather poor start. The hitting has been excellent in most cases, but neither the pitching nor the fielding has been quite as good. As a result, the team has run up football scores in most games. The record for six games is: Cambridge 36 points, opponents 64.

Latin held Exeter to a tie in a cold opener at the New Hampshire school. The game was called after nine innings, with the score deadlocked at 10-10. Dink Miller and Tom Cusick who divided the pitching chores for Latin allowed only two Exeter hits, but errors and walks allowed the home team to pile up a score equal to ours. Our ten hit attack was led by Captain Dick Rigazio, and Jakey Boudreau.

There was little improvement in either pitching or fielding, as Latin lost to Rindge 12-6. The rough terrain of the Fresh Pond "baseball field" didn't help Latin's fielding any. Miller and Cusick tried unsuccessfully to stop the bats of the title contenders from Rindge.

The team got off to a bad start against Arlington at Spy Pond Field, for a 9-2 lead was compiled by the home team before Latin started hitting. However, the best our team could do was make it 9-5.

The nine carried on the basketball tradition of losing close ones to Brookline, when they were edged 13-10 in a free scoring battle.

Latin had been no match for Newton at the Garden city, losing 14-1, but the Orange and Black had a harder time at Rindge Field, scraping through 6-4. They took an early 6-1 lead, and Latin could not get together until the eighth when they grouped enough hits to make it 6-3. In the ninth, Dick Rigazio added a home-run to deep right field; however, it was too late. The defensive play, however, was more encouraging, with Dink Miller and Lefty Austin Jordan dividing the game.

If the team can tighten up its defenses, the second half of the season should be more successful than the first. The batting has been more than adequate, as an average of six runs per game have been scored. Dick Rigazio, Bill Monteith, Jack Donahue, and Jack Lee have led this powerful attack.

The track team opened the spring season with a decisive 45-25 win over Waltham. Charlie Durakis and Jimmie Cotter scored two victories apiece; Durakis in the 220 and broad jump, and Cotter in the high jump and shot put. Frank Taylor, who has been out only about three

weeks, nipped Ray Myers at the tape in the half mile for our only other win. In the 440, the Waltham man got too long a lead on Ronnie Flink in the first three hundred yards, and managed to stave off Ronnie's last minute sprint. Dick Foley finished third in this event. Harvey Kaufman picked up three points by tying for second in the high jump, and finishing third in the broad jump. Dick Hennesey got a third place in the 220, and a relay team of Kaufman, Ling, Foley, and Mooney brought the morning to a happy conclusion with a win of by more than thirty yards.

The team was not as successful against B. C. High, dropping this encounter 53-33. Durakis was again high scorer with twelve points. He won the hundred, placed second in the 220, and tied for first in the broad jump. Ray Myers easily won the mile, and Jimmie Cotter took the high jump for the second time in two weeks. Frank Taylor finished second in the half mile. Dick Hennesey again took third in the 220, and Bill Cullinane and Harvey Kaufman also picked up a point each.

It is a little early to predict the outcome of the State meet, but we feel that Latin has a very good chance to win. Durakis and Coffee should do at least as well as they did last winter when they finished one and four in the 300. Ronnie Flink, who has been showing excellent form so far, can place in the quarter. The addition of Frank Taylor gives the team badly needed strength in the distance department; Ray Myers, who took a second in the Garden last winter will run in the mile, while Frank who is probably better than Ray in the shorter race will be in the half. With Jimmie Cotter a possible winner in the high jump, the team should at least finish among the top three if it does not win the meet.

Golf

Under the direction of Mr. Ronan, the golf team has gotten off to a good start with a record so far of one win and one loss. They opened with a victory over Belmont at the Fresh Pond course. However, against a powerful Arlington team they could not do as well, losing the match 8½-1½. "Porky" Mix is the captain of the team as well as its outstanding player. Other members are James Kelly, Tom Cusick, Jim Watts, Buddy Nauffts, Jack Rice, Fred Good, and John Butler.

Tennis

The tennis team has not had as successful a season, and has failed to gain a victory in two starts. Captain Ray Kenny has been the only victor in these matches which were lost to Watertown and Belmont by scores of 4-1 and 5-1 respectively. Although it has not yet been officially announced, those who will probably receive letters are Ray Kenny, Don Norwood, Ernie Anastos, Teddy Goolst, Stan Poole, Ed Goodhue, Dick Tufenkjian, and Manager Bob Gillis.

The crew practiced last fall and was to have a full schedule this spring. However, due to a temporary but acute shortage of funds, it found itself, to borrow a phrase from a fellow writer, sans funds, sans boat, sans everything. This however will not mean the end of the sport, and next year the eight will be back in competition.

The class of '48 can well be proud of its athletes, and we would like to mention some of the more outstanding ones in this last issue. First on the list is Dick Rigazio, voted the outstanding athlete of the class. As center on the hockey team, he performed well enough to be chosen to play for the G.B.I. all stars. He starred in the game against Catholic High of Montreal, scoring two of the locals' four goals. He has been an important factor in Coach Foley's baseball team plans for the past three years. Since his sophomore year, he has been an all star shortstop. He is considered by many to be the finest infielder in this section. Scarcely behind him in ability is Charlie Durakis, twice captain of the track team, and once head of Mr. Koslowsky's quintet. In track, he holds the indoor 300 yard record, and is New England 220 and 300 yard champ. Jimmie Cotter must be noted for his sixty yard gallop against the Rindge football team, which gave Latin its first victory over the boilermakers in three years. Jimmie was also one of the outstanding high jumpers of Massachusetts, being chosen to compete in a special New England invitation meet. Ray Myers was another trackster recognized by the authorities as one of the best competitors to run in this invitation meet. Jack Lee and Jack Donahue were two other outstanding hockey players who were picked for the league all star team. Dick Tufenkjian and Sal Sabatino are deserving of praise for their work on the basket-ball court. Sabatino was the team's high scorer, while Dick led the league in foul shots. Last, but by no means least, are co-captains Jake Boudreau and Basil Bourque who led their football team to its most successful season since 1939.

Before closing for good, we want to wish the best of luck to Jack Igo, Dick Heavern, and Roland Dansereau who will lead next years football, hockey, and basketball teams. They are all fine athletes, and we feel that, with a few of the breaks that were so woefully absent this year, their teams will have highly successful seasons.

Roland Perkins, '48.

Jim White, '48.

FRESHMAN NOTES

THIS is the last time you Freshman will have your names in these notes . . . For next year you will be sophomores . . . Seen at the C.H.L.S. baseball games are Frances Casella, Clara Pinto and Dot Boyce . . . It is rumored that Paul Cabral takes piano lessons, Ah! . . . Marie O'Connell is sporting a pair of sharp new colored glasses . . . Is potato chips all Ida Johnson can eat for lunch? . . . What does Barbara Sopher think about on the street car coming to school? . . . Jimmy Giffin is a good clock-watcher . . . probably he's thinking of being a jeweler . . . Frances Harte makes a mad dash for the lunchroom at recess . . . Guess she's hungry . . . Foster Nauffts of 110 has very nice blond hair . . . Ruth Hilton is one of the most popular freshman . . . Pauline Glynn is called "Butchie" . . . Pat Monohan and Marilyn Hackett are the best of friends . . . Mary Greco is an honor student in J.B.T. . . . Louise Gratto and Mona Hickey are two inseparables . . . David Hayes always keeps an interesting conversation in his classes . . . "Tiny" McCusker is very attentive at the Home Nursing Class . . . Dorothy Hanlon has a wonderful disposition always talking and smiling with everyone . . . Dickie Igo holds his daily conference with Richard Herbert every recess without fail . . . Jo Rossignol enjoys her first period study class . . . Henry Greenbauen enjoys eating during recess while watching a game of chess . . . Dorothy Burgess is in style all the time . . . Doris Head is liked by everyone, not many can claim as much . . . How do so many people know Lennie Russell? . . . Ann Murphy is a whizz in Latin, so 'tis reported . . . Freddy O'Wirk is the quiet one in 123 . . . Honey Magliozzi, Taffy Carolina, Penny Bolster, and Bunn Keohane are taking roller skating lessons at the Bal-er-roo . . . Rose Marino's birthday party was a tremendous success. Some of the invited were Pat Keegan, Mary Langoni, Bunny Keohane, Phil Keegan, Ann Linshkey, Irene Linstrom and Rose, of course . . . Roller skating and Lucky Bowler don't find anything in common . . . what a

clash they had Sunday afternoon . . . Ann Rudy and Maureen Zanfari keep the potato factories going . . . they eat three packages a day . . . Mary Burns is wearing a new basketball pennant . . . Who hasn't noticed Louis Nikas's new crew haircut . . . We hear that Marilyn Ormond and Joan Boisvert sang solos at Talent Night . . . Muriel Clancy's nickname is "Chick" . . . Joan McCusker's "Tiny" . . . Valdina Corte seems to be hitting the styles, of course, the new look. It's nice and snappy on her . . . Ed Conway is bound to run out of pencils with so much writing . . . Peggy Mahoney and Barbara Collins looked very nice at the Junior Prom . . . Lucky freshman . . . Shirley Obelski is the freshman with the most shoes . . . Beverly Paulis's new hair style is very becoming . . . Marilyn Ormond and Anna Klemas are seen at quite a few of the French Dances in Cambridge . . . Two inseparables are Marie O'Connell and Shirley Colby . . . Gertrude Shippey has caught the new look bug . . . Pauline Nugent is quite a fashion show with her lovely clothes . . . If anyone has a extra pencil please give it to Richard McAdoo . . . he is in need of one . . . Peggy Chaise is really bringing summer closer to us with all her flowers . . . Richard Carol's notes have ceased. What's the matter, Richard? . . . Frances Leighton plays the violin and does a beautiful job of it . . . Leonor Pereera had her hair cut short . . . Margaret O'Laughlin is a volley ball enthusiast . . . Patricia Newsome stands out like a shining light in her Latin class . . . Nancy Sylvester collects autographs of famous baseball players . . . Lorraine Reid is the jokester of the class . . . Albert Bruno's ex classmates wonder how he's getting along in his clarinet lessons . . . Geraldine Flett was chosen queen of the Teen Town Formal at the Y.W.C.A. . . . The Big Four: Ann Murphy, Carol Lertora, Janis Goddard, and Barbara Gillespie . . . We hear that Jennie Zilonas is the shy type . . . What do Rose Miele and Tina Metrano find to talk about during the Recess Periods? . . . an Indian must have visited 122 because he surely scalped Jackie Flaherty . . . close shave, huh . . . Joe Travis is considered one of the top singers of St. Anthony's Choral Group . . . Marie Vokey looks stunning in her new eye glasses . . . Paul Kennedy is wrestling crazy . . . He goes every Thursday night . . . Want to learn the Irish jig? See Helen Largent-ton, or Gerry Flett . . . The tennis bug has got the freshman . . . Donald Linehan has a little feast for himself every sixth period . . . Have you seen Austin Jordan's new butch hair cut? . . . Gladys Leaman may frequently be seen sipping cokes at Cole's Drug Store after school . . . Ronald Kennedy has forgetfulitis . . . There

was a get together Friday night at Jay Nolan's . . . seen there were Dutchie Baronowski, Muriel MacMillan, Richard McAdoo, Larry Laughlin, David Hayes, Marilyn Hackett and Pat Monahan . . . Jean McDonald is busy as a bee getting ready for a minstrel show . . . Beverly McElroy sure has a very reckless chauffeur??? . . . Pat Nangle just can't seem to train those bangs of hers . . . Joanne Lovett and Alice Webber had a very nice time in Rockport on their vacation . . . Rose Mary Alves is seen at the riding school often . . . The three musketeers in 119 . . . Frances Casella, Phyllis Ciccarelli and Catherine Clark . . . Freshman seen at the Totem Pole were Marilyn Schaub, Ronnie Curry, Barbara Collins and her junior man . . . That's all for now.

Peggy Donoghue, '48.

RECORD REVIEW

AS we were sipping cokes in Brigham's the other day, someone mentioned that graduation was only a short time off. We started to reminisce and say, "Do you remember when ——?"

There was the first day in High School when we timidly crept around the corridors whistling "Caladonia" to keep our courage high. As the weeks flew by, however, we began to think "S Wonderful." And it was wonderful when we danced at the G. A. A. Informal to "Laura," "Candy," and "You Belong To My Heart." Soon we found that the year was almost over and we left the building for summer vacation. "I'm Confessin'", we were sophomores.

Our second year we acquired "Till The End Of Time" and an air of superiority. We grew braver and braver as the year flew by. "It's Been A Long, Long Time" then. The G. A. A. Formal came and, of course, we went. Dressed in our best, we floated on our own private pink cloud to "I'll Buy That Dream," "Oh! What It Seemed To Be," and "Symphony." We were "Laughing On The Outside" as the year came to an end. Since "They Say It's Wonderful," we knew that it would be wonderful to be JUNIORS!!

Upperclassmen at last! "To Each His Own" was our theme song as the year began. Soon "Open The Door Richard" replaced that. Shortly after, we were having "Heartaches" over a date for the Junior Prom but we were there dancing to "Mam'selle," "The Anniversary Song," and "For Sentimental Reasons." At the beginning of June we were saying "I Wonder, I Wonder I Wonder" if the last year would ever come. It did.

When we came back last September, we were

veterans of three years in C.H.L.S. "Near You" was our first love of the season and was followed by "Ballerina." To prove that we agreed with "Civilization," we yelled it at the top of our lungs every chance we had. "Four Leaf Clover" was so popular that a Saturday night dance was dedicated to it and a few lucky people have plastic four leaf clovers as souvenirs. They say "The Best Things In Life Are Free" but you couldn't tell that to any senior who had graduation expenses staring him in the face.

Any record of our senior year wouldn't be complete without mentioning "I Wish I Didn't Love You So," "You Do," or "I'll Dance At Your Wedding." But "Now Is The Hour" when we must really say good-bye to C. H. L. S., the super times we've had here, and all the friends we've made here.

Mary A. Lowry, '48.

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Third Marking Period 1947-1948

Adams, Shirley	Gerasim, Constance
Archibald, Joan	Gillis, Robert
Ashenden, David	Goffredo, Margaret
Bowers, Barbara	Goldberg, Elizabeth
Brezinsky, Alvin	Goldberg, Myron
Brown, Shirley	Good, Frederick
Brown, Sumner	Goolst, Theodore
Burke, Dorothy	Green, Shirley
Burke, Mildred	Greenstein, Mary
Camelio, Louise	Grigsby, Jewell
Canning, Audrey	Gross, Norman
Capraro, Gemma	Grossman, Selma
Chapman, Viola	Hamilton, Ruth
Cheevers, Constance	Hammond, Doris
Ciampi, Lucille	Harris, Lillian
Connell, Barbara	Haskell, Cecily
Connolly, Clare	Hebert, Rosemary
Cosman, Alice	Hennessy, William
Dixon, Belvia	Hickey, Helen
Dooley, Pauline	Hill, Gladys
Dragun, Phyllis	Hiscock, Frederick
Dubay, Jessie	Hogan, Jeanann
Duggan, Marjorie	Horgan, Gerald
Earle, Ellen	Hyson, Lillian
Ehrlich, Nadja	Jackson, Geraldine
Elliott, Jeanne	Jackson, Jane
Fennell, William	Johnson, Leroy
Fleet, Martha	Jones, Eleanor
Fletcher, Cecelia	Karlson, Walfreda
Fulkerson, Lorraine	Kelleher, Thomas
Gallant, Richard	Kiely, Robert
Galvin, Betty	Korenthall, Beatrice
Gates, Isabel	Landers, Robert

Landry, Marilyn
Latham-Brown, Beverly
Layne, Lillian
Leahy, John
Leonard, Edward
Levesque, Myrtle
Levine, Arnold
Lewis, Helen
Lo Presti, Joseph
Lowry, Mary
Lutz, David
Mangan, Audrey
Manos, Peter
McCabe, Evelyn
Michalowski, Gladys
Mullin, Dorothy
Muse, Henry
Myers, Raymond
Nelson, Gloria
Olson, George
Orrok, Timothy
Pedrini, Helen
Pendleton, Helen
Phelan, Phyllis
Piasecki, Walter
Poalletta, Marie
Rixon, Lela
Roach, Marilyn
Robson, Robert
Rose, Nancy

Saidnawey, Elaine
Sargent, Grace
Sawicz, Genevieve
Shea, Raymond
Shocket, Murray
Smith, Margaret
Spartachino, Rita
Sperakis, Sally
Spirito, Mary
Stead, Osberta
Stokes, Alice
Taverna, Marie
Taylor, Marjorie
Tenore, Elizabeth
Thornhill, Elsie
Torp, Gladys
Toto, Albert
Tufenkjian, David
Turowsky, Carolyn
Villirilli, Marie
Waldman, Elaine
Walters, Mary
Urbonavich, Anne
Walthrop, Carol
Ward, Joan
White, James
Wilson, Alexander
Witham, Margaret
York, Margaret
Zacharakis, Stella

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

Third Marking Period 1947 - 1948

Andella, Anna	Emberly, Edward
Aronson, Adelle	Evans, Nancy
Babin, Irene	Foti, Virginia
Bagley, Rosemary	Giampetruzzi, Josephine
Baker, Dorothy	Gilman, Suzanne
Barnes, Joanne	Gouveia, Laura
Bates, Barbara	Grady, Margaret
Bears, Joan	Greene, Ruth
Beucler, George	Greenstein, Saul
Bond, Mary	Harrington, Barbara
Boyer, David	Hayes, John
Brogan, Dorothy	Herman, Margaret
Carbonaro, Alice	Hurlburt, Ruth
Carlson, Barbara	Ifill, Jean
Carrieri, Guy	Johnson, Gladys
Carwile, Kenneth	Johnson, Lillian
Christopher, Mary	Kagan, Miriam
Conamacos, Thomas	Katsulis, Christine
Culhane, Lorraine	Kaufman, Harvey
Culolias, Nicholas	Keegan, Phyllis
Darcy, James	Kemurian, Magtan
Daum, Joyce	Kief, Ann
De Angelis, Antoinette	Korb, Kenneth
Drottar, Dolores	Ladner, Patricia
Eddy, Jeanne	Layne, Audrey

Ledtje, Gloria
 Lehan, James
 Lorensen, Pauline
 MacLeod, Marguerite
 Martinos, Garifalia
 Masten, Josephine
 McCormack, Barbara
 McLellan, Claire
 Miller, Marilyn
 Modest, Barbara
 Monti, Clara
 Murphy, Barbara
 Murphy, Garrett
 Ordesky, Morrill
 Oster, Barbara
 Ottaviano, Virginia
 Pfeufer, Martha
 Polimou, Ellen
 Ramsay, Harold
 Rich, Arline
 Rodman, Alan
 Rogers, Manuel
 Rogers, Pasquale
 Rosa, Edith
 Russell, Claire
 Saladino, Anna
 Sapach, Helen
 Scantalides, Thalia
 Schaub, Barbara
 Schlein, Milton
 Serpa, Robert
 Shaw, Mildred
 Sheehy, Dorothy
 Singer, Ann
 Smyth, Nellie
 Steinberg, Harvey
 Sugrue, Barbara
 Surman, Selma
 Sutherland, Margaret
 Szabo, Lucy
 Talarico, Grace
 Tebo, Charles
 Timpe, Patricia
 Vinas, Maries
 Wagner, Florence
 Warnock, Jean
 Wilson, Walter
 Zacharakis, Anna

SOPHOMORE

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Abbt, Eleanor
 Adelman, Ruth
 Ahlberg, Florence
 Albano, Julia
 Amato, Stanley
 Barrett, Marjorie
 Bedard, Audrey
 Benedict, Margaret

Bequaert, Frank
 Berman, Eleanor
 Blank, Jeannette
 Bosco, Carolyn
 Boyazian, Adrina
 Branco, Anthony
 Brennan, Marilyn
 Bulkowski, Gloria
 Burns, Mary
 Bush, Marjorie
 Butt, George
 Cahill, Margaret
 Caroli, Carol
 Carolina, Dorothy
 Christy, Marian
 Cockburn, Helen
 Coleman, Cynthia
 Connell, Jean
 Conomacos, Dorothy
 Conte, Elena
 Cooke, Ruth
 Corcoran, Joseph
 Costa, Natalie
 D'arcy, Raymond
 Dash, Priscilla
 Davidson, Robert
 Davis, Priscilla
 Day, Eleanor
 Dempsey, Mary
 Denman, Mary
 DeSimone, Ida
 DiClemente, Florence
 DiNapoli, Pasquale
 DiPietro, Helen
 Donaghey, Stephen
 Donahue, Frances
 Douhan, John
 Dubay, Charles
 Durso, Philomena
 Eddy, Laurice
 Egan, Catherine
 Flynn, Doris
 Feld, Stephen
 Francis, John
 French, Graham
 Giragosian, Queenie
 Gonsalves, Dolores
 Grogan, Constance
 Gunn, Phyllis
 Hagopian, Elaine
 Hanlon, Marie
 Harvey, Barbara
 Hollett, Barbara
 Holloway, Jeanne
 Horne, Virginia
 Hudson, William
 Hurley, Joanne
 Ippolito, Constance
 Jakeway, Beverley

Kaufman, Gloria
Kaufman, Norman
Knight, Adrienne
Lamantea, James
Langone, Mary
Lawrence, Louise
Ling, Richard
MacGillivray, Barbara
MacNeil, Beverly
Macone, Mary
Magliozzi, Mary
Mailhot, Colletta
Mazullo, Michael
McCarthy, Theresa
McDonald, Joan
McGinn, Joan
Mederros, Dolores
Medoff, Beatrice
Moniz, Mary
Moranian, Ruth
Murphy, Anne D.
Murphy, Rosemary
Nogueira, Beatrice
Noonan, Mary Jane
O'Brien, Marilyn
Oster, Jack
Parechanian, Violet
Penniman, Barbara
Perry, Marie
Perry, Wendell
Phaneuf, Rosemary
Popsil, Jeannette
Presho, Barbara
Procopio, Anthony
Roderick, Lorraine
Sahady, Helen
Salto, Anne
Saxe, Edward
Schaumann, Doris
Shaw, Bette
Sheehan, Cecelia
Sheehey, Claire
Sherlock, Leona
Shoer, Doris
Shrago, Joseph
Smith, Roberta
Snell, Henry
Soeiro, Ruy
Spagnolo, Daniel
Sparks, June
Stanevitch, Anna
Stevens, Patricia
Stewart, Margaret
Tamulynas, Frances
Vaudo, Elda
Verrochi, Anne
Verrochi, Dorothea
Vessella, Thomas
Viola, Florence

Wadden, Ann
Welsh, Louise
Wilkie, Richard
Young, Beverley
Zukas, Anne

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Abbott, Barbara
Ablett, Patricia
Allen, Barbara Jean
Allosso, Patrick
Amici, Mary
Atwell, Elsie
Baird, Colleen
Barry, Jean
Barry, Rose
Beale, Charlotte
Beckman, Virginia
Bedirian, Anna
Benson, Donald
Blackberg, Phyllis
Bonacci, Frances
Bragner, Edwin
Bulcamino, Doris
Burnham, Doris
Cabral, Paul
Cantelli, Joan
Centrella, Angelina A.
Centrella, Angelina M.
Chase, Margaret E.
Clark, Catherine
Clayman, Robert
Cogan, Ann
Connolly, Elizabeth
Corsino, Edward
Crowley, James
Delorey, Elaine
DeLuca, Natalie
Devereaux, Helen
DeVito, Emily
DiPietro, Doris
Dooling, Virginia
Duehay, Francis
Dwyer, Mary
Dwyer, Robert
Eatough, Anthea
Edge, Elspeth
Egan, Robert
Emberly, Gordon
Farrell, Ann
Feloney, Mary
Ferry, Theresa
Fraser, Donald
Gareri, Nancy
Glynn, Pauline
Gosson, Francis

Grabowsky, Richard
Grainger, Elizabeth
Greco, Mary
Grisby, Joyce
Grossi, Gloria
Haggie, Dorothy
Haley, Eleanor
Hamilton, Shirley
Hannon, Stephen
Harrington, Grace
Hayes, William
Head, Doris
Hickey, Mona
Howard, Shirley
Huang, Nancy
Iriberry, Adele
Johnson, Ruth
Jones, Dorothy
Kelley, Mary
Keohane, Theresa
Kief, Lee
Kilfoyle, Ruth
Kirkpatrick, Anne
Klemas, Anna
Larson, Vivian
Laucus, John
Levenson, Miriam
Li, Lindy

Linehan, Donald
Linehan, Elizabeth
Lombardi, Joseph
Lynch, Priscilla
Lyons, Catherine
MacKay, Sylvia
McAdoo, Richard
McCusker, Marjorie
McFarlane, Gloria
McGuinness, Joan
McLaughlin, Albert
McNamara, Eileen
McNeill, Margaret
Maclachlan, Mary
Mahoney, Margaret
Manetas, Peter
Maron, Catherine
Martin, Nancy
Medeiros, Emily
Medeiros, Geraldine
Mercer, Eva
Miceli, Marie
Miele, Rose
Miller, Audrey
Miller, Lucille
Mitrano, Tina
Moir, Stewart
Mondello, Camille

Morrison, Richard
Morrissey, Robert
Muse, Elizabeth
Nangle, Patricia
Newsome, Patricia
Obelsky, Shirley
O'Brien, Charlotte
Oliveira, Humbert
Ormond, Marilyn
O'Rourke, Agnes
Parris, Elaine
Paulis, Beverly
Pelrine, Marilyn
Perduyn, Lolita
Pereira, Leonor
Richardson, Howard
Robinson, Joan
Root, Ernest
Rudy, Ann
Sakey, Gloria
Salines, Marie
Santos, Elaine
Santos, Isabel
Sawicz, Adela
Schaub, Marilyn
Schofield, Margaret
Shanley, Constance
Simeone, Marie

Snell, Barbara
Soper, Barbara
Souza, Ermilinda
Spinney, June
Strohming, Frances
Sugrue, Eleanore
Sullivan, Richard
Supple, Patricia
Theodoulon, Clara
Thompson, Carole
Thompson, June
Totino, Elizabeth
Uglietto, Rosina
Viering, Phyllis
Warnas, Joseph
Watson, Peter A.
Weinstein, Florence
Wheelock, Margaret
Wilkinson, Barbara
Williams, Alvene
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Zoia, June



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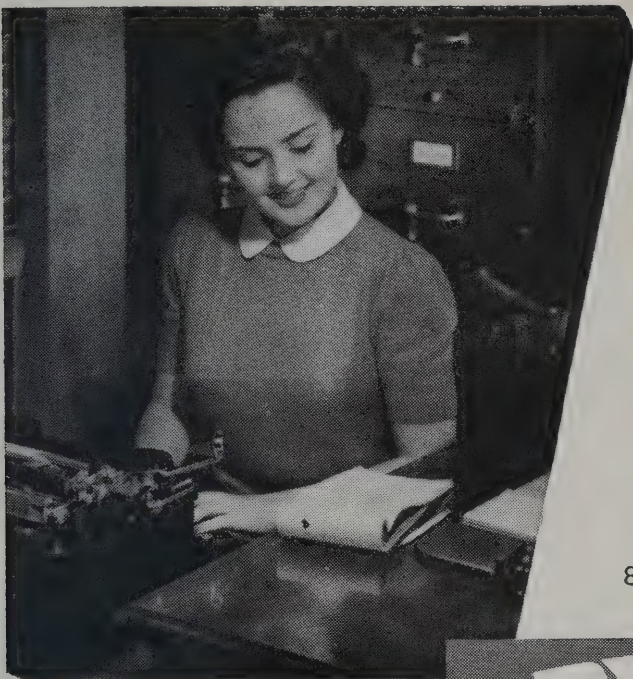
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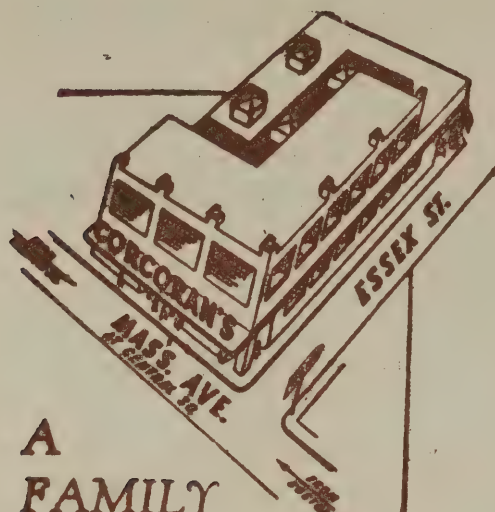
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